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The Minor Bird

Spring 1929

Pennsylvania College for Women

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THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College For Women

VOL. 1 SPRING 1929 No. 1

NOT EVEN A MARTYR

MARY LOUISE JONES

"A-aftah a littul while you-ah will see me no more, and then aftah-h a littul while you-ah will see-e-e me!" The voice boomed forth on a droning level, like the steady roll of thunder across the Heavens. Before him was a motley group, their faces shining from ebony to greenish brown, their eyes glassy, the pupils almost raised up under their lids as they gazed at the preacher in rapt worship. The little stump of a bandy-legged servant of God hopped around on his big box and expounded the Word with his deepest, loudest, most fundamental tone, and an abundance of gesticulations. His body was so stunted, one wondered from whence all the volume came, but his chest was so thin, one imagined it acted as a drum-head, vibrating with resonance. His cavernous mouth, spreading into an opening that almost hid his face, was, however, the only evident reason for his ponderous tones. The two points of his collar, like stiff white wings growing out the wrong side, dug into his chin, and his huge pink-palmed hands beat in the air like bats. Gray salted the dark of his closely cut hair.

"You-ah shall see me, because ah live, and you-ah shall live! He is not a Gawd of dead men, but of living!"

Two young high school boys in plus-fours pushed their heads around the flaps of the tent, watched the little old negro deliver his sermon with his wide gestures, then grimaced at one another. One youth silently imitated the megaphone-mouth of the colored preacher, convulsing his companion. Then, only half-smothering their mirth, they swaggered inside and slid onto the last bench.

For only a moment did they listen quietly, then one dug his elbow into the other's ribs as a signal that he was about to begin the fun.

"And then they shall see-e-e the Son-n of Man-n coming in clouds with great powah and glor-ee!—clouds of great pow-ah and glor-ee-ee!"

From the last bench rose an "Amen!", closely resembling the howl of a dog. The preacher ceased, half-way in a contortionate gesture. His cessation of movement broke the hypnotic spell that his waving hands had held over his congregation. Their mouths closed. Their eyes came from hiding under their lids, and rolled to one side as they strained to see the tortured soul behind them.

After his momentary surprise, the old negro continued, becoming more eloquent, more vehement, more wild in his efforts to regain his sway over

his listeners. He appeared so ludicrous to the boys that they burst into laughter, one of those hysterical fits that is so hard to stop. As the preacher kept on, the two would almost get control of their hilarity, only to look at one another and lapse again into an uncontrollable guffaw of mirth. They grew louder, more annoying. Each new outburst became more explosive.

Continuing his sermon as if yelling it from the Mount, the little old negro shouted—"As Jonah was in the belly of the whale three-e days and three-e nights, so shall the Son-n of Man-n be three-e days and three-e nights in the heart of the earth!"

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Whoopee!" One of the young fellows bellowed amid his gasps of laughter, slapping at his thigh.

"Hallelujah!" seconded the other, both losing themselves headlong in boisterous mischief, shouting raucously.

Like a faint echo from the first row came an earnest—"Hallah—loo—yah!" The boys' hoots had caught the negroes into a mob spirit of religious vociferation, swept one and then another into a heartfelt expression of their faith. With growing fervor came a "Hallelujah" from the heart of the group, another from the far corner, one here, another there, like the chirping of a cricket in the grass.

Soon the "Hallelujahs" came in mobs, one on top of the other, blending, almost a moan.

The wide mouth of the little old colored preacher opened loosely several times, completely unable to utter a word to regain the attention of his audience. Suddenly he drew himself to his stunted height, his eyes glinting with the hurt of unrespected age. His voice dominated the spirited "Hallelujahs."

"The Lawd Gawd said in His Holy Book—'If the world hates you, remembah that it hated me first—a servant is no greatah than his lawd—if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.' The people even spit on Jesus Christ—remembah that, mah brethern—and ah am only mah Lawd's servant!"

Then slowly raising his right hand above his congregation, he beseeched them, his voice trembling and suddenly softened—"Let us pray!" Sixty some kinky-topped heads lowered in contrite shame, and two fair-haired ones slowly faltered down until their chins rested upon their chests.

PRAYER

MARGARET WOOLDRIDGE

You, in your dark closet,
Bow your reverent head.
You pray to God in secret,
And God who hears in secret
Will reward you openly.

But I have builded me
An altar on the hilltops,
And in watching the sunset,
—God forgive me—
I have forgot to pray.

TWO SKETCHES

MARTHA BRADSHAW

Retreat

Last night the radio-jazz fought with Newton's law of gravitation for my attention until I fled to father's study in the attic. It was a long narrow room with a ceiling which sloped sharply down to meet the floor. Beyond the tiny windows, jutting back into the thick plaster wall, lay the black darkness of a winter night, but, within the room, the warm golden glow from the twin bridge lamps and the Reznor stoves at either end of the study flickered over the green carpet. Gilt-framed old tin-types of gentlemen in starched wing collars hung against the faded wall paper on which hounds and wild boars were racing before red-habited huntsmen galloping through a tufted green forest. The shelves of the high old walnut bookcases along the walls of the study sagged under a red-backed regiment of books entitled *An Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. A Dictionary of the Gospel* lay open on the arm of the green plush morris chair by the fire. Brief cases, *Atlantic Monthlies* and *Presbyterian Banners* were littered over the walnut card catalogue cabinet by the bookcase. On the large mahogany rolltop desk in the center of the study lay a white type-written sheet marked "Henry A. Thompson—Sermon for Sunday, December 12—The Atonement."

The Old Engineer

Behind Reed's counter stood a tall thin gray-haired clerk with pale blue eyes peering out over the rimless glasses perched on his aquiline nose. Toying with the gold watch chain spanning his gray tweed vest, he surveyed the long, narrow jewelry shop. Rows of glittering diamonds, nestled in the tiers of blue velvet, draped over the glass show cases on either side of the marble aisle. Here and there the ceiling light flashed on an emerald, an opal, a ruby. Behind the counter, on the shelves, stood regiments of shining silver coffee urns and teapots. On the show case before the gray-haired clerk rested a box of watches—large and small ones, gold and platinum ones, oval and round ones—all ticketed with a white slip "Watch Repair Department." A faint odor of silver polish lingered in the atmosphere. All was silence in the shop save the spasmodic jerk of the hands of the electric clock on the gray plaster wall.

Suddenly a lock clicked. The heavy glass door at the front of the shop swung open, and a bent, bald-headed old man with sunken eyes entered. Tapping the marble floor with his cane, he tottered slowly over toward the clerk. Drawing a huge gold time-piece from the vest pocket of his shiny black suit, he quavered, "Howdy do, Mr. Reed? Will you look at my watch? I think, maybe, it's a leetle fast—about a minute, I should say."

With shaking fingers, he thrust the watch up to Mr. Reed who looked at it a moment and replied, "Yes, just one minute fast, Mr. Johnson. Perhaps, a little dust under the hand—"

"Do you think that's it?" the old man faltered in his thin treble. "When I ran the Pennsylvania Limited, it never gained a minute."

His thin colorless lips worked tremulously as he continued, "Guess maybe the watch is just gettin' old like me, Mr. Reed. Well, now let me see,—It's gained a minute since November first—I'll be around to let you check it about December first. Can't see to fix it, like I could in the good ole days," he faltered, as he slowly tottered out again.

The gray-haired clerk pulled out a white handkerhief and slowly polished his rimless glasses.

THE PERSONALITY OF TEAPOTS

SARA JOHNSON

Teapots—long rows of them. Tall teapots of chaste lines, in silver. Bulgy teapots of earthenware encased in wicker baskets. Quaint teapots of charming uselessness. Ugly squat teapots capable of brewing a subtle beverage of the mysterious East. All sorts of teapots, all sizes, all shapes. I wandered up and down in blissful contemplation of them. I wanted to buy my mother a teapot. Here were endless rows of them, and I must choose just one.

Tea pots are never alike. For one article as common and useful as the teapot, there are hundreds of designs and just as many personalities. The brew is subtly influenced by the personality of the pot. Aunt 'Tica has a silver pot, tall and slender. It reminds me of an English garden party in Georgian times. When she poured me a cup of tea from this lovely vessel, I sipped enchanted fluid. Its delicate odor and soothing deliciousness made me long to be stately and gracious. We had a fat teapot at home. It was brown, the color of well-baked beans, and just as substantial. It yielded a comfortable homey sort of brew, not too strong for children. Ella Blair had a lovely squarish teapot of porcelain. I remember that on the great occasion of our annual luncheon with her, Buddy and I were amazed to see that she covered her teapot with an elaborate nightcap. It was a lovely pot and needed a cap to set it off.

"Whist, lassie, dinna ye ken 'tis a tea-cuzzy?" Ella reproved our ignorant question, " 'Tis to keep the smell i' the tea!"

When she removed the tea-cozy and poured us cups of amber fluid, stronger than we had ever drunk before, the rich aroma of it permeated the room. In its geniality, Ella became younger, less angular. Her grimness merged into a mere firmness of expression. There was a heathery sort of hominess about Ella's tea, too.

I wondered what sort of tea these stranger teapots would brew. Each was so different. How could I choose just one? There were so many kinds of tea I should like to give my mother. At last, I had narrowed my selection down to two. One was an odd pot shaped like a duck and made of pewter. A pewter duck! The tea that could be made in a pewter-

duck teapot! It would make my mother's sense of humor quirkier than ever. The other teapot was a quaint Japanese satsumi, Mr. Yahizato said. It was an utterly useless little affair, squat, curving up with a flourish to a grand pagoda a-top. It was a teapot to dream about, the quaintest in the shop. I decided that I should buy it.

"Twenty-five dollars," Mr. Yahizato held it up admiringly.

I thanked him for his services and betook myself and my fancies elsewhere. Someday, perhaps, I shall spend twenty-five dollars for teapots—but that day is far off.

TWO POEMS

CATHERINE STENTZ

I Found A Lonely Hill

I found a lonely hill that stood
Beyond a river and a wood,
A hill where grass and windwaves played
Along the paths some clouds have made.
Even the swaying birds would pass
In shadow patterns on the grass,
While I stood pliant as a tree
And felt the wind play over me.

Nightshades

Silvery moonwisps banish care.
Fog twists its fingers through my hair.
Crinkley sounds of the sea I know
And the tangey feel of the air.
Strange, sad things that are never said,
Dreams that are fashioned by souls of the dead,
Slimy tendrils and cold bat wings
Are mine till the night has fled.

THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College for Women

EDITOR.....ARLINE KEUPER

ASSISTANT EDITOR.....BEATRICE LEWIS

The Minor Bird has flown around P. C. W. for a long time now. From each nook he has been driven out by his own restless disposition and the impatience of the world who listened to him. Thus it was wherever he went. He would fly close to the windows in his desperation, beating his wings on the pane until the feathers crackled against the glass like burning twigs. But now he is caught and caged in with soundproof glass. He still sings, because singing is life to him and he knows no better. The curious may hear him simply by opening the door of his cage. He will welcome you, if you go to him, with a pitiful eagerness, and his voice will greet you with a strange throbbing hopefulness that knows no silence.

A literary publication is not new to P. C. W. But a literary publication with the—fanciful if you wish—pretensions of this paper may well be considered a novelty anywhere. Out of the academic columns of the *Englicode*, through that mysterious region in *The Arrow*, bounded on the west by journalism and on the east by advertising, *The Minor Bird* has evolved to its present relatively significant stage. The words "relatively significant" are used advisedly. School literary publications are decidedly out of fashion nowadays—like Scott and Jane Austin—they are generally considered superfluous. Oh, one picks up a copy in the den and trots off to the next class with it or reads it in the street-car going home. And in the same desultory fashion, it is praised or condemned according to the mood of the moment. But of genuine critical attention, it receives an amount fairly negligible in consideration of the effort involved in even the humblest of the species. The Minor Bird has a claim on his immediate society. He has the right to an audience. And his audience has the privilege, nay, even the obligation to criticise his song.

So much for the significance of his utterance. As for the relative significance, it can scarcely be expected that this first issue is the "be-all and the end-all" of P. C. W.'s literary effort. But as the audience grows more attentive, as the Bird acquires greater confidence in himself, and as his voice rises to a fuller pitch, who knows that he may not attain the rich, healthy certainty of major?

GO FORTH AND BUILD

A young lad came to the Hall of Learning wherein the Master sat before his books. The Master, looking up, saw the youth and pushing aside his studies, asked, "What would ye?"

The youth answered and said, "I would have a college education."

Then the Master went into his workroom and brought forth a spade, saying, "Take this and dig. Search diligently and you will find that for which you seek."

He took the boy and showed him where to dig, and he put master workmen over him, to teach him to handle his tools well, and to watch that he came not to harm.

So the student set forth to work, and by his side were other lads, for many had come to the Master. He learned to work together with the others and to work alone. He shoveled away the dust of the centuries and saw earth as it had been. He found fossils telling of animals that lived long before consciousness dawned to man. He cut through the layers of civilization and saw how the human race had lived. He dug deep into the tough roots of a language. When he struck a rock that taxed him beyond his strength, the master workmen showed him best how to overcome it. Yea, they even put their shoulders to his load to help him bear it. These rocks they piled along the edges, making, thereby, a strong wall to keep back the shifting sand. Best of all, he learned to live with his fellow men, to help as well as be helped.

When the lad leaned on his shovel to view with satisfaction the accumulated pile behind him, the Master tapped his shoulder, saying, "Dig, lad, dig." When the lad, weary, discouraged, wished to put down his tools, the Master encouraged him to new strength, saying, "Come, lad, dig yet a little longer and the work will soon be done." Sometimes the Master would say, "Tomorrow, you and your fellows will come together and we will make merry." And it was even as he had said. The work was tempered with feasting and dancing and all manner of good times. And labor was sweetened by friendship.

So the young lad labored day after day. When the appointed time had come, the Master gave unto him a sheepskin which said the required length, width, and depth had been dug. But the lad looked and saw only an empty space. "What is this?" said he to the Master, "I have dug only a hole."

But the Master smiled on him and said, "Nay, lad, it is a foundation. Go forth and build."—M. W.

RED SILK

CLAIBORNE BROWN

A sea of wheat, reddish brown, stirred by faint breaths of wind to a murmurous disquiet; a blue sky, cloudless and distant; the spicy odor of sun-baked prairies; Nebraska in July. The girl leaning against the pump might have been the very spirit of the prairie: large, magnificently proportioned, tawny hair loosely knotted on the back of her neck, blue eyes gazing into the horizon. She started as the water, dripping from the pump, splashed on her foot.

"Hilda! Hilda! Hurry up with that water. I can't wait all day for it." The voice was shrill and ragged with irritation. Hilda Jansen picked up her bucket, the muscles swelling slightly under the smooth sun-browned skin, and walked toward the ugly, bare, frame house.

Mrs. Jansen barely looked at her as she came into the kitchen. Her thin face was flushed and streaming with perspiration from bending over the big coal stove and as she moved about the room from stove to sink and back again, she held her hand against her side and the thin lips were pressed firmly together.

"Mother," Hilda spoke with her head lowered, her hands busy over the huge pan of potatoes she was peeling, "there's a dance next week at Holton."

The woman paused for a moment over her work and her eyes were speculative as they rested on the girl's bent head.

"You wanta go?" she asked sharply.

"I've never been to a dance—yes, I want to go."

"You've nothin' to wear, Hilda."

"No," Hilda's voice was quiet. There was no note of complaint in her answer, merely acquiescence. "But we could make a dress, mother."

Mrs. Jansen laughed and her voice rose on a harsh bitter note.

"Are you crazy? Where'd we get the money?"

Hilda had finished her potatoes and she looked up at her mother calmly. She did not plead. Her voice was toneless in its inflexibility.

"You have some material—that red silk Uncle John sent from Chicago. It's been lying in your trunk for years. You won't ever wear it and—I have to go to this dance."

The woman's face darkened and her lips set mutinously.

"That's mine! John sent it to me. You can't have it, Hilda."

Hilda stared back at her mother expressionlessly. "I ought to have it. Where'd you ever wear it? I'm young and—I've never been to a dance."

Jewell Jansen's hand pressed more closely against her side. The girl was like her father—stolid, practical, stubborn. Just a Swede!

She saw the red silk, rippling soft stuff, molten rubies, old wine. And herself a girl again—dark-eyed, slim, turning and twisting before a long

mirror—slender white arms against bright silk. And this girl, this alien, would take even that from her, the last tie, the last memory of a life she had willfully forsaken. "Fool—fool!" she murmured fiercely. The word was flung at that dark-eyed girl of the past who had married Lars Jansen.

Hilda was speaking again in her slow even voice. "I'll ask father if you won't give it to me."

Jewell Jansen's thin figure quivered, her dark eyes glittered, then a spasm of pain swept across her face.

"You win," she managed to rasp out. And to herself, "Damn you—Swede!" . . . . . .

Hilda turned slowly before the mirror, lifted her bare arms and watched the light on the deep red silk as it rippled softly, smoothly from her shoulders. Beautiful! She had never dreamed it could be so beautiful. And Peter—Peter Johnson. He would see her tonight. He would surely say he loved her. Hilda's cheeks flamed at the thought—her big Peter, golden like the Viking lords her father used to tell her about. He was her secret. Not even mother, whose sharp black eyes saw and mocked at everything, had ever guessed it.

Jewell Jansen watched the girl through narrowed eyes. She was a gorgeous creature. Too obvious though. The dress was beautiful. Jewell's lips curled. What chatter it would make in that little one-horse town! What did they know of such sophistication! They wouldn't wear such clothes—probably thought it was sinful. Here eyes wandered to the girl's feet and rested there—cotton stockings and rough black shoes. Hilda would never think of that incongruity. "And I shan't tell her," she muttered. "They'll laugh at her and think their warped little small town thoughts." They would never have dared to laugh at Jewell, that slender, shadowy Jewell of yesterday. She would have demanded and compelled awe and admiration.

Lars Hansen leaned against the doorway, his calm blue eyes following Hilda as she moved about the room. He felt a deep and intense satisfaction as he watched her. It was good to be the father of a fine creature like Hilda. Funny, but sometimes he could almost feel the thoughts that moved in her mind. They moved in a slow stately procession, not bits of flash and flame like Jewell's thoughts. But then, Hilda was his, and Jewell—well, Jewell didn't rightly belong to anyone but herself.

"I'll drive you into Hulton, Hilda," he said slowly. "Do you want me to wait for you?"

Hilda raised her eyes. "I think Peter Johnson will bring me home."

Lars held that blue gaze for a moment, then nodded and patted her shoulder.

"Peder is a good man, Hilda."

Jewell shot a quick glance at them and smiled. So that was it. Peter. Well—birds of a feather—they would marry and Hilda would have many children, tow-headed, blank-faced, little Swedes. And if one of them should be slim and dark and quick! How Hilda would hate it! Her hatred would be slow and rather terrible perhaps—like a glacier, implacable, unchangeable.

"Well, Hilda, must you stand there forever? The men'll be in from the fields wantin' their dinner. Hurry along." Jewell left the room, slipping past big Lars still leaning in the doorway.

Lars ran his hand over his shaggy blond head and cleared his throat.

"It was real nice of your mother to give you that dress, Hilda. I never thought she'd think to do it—or—want to. She liked that silk."

Hilda was hanging the dress in the closet, running her hands over the smoother surface. She turned to her father and smiled.

"Yes, it was nice." She answered and Lars Jansen smiled contentedly.

. . . . . .

Hilda shrugged herself deeper into her rough blue coat and settled herself back on the hard seat of the farm wagon. She liked to watch her father's hands on the reins, such big gentle hands. She stole a quick look at him, loving the firm set of his jaw, the rough fair hair and the calm blue eyes—the farseeing eyes of a prairie man, long accustomed to broad sweeping views and far harizon.

Her Peter was like that—Peder, as her father always called him. She shivered as she saw the lights of Hulton springing up on the plain. Already she felt the envious glances of the town girls and the admiration of the men. And the dancing! She wasn't afraid of making mistakes. It wouldn't take long to learn—not when your body was always swaying to the rhythm of some inward melody and you felt music beating in your veins.

"Well, here we are, Hilda. Hop out and run along. You know lots of the girls. I'll have to get the team back. We start the harvesting tomorrow."

"Good night, father. If—Peter shouldn't bring me home, I'll stay with one of the girls."

Lars nodded, smiled his slow, kind smile and swung the horses toward home.

The long dance-hall was brilliantly lighted and garishly decorated in long streamers of red and blue crepe paper. A piano and several fiddles moaned and scraped on the raised platform at the far end of the room. Girls in pale organdies fluttered about the floor—eyes fixed anxiously on the stag line.

Hilda hesitated in the doorway, horribly conscious of her rippling red gown. Her eyes, too, fled to that lounging straggling line of men. But Hilda was fortunate. She was not allowed to stand there long. The men were nice to her. Most of them she had known for years but tonight they seemed different. It was the dress, of course. She wished Jim Simpson wouldn't hold her so tightly, and what were those girls all staring at? Hilda felt uncomfortable. They were not staring enviously. They looked rather surprised and Hilda wasn't sure but she thought—just a little scornful. Oh, well—they were jealous maybe.

"Where's Peter, Jim?" she asked.

"Ain't here yet, Hilda. Did he say he was comin'?"

"Not exactly. He only asked if I was coming." Hilda's heart gave a quick jerk and she was suddenly unhappy.

"You sweet on Peter, Hilda?" Jim asked squeezing her hand.

Hilda's face flamed. "That's not your business. I want to stop dancing and you go away—let me alone!" She found herself abandoned near that group of staring girls. They made her arms feel bare. Maybe she should have sleeves but mother would have known. But even if she had would she have told her? It was funny—those girls made no effort to speak to her—and why did they look at her feet and smile? Hilda glanced down. Cotton stockings—black oxfords. She made a swift comparison and her soft mouth hardened a trifle. Mother could have told her that, too, but she hadn't. Still, what good would it have done? They couldn't have bought shoes and stockings. Hilda's head went up. She barely glanced at a stammering, red-faced young man who was vainly attempting to claim a dance. She walked toward that group of girls. The bit of space between them seemed endless. It was like trying to run in a nightmare. Your legs worked madly but you never got anywhere. The girls stared at her and, the four pairs of eyes carefully blank and unseeing. Then they turned away and, arms intertwined, strolled off with an exaggerated air of carelessness. Mary Swensen's voice, high and cruelly clear, floated back to her.

"Has she no sense of shame? Does she think decent girls want to be seen with her?"

And little Ann Drosky's quick reply. "Why, doesn't she go on over with the men? They're quick enough to welcome her kind."

Hilda stood very still. The words beat upon her mind with the dull thudding regularity of hammer strokes. She could not move. Her muscles felt frozen and stiff. It was the dress, of course. She shouldn't have worn such a thing. The long windows opening on the porch offered a way of escape. Hilda forced herself to move, to slip out into the darkness. The sharp night air washed through her, caressing her hair, cooling her hot face. She leaned against the railing and stared at the ground. It looked baked and hard. They needed a rain. Not 'till after harvest though. Her throat ached intolerably. She felt full of tears yet she was unable to cry. She should be angry yet she could feel no emotion—merely a blank hurting void.

She felt a hand touch her shoulder and a quiet voice asked, "You wanta go home, Hilda?"

She turned to him. The light from the open windows glinted against the soft deep red of her dress and the bright gold-red of her hair.

"Yes, Peter, take me now."

It was a simple enough answer but for the moment Hilda's eyes were so darkly blue and her voice had lost its calm. It was soft, sad, colorful, the voice of Jewell Jansen's daughter.

Peter's arms were around her and his cheek was against the bright hair.

"You're so beautiful, Hilda. I—love you."

Hilda's smile was rapt and her eyes were shining. What did anything else matter now? She had worn the dress for Peter just as in her heart she did everything for him. If Peter thought her beautiful—if Peter loved her—

"And I love you, Peder. Take me home."

A FABLE

Louise Dickenson

Once upon a time far across the sea, there lived a king who felt that the root of all feminine vanity lay in the looking-glass. He was quite firm in this conviction, basing his idea on personal experience. In the impetuous days of his youth he had wooed and won a lovely princess from a neighboring kingdom. After six months of wedded life the young king understood why his father-in-law had made so little demur at losing his daughter. The young queen was the epitome of vanity. And extravagant! Her thrifty husband nearly lost his mind at the beginning of every month when the dressmaking bills came in.

He remonstrated in outraged tones. He wept, he raved, he knelt in attitudes of unkingly humility. The young queen preened before her crystal glass and forgot him in her admiration of the exquisite doll that was herself. Finally the king gave up in despair. He allowed himself one solace, however. Each month he grimly totaled his wife's extravagances and then later, with deceptive casualness, attempted to introduce the subject into a peaceful conversation with sensible suggestions as to a better disposal of like sums. His queen, however, rarely heard him. Smiling politely, she let her mind wander on watered silks, gold brocades, and seed pearls.

When, after two years of otherwise happy life, the extravagant queen died in the midst of her silken cushions, the bereft king, though sincerely regretful, yet had a feeling of relief. The unreasoning drains on his money coffers had ended. And to prevent a similar situation from arising in his lifetime a second time, the king determined to bring up his small daughter in utter ignorance of what a looking glass, or indeed, any sort of reflection meant.

In order to carry out his plans, changes in the palace decorations were necessary. All mirrors were stripped from the walls. The boudoir of the queen was dismantled. All the gracious crystal glasses were shrouded in burlap rags and carried away to dark store rooms. The small mirror before which the king was wont to shave was carefully locked into a secret cupboard when not in use, so that the young princess might, by no chance, ever discover it. Even the mirrored walls of the great reception room where the queen and her ladies-in-waiting had once paraded in peacock attire were now completely disguised. Capable artisans had been called in, who, with gilt paint so successfully covered the glass with floral arabesques and armorial insignia that no silver patch of size worthy of reflection was left. Even the silver plates from which the princess dined were heavily embossed to destroy any powers of reflection.

The king was quite proud of his plan, and early developments justified this pride. At the age of seven the little princess had never seen her own face. It is true that she had wondered about it. She knew by feeling her own face and then covertly touching that of Nursie that hers was much softer. Furthermore, she knew quite well that hers was not bearded and rough like her father's, but beyond this she knew nothing. She had quest-

ioned Nursie about it, but Nursie had replied that everyone looked like everyone else. This was not true, the princess knew, for anyone could see that with her two eyes. But she thought that one might look like some particular person. There was her father's page, the one with the scarlet cloak and the curly hair, whom the princess admired greatly. She hoped desperately that she might look like him, but Nursie squelched her by saying that no one ever looked exactly like anyone else. These contradictory statements were too much for the princess's young mind. The matter was dropped.

One still summer day the princess made a startling discovery. In the bottom of the small stream that wandered among the rose trees lived a little girl, a charming little girl with fair hair and deep blue eyes. It was unfortunate that she had lost her voice, but she did try to speak, mouthing friendly sentences that made no sound. At first the princess thought she was a rude little child, for she never tried to talk except when the princess did, and whenever the princess stopped, so instantly did the little water girl. This had disturbed the princess at first, but on considering this one of the strange ways of folk who lived in the bottom of streams, she forebore comment.

The princess's friendship with the little water child was rudely broken off when she attempted to introduce her new friend to Nursie. Nursie had turned a pale green and snatched the princess roughly away. The princess spent the next three days miserably within doors, submitting helplessly to doses of castor oil, alternated by readings from *Moral Excerpts for Children*. On her return to the garden, she found the stream quite changed. Artificial reefs caused disturbing eddies and pools. Great boulders marred the smooth floor of the stream. The lovely little water girl had been frightened quite away. The princess sat down by the waters and wept, but the little girl never came again.

As the princess grew older, and ladies-in-waiting took the place of Nursie, the same care to keep her in ignorance of mirrors was continued. These ladies-in-waiting, moreover, were not blooming beauties. They were all extremely well bred with long patrician noses and pale hands. They spoke polished phrases in low voices, but as for looks, they were very plain indeed. All went well until the seventeenth year of the Princess's life. At this time there came to the kingdom an ambassador who brought with him his young daughter—a maiden but little older than the princess herself. Could the king have kept the princess apart from Aliena, the young stranger, he would have done it gladly, but he was not able. The ambassador was of royal blood, and any offense to his pride would have produced strained relations abroad.

Aliena, the ambassador's daughter, was a spoiled young beauty. Her eyebrows were slender arcs, her lips a proud challenge; but her listless eyelids covered sharp green eyes. The simple little princess thought Aliena was the loveliest person that ever could have lived. Aliena accepted this worship and snubbed the princess into the bargain to keep her in a state of humility. After she had seen the princess, Aliena did not have to be reminded a second time to keep mirrors away from her. Aliena did not like rivals.

One late summer day the princess sought Aliena in the garden. Aliena seemed to be lost. She was not by the lily tank, nor yet on the rose terrace. She was not on the bank overlooking the swans nor was she in the walk by the wall. It was very strange. Then, suddenly, the princess heard Aliena laugh in a high, lifting, teasing trill that she never used with the princess. It was her special laugh for gentlemen only. But there could be no men here. That was strictly forbidden, so the princess blundered on straight to Aliena behind a formal bush.

A tall young man sprang up and swept a startled obeisance to the princess. Aliena was so angry that she turned red. The princess felt foolish. After his bow the young man stared at the princess intently. There was an awkward pause, which Aliena broke by suggesting that the princess retire. The princess did so, tears of humiliation starting to her eyes. That night Aliena made barbed remarks about unmannerly intrusions and odious peep toads. The princess cried herself to sleep.

The next day Aliena kept severely to herself, and the poor princess was forced to wander about, alone and desolate. Her steps led her involuntarily to the little retreat where she had so unfortunately discovered Aliena and her companion the day before. There stood the young man again. He bowed to the princess as before, but not quite so low, because he did not seem able to take his eyes away from her face. The princess flushed and courtesied, and then regretted it the moment after, for princesses do not courtesy to strange young men found lurking in royal gardens.

The princess lifted her head haughtily. "Aliena is not well today," she said.

"I'm sorry," said the young man and continued staring. He really was not bad looking.

The princess tried to out-stare the stranger, but her eyes soon dropped in confusion before his steady gaze. She wished he would go.

"Er—won't you sit down?" said he, motioning her to a marble bench.

The princess sat down, marveling at this princely stranger with his free ways. There was another silence.

"May I sit down too?" asked the young man. He had a very engaging smile.

"If you will," replied the princess indifferently, and tried to keep her hands from betraying her excitement.

He sat down, not too near to her. He could stare better at a distance. More silence.

Suddenly he burst out, "I'm not sorry! I'm glad!"

"What do you mean?" asked the princess.

"You know, about Aliena."

"You have no right to speak of her to me," said the princess coldly. "Who are you, may I ask?"

The stranger made a wide gesture of dismissal, and then moved closer. "I really believe you don't know how lovely you are," he said.

"Really?" Coldly. Then she reddened. She was nothing but an odious peep toad. Aliena had said so.

"Don't you believe me?" cried the young man. The princess shook her head dumbly. A tear traced down her cheek. "I'm nothing but an od-odious peep toad," she whispered.

"Peep toad? Odious?" cried the young man. "Why, my dear, I mean, your Highness, what has your mirror been telling you these last few years?"

"Mirror?" questioned the princess.

"Mirror," repeated this strange young man. He reached into a jeweled pouch by his side and drew out a piece of crystal glass. "Look."

The princess looked, gasped, and looked again. There was the little girl of the water, older and lovelier. It took the young man a delicious hour or two to convince the princess as to the identity of the charming person in the glass. It was only by obtruding his own image into the mirror that he finally made her believe that she and the image were one. Since the mirror was very small, and since it was necessary that he put his head very, very close to that of the princess in order that the two faces might show in one reflection, one can thereby see with what alacrity he followed up his opportunities.

When the princess returned to the palace, she immediately ordered mirrors to be set up in her boudoir. After his first paroxysm of rage the king her father relapsed into silent despair. He had tried to make a new woman by removing an old vanity. He had failed. He gave some half-hearted orders for the death of the person who introduced the mirror to the princess, but he was too broken to see that his orders were carried out.

Daily the princess became more vain, and with her vanity grew her extravagance. The king groaned at each new bill, but the princess smiled serenely. The bold young man presented himself at court as the son of a neighboring king. The old king accepted him as his daughter's suitor and hastened the nuptials with almost indecent eagerness. The princess treated her lover with the same disdain that Aliena had used to her, and he, who was deeply in love, accepted her disdain with the same humbleness that the princess had once felt toward Aliena. The princess, however, cared little for the outside world. Her crystal mirrors were all her delight. Her only wedding stipulation was that she would have the grand reception room in her husband's palace completely walled in mirrors.

ONE MORNING AT CHURCH

Lois Sproull

Jerry clutched his mother's big warm hand firmly as they went up the icy steps of the tiny wooden Methodist Church. The white of the painted pine clapboards was lustreless and dingy beside the high glittering drifts of wind-swept snow.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stevens," cried a red-faced, burly man to Jerry's mother, as he stamped his feet and pounded his fur-gauntleted hands. "Right cold spell this is! Don't remember such cold weather in Ohio since 1884. Thermometer read ten below 'bout six o'clock this mornin'."

"You don't say! They'll have a pretty time getting Elder Jackson here, through these drifts. Shouldn't wonder if they'd be a mite late," Mrs. Stevens replied as she grasped her wide black coat skirts in one hand, her son in the other and stepped into the vestibule.

Jerry slowly relaxed his tense muscles in the warmth around the huge old base-burner. The ruddy flames shining through the isinglass doors lighted up the copper tips of his new boots. Inspecting them proudly, he said to himself that he was a lucky boy. Most boys had to wait until they were nine or ten for copper-toed boots, and here he was only seven, and they were his.

"Well, well, look at us! Aren't we fine, though," said his neighbor, Mrs. Sarver, following Jerry's gaze. Jerry blushed and cracked his thumb joint loudly to relieve his embarressment. Mrs. Sarver chuckled and went on to Mrs. Stevens, "We were all just sayin', it'll be some time afore the men can come through with the Elder. He's old to be out in this weather. I hope the men will try to keep him in town. But they do say he always gets where he has said he'll be—specially to country churches." Mrs. Sarver smiled gently to herself as she thought of the Elder's goodness. "They ain't many Presiding Elders that can come up to him," she added.

"And that is truth," affirmed Mrs. Stevens. "But come on in and sit down, Jerry. Someone else might like to get warm." In they went to the well-filled church room, to one of the front oak pews, where they sat down in the light cast by a stained glass window portraying, in vivid reds and blues, Jesus at Galilee, and inscribed, "To the memory of Phoebe Stevens." Snuggling down against his mother for warmth, Jerry listened awhile to the murmers all around. Would the Elder come? Wasn't it fine there was such a big congregation this cold morning? How was little Ruthie Stebbins? That diphtheria was treacherous. The low words grew dimmer and dimmer. Drowsing against the soft broadcloth, Jerry was conscious only of a steady droning. He was warm, and the thought of his new boots filled him with peace and happiness. Drooping, slipping, his head was nearly down in his mother's lap when suddenly a hush as startling as a mighty crash shocked him into uprightness. Turning, he looked over the back of the pew and saw in the doorway a tall, big-boned

old man, clad in black, whose pure-white hair fell softly about his face. Dark eyes, set deep below a wide, wrinkled brow, searched the congregation. As they passed over Jerry, the little boy abruptly, without reason, was ashamed of his pride in the copper-toed boots. As the eyes finished their survey, the figure began to move slowly down the aisle. His mouth changed imperceptibly from a straight full line to a grave half-smile. Jerry watched, awe-stricken, the quiet progress toward the rostrum. At last he gathered courage to bring his lips to his mother's ear. "Mother," he whispered, in a tiny, reverent voice, "has God come to church?"

GIVE ME THE SKY

CATHERINE STENTZ

Give me the sky
  In a pale blue cup
With a moon for a handle
  To hold it up.

Give me a star
  In a filmy net
Of moonbeam threads
  And smoothest jet.

Or a lotus bud
  On mountain ice
And a lightning sword
  To cut each slice.

AWAKENING

MARTHA BRADSHAW

Spring stirs again
    In warm caress of winds that sway
    In weeping willow's trailing green—
Spring stirs again.

Spring sings again,
    In caroling of cardinals
    And tiny grassy murmurings—
Spring sings again.

Spring laughs again,
    In silver clouded ecstacy
    Of white-robed blossoms on a bough—
Spring laughs again.

LAURA SUITE

Beatrice Lewis

Andante

"A-a-ah, but this is good," the tall, broad-shouldered man in the gray overcoat boomed heartily as he stamped into the warm hall and shook the snow from his black felt hat.

"Oh, papa's got a hair cut, papa's got a hair cut, papa's got—."

"Papa's got a damn purty little minx of a girl," he twinkled down at Grace.

"Get on with you, Leo," his wife disapproved. "Don't you know better than to talk to a child that way?"

But Leo was over at the hall mirror smoothing back his hair that was graying at the sides, just a little, just enough to take the tinge of boyishness out of the heavy black sweep. "Good haircut that wop gave me. What's that you say, Laura? Grace a child? Well, we'll decide all that at dinner. Come, come, Laura, old girl, you can't keep a fellow waiting like this when he's as flushed—er—as prosperous as I am tonight."

Laura turned her massive round back on the man's exuberance and led the way into the dining-room. Leo and Grace followed her, arm in arm, chatting gaily all the way.

When Laura had filled their plates with sauerkraut and spareribs, she suddenly sat up very straight and glared across the table at Leo.

"What's this you say about money? Where did you get money?"

"Now, listen here, Laura," Leo flushed. "Why do you act that way? Here I come home with some fine tickets for that Dutch opera you wanted to see and you talk as though I stole the money!"

"You buy tickets for *Parsifal* when we haven't enough to pay the Building and Loan!" Laura cried in desperation.

"For God's sake, we don't owe that thing again!" Leo was genuinely annoyed.

"We owe them for two months. They will take the house away. Oh, we won't have a roof over our heads, but we will have tickets for *Parsifal*. Wonderful!" With a bitter, almost hysterical laugh, Laura Chambers rose and hurried into the kitchen.

Leo sighed. "Well, I guess there'll be no opera with her tonight. Not that I'm sorry. I just wanted to please her. Get me some coffee, Baby."

"Papa," Grace began as she handed him his coffee, "Why do you say there'll be no opera?"

"Doesn't look like it, does it? With her moping in the kitchen?" He glanced up at the girl beside him.

"Why couldn't I go?" She asked softly.

"You? I never thought you'd care for that stuff."

"Yes, papa, I think I would. Anyway, I know a person, that teacher I told you about, who is going, and I thought maybe if he'd see me there—"

"He'd think you were highbrow and would give you a better mark?" Leo laughed and pinched her cheek. She was about to answer vehemently

but he interrupted with, "Now, rush upstairs, honey, and get on that swell new dress mama made you. You'll look highbrow enough in that."

Laura came into the dining-room to eat her own dinner and then clear off the table. Grace and Leo scampered off upstairs, both feeling wretchedly guilty, yet both longing to get away from the moody woman.

She smiled bitterly to herself as she sat down to eat the dinner she had left to grow cold. That Leo. So he had money? Money was a stranger in the house. All her life it had been so. Those days in Germany . . . where had money been then? In the street, waiting for her to pick it up? She chuckled harshly. It was good she was no longer young. She would have cried over her poverty as Grace cried, sobbing aloud when she longed for something costly. But now it was all so funny, this tragedy —it was burlesque, and one had a merry time over it . . . Her laugh rumbling deep in her throat, grated on the air.

Largo

On the corner of the square devoted to the Markstein mansion, a long lean creature paced up and down, from one side of the iron fence to the other. "Zeitung, Abend Zeitung," he called out wearily, his voice a mere hoarse crackle that flew off with the winter wind.

As he came up to the curbstone, he stopped and stared around him. Should he go on again? Up and down, past the cold black bars of the fence? Or should he go home? Ach! It would be just as well to go up and down some more. Home was not so warm. Here at least he could pace up and down without having a Minna to scream, "Dumn! Whansinning!" at him. And he grasped his papers under his arm as tightly as his stiff fingers could clutch.

He was adventurous, that man, and with a firm step that crackled the glistening snow, he strode up one side of the block much farther than he had gone before. He would go up to the driveway that led to the Markstein home. All the way? Well—but was that eine Madchen? That tiny figure crouching against the gates of the driveway? Those tall grilled gates that protected one while the very feel of them chilled? The man crept closer. Yes, it was a girl, a child, he could make her out by the light from the driveway. She was dressed in furs and carried a tray of matches. Wonderful enough, but the man was not inclined to wonder. He went up to her and asked in his hoarse voice, "Zeitung, Fraulein, Zeitung?" She shock her head with its round white face and large eyes in which the gleams danced like a myriad of bobbing lanterns. "I'm not Fraulein," she asserted proudly, "call me Laura. Who are you?"

"I am Karl, but your furs?"

"They are not mine," her voice was fierce. "They are my uncle's. He is Markstein. My father is too poor to buy me furs. We are going to America, and before we go, I want to make some money."

"So? Gute Nacht." And Karl turned back to pace around his corner.

Laura crouched closer against her gate. Poor old man. She had seen his wrinkled face and white eyebrows and straggle of a beard. So old, and selling papers. It was a boy's work. So old and selling papers.

She gave him up with a sigh, and set herself to watching the carriages pass, as though by force of wishing it, she could make the driver of one stop and buy her matches. Folk in sleighs would stop to smile at her, to see what sort of creature supported those eyes and that pale round face. Laura would offer them matches. Proudly, she would hold out the little box. But no one would ever buy them. They gave her pennies, instead, and went away laughing.

One woman pinched Laura's cheek and tied the child's scarf around more warmly. The lady wore a long fur coat and a fur muff that was suspended on a cord around her neck. She took a gold coin out of her muff and gave it to the child.

"You take my matches?" Laura demanded, her voice husky with shame and anger.

"I?" the lady laughed prettily as the tiny bells in Markstein's house laughed when the maid rang them for dinner. "What can I want with your matches?"

"Then, what can I want with your gold?" and Laura stamped the coin into the snow.

"Laura!" a man called from the driveway, "Laura, what are you doing with those matches?"

"Father"—"Laura began."

"Do as I say," the man's voice was stern. "Go into the house."

He pushed Laura inside the gate and as he turned back to the woman he caught sight of the gold piece lying there in the snow. "My little girl can be very rude, I'm afraid." He tendered the coin.

"No, Herr, just enterprising. I thank you."

Laura watched the woman take the coin, and then turned to run into the house ahead of her father.

The big door was closed and all the lights in the house were out. A small figure crept around from the side entrance and stole down the driveway. Under the light at the gate, Laura paused, her fur coat caught around her shoulders and her hair dancing with the stiff wind. Under her arm, she clutched the tray of matches. She watched for the lean old man and when he appeared, she gave him the tray saying, "Here, Karl, maybe these will sell for you better than they did for me." And almost before the man could get a safe grasp on the tray, she was gone.

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders. "People may buy. At least, they will not pinch my cheek—or give me gold pieces either." And with a dry cackle of a laugh, he continued along the line of black bars.

Allegretto

Upstairs, as she dressed, Grace was murmuring to herself. "It isn't highbrow I want to look. It's—it's grown up. Oh, it won't be the way it was this afternoon if I see him . . ." Not that . . . She wished that she could forget.

* * * *

Grace sat hunched over her book reading intently. Her mother was calling her from the kitchen, and at each call, Grace would bend closer to the page and stare at it with wide, fixed eyes.

"Grace, oh, Grace," and this time the voice was nearer.

"What is it?" the girl answered at last, her voice edged with sulkiness and abstraction.

"Listen, Grace," Mrs. Chambers came into the room and held out a small black purse, "I need some raisins and a small box of - - -"

"Please, Mom," Grace was irritated, "Don't you see I'm trying to finish this book? I want to take it back to the library. It's overdue already."

"Well, I just thought seeing as you had your new suit on, you . . ."

"No, Mom," Grace began again patiently, "I didn't wear this suit to show it off at Broghan's Grocery, and you know it."

"Well," Grace watched her mother turn back into the hall muttering "I guess Peggy'll go. I do need those raisins for--a--a--cake—"

The last words were smothered by the closing of the kitchen door and Grace worked hard at her reading so that she would not have to hear the vague murmurs that stole through the cracks. Her mother had such a monotonous voice. And then that way of talking to herself.

With a shake of her body calculated to throw off all unpleasant feelings and at the same time, take the wrinkles out of her blue serge skirt, Grace rose and skipped over to the mirror. Yes, she did look well in that suit. She ought to have had a suit long ago. They made her seem so slim, those long rows of buttons on the side. And the dark blue went well with her bronze hair. Happily, then, she snatched up her book and left the house. If the dining-room clock was right, she would be just in time to catch Frank Lucini as he entered the library . . . Maybe walk in with him . . . Funny calling him Frank. Dr. Lucini. Teacher of French 9 and 10. She'd better stop or she'd call him that when he could hear . . . Dr. Lucini.

Oh, yes, Grace had been gay all that morning with the thought of it. Meeting him and walking into the library with him! Gorgeous! Not for nothing had she watched each day to determine the exact time he entered the library. A man of definitely formed habits, he always went in at four on school afternoons and at twelve on Saturdays and holidays. Today was the last of the Easter vacation and Grace was planning to be there by twelve. It would mean missing lunch, but what was lunch?

And then she was dressed in her new suit, her first suit. It had been bought for Easter. It made her look so much older. Not at all fourteen. Dr. Lucini would take her for nineteen or twenty at least.

Skipping happily, Grace reached the hill that led down to the library. Such a nice round stone was lying there in the grass, all waiting to be kicked down the hill. No harm in that, the French teacher wouldn't be along for ten minutes or so. It rolled so smoothly, that stone. Grace kicked it a bit, expecting it to go for a few inches, but she had to run a long way after it before it stopped. At last, she caught it—slippery fellow—in front of the library. But as she was stooping to pick it up, a deep smooth voice begged, "Allow me."

Grace looked up quickly. A tall, olive-skinned man with a neat black moustache was holding the stone out to her and saying, "Good morning, Grace. Are you going into the library?"

This was the time to reply, "Thank you, Dr. Lucini. I was just entering."

But Grace stood there mutely tying her handkerchief around and around the innocent little stone. Oh, the shame of it! He had called her Grace. Not Miss Chambers. She was not worthy of Miss Chambers. Well, she'd show him, that she would.

"No-o," she struggled to make her answer deliberate. "I was going to the grocery store to get mother some raisins. It—it's a pleasant day, isn't it? Good-by."

And the slim little figure in the blue serge suit hurried back up the hill, kicking the smooth round stone so savagely that flakes fell off as it bounded along where it had so easily rolled a few minutes before.

* * * *

Doloroso

Leo suddenly ceased his whistling. Whistling was all right in the bathtub, but not during a shave. Too dangerous. Yet as he stopped whistling, a sudden sense of injury enveloped him. Laura had never understood him, never been sympathetic. Tonight he had wanted her to enjoy herself, and she had refused to take advantage of the opportunity. He so seldom had money. There was only one other time when he had money in the real sense, money that meant a roll of bills to handle, a pocket full of change to rattle. And she had not understood then, either. He had been very young, but then so had she—at least as young as she ever could have been.

* * * *

The brisk October air carried the tempting voice far down the block. It reached a slender young fellow leaning against a street lamp, his cigarette glowing in futile competition with the gas light above it. He slouched closer to the pole. "Nix on that Fatima stuff," he muttered, "those girls are all alike. All fat."

He left the lamp, nevertheless, and advanced toward the voice. "Shernaz, the marvellous, the dancer of the Orient," the voice was booming nearer. The man came closer and peered critically at the blazing poster.

"Not so bad, is she, Leo?" a smooth voice commented.

Leo turned. "Aw quit it, Mart. I've got a wife."

"Say, how are you and the lady gettin' along?"

"All right enough, but we haven't much to live on. Hardly enough for the room we rent and our meals. Rent's been due for a coupla months."

"Say, you need some cheering up. Come on in here. I'll lend you a dime if you haven't got it."

Leo was vaguely ashamed. "Oh, I've got a dime," he admitted, "a quarter, in fact. All right, let's go in."

The two bought their tickets and entered a stuffy, dimly lighted room. An auditorium of a sort. Long dusty benches were facing the equally dusty board platform. The very front rows were filled with men in blue working shirts, carrying tin pails that gleamed unexpectedly out of the murkiness.

Martin led Leo over to the side and they chose seats near the stage. Leo wondered what Laura would think of him being here tonight. She was waiting for him. Oh, well, it wouldn't take long. A girl, huge and buxom in her tights and black velvet spangled bodice, appeared on the platform and danced heavily to the tune of a melancholy violin. A leering redness gleamed on the men's faces as they showed their approval by stamping their feet and spitting powerfully against the sides of the platform. Leo was revolted by the sight of them. He hated, too, the girl's languid smile and the slow swaying of her body. The smoke was filling the place uncomfortably. Lordy, but that air outside was good.

At last the girl retired and the announcer came up on the platform. He wanted to let the folks into a little confidential secret. The management had some games in the back room and for the nominal sum of fifteen cents, the men could go back and have a little fun. Step this way please, and don't crowd.

Leo was ready to go out. He had enough. But Martin took his arm and steered him into the back room, and before he knew what he was doing, Leo was giving the announcer his fifteen cents.

The back room was a much smaller place than the auditorium. It was more brightly lighted with gas jets that flared firmly and the smoke had not yet formed a dense cloud. Leo and Martin were pushed by the crowds pressing behind to the long table at the center, and they were standing in attentive postures in front of the big roulette wheel before they had quite realized what was expected of them.

"What's the number?" the tall man at the end demanded, his fingers automatically snapping two chips on the table.

"Come, on, Martin, let's get out of this," Leo almost begged in an intense whisper.

"Aw, c'mon, here's a quarter, take a chance." Martin slid the the coin over to the croupier.

Leo knew that he was going to lose the quarter. It was almost with indifference that he watched the taciturn fellow at the end slip it into a drawer. Martin was good-natured about it, though. Even insisted that he take another chance. Miracle of miracles, Leo won. He won fifty cents. Martin wouldn't take it back and Leo didn't feel a bit decent about going out of there with it. Well, he'd play until he lost it. But the plays were lucky. The more he played, the more he won. There was no such word as lose for him that night. The manager came over, at a signal from the croupier, and watched curiously. Piles of chips stood in front of Leo. He became drunk with the wonder of it. He played recklessly, throwing the chips over the table just for the joy of hearing them click. All the other men had ceased their play and were watching.

Martin leaned over and whispered, "Go to it, Leo. You've got the boss worried. Thinks you're gonna break the bank."

But Leo thought the manager was a good-natured chap. Even had offered Leo something to drink, had had a tray brought over with a bottle of brandy on it. Leo was intoxicated at the mere thought of a whole bottle to himself. How glorious! What would Laura say? Laura would say plenty—she always did. But what the hell did he care? Laura was gonna have a baby. "Wife's gonna have a kid," he informed the wondering men as he poured himself out another drink with hands that were already unsteady. "I'm celebratin' now. Won't have no money to celebrate when she has it, so I'm celebratin' now. Come on, folks, join in and celebrate, too." And with a lavish flourish, Leo waved the brandy bottle perilously.

At last Martin got him out. Martin saw to it that the money came along, too. In the dark hallway, Leo stopped. "Tell me truly," he began confidentially, "tell me truly how much have I got."

"Almost a hundred dollars," Martin replied, guiding him out into the street.

"A hundred dollars, a hun-erd dol-lars," Leo rolled the words over and over on his tongue. "Gee, Whizz, looky," and with unexpected firmness, he dragged Martin over to a jeweller's window. "Look at that ring, wouldja!" he pointed to a large diamond in a gold setting. "Tell me, how much is it, my eyes are kinda funny."

"It's ninety-eight dollars," Martin read.

"C'mon, I'm gonna buy it for Laura." And Leo pulled Martin along with him and purchased the ring.

Martin tried to keep the boy quiet as they entered the boarding-house where he and Laura lived, but Leo was jubilant. Laura came down and opened the door for them. Martin felt sorry for her, she looked so worn. He felt very much to blame.

Laura sighed when Leo reeled across the doorway, but she said nothing. She led them upstairs to the room that was home to Leo and herself. At the door, she turned to bid Martin good-by.

"Don' make Marty go," Leo put his arm around his friend. "He's goo' frien' of mine. Veree good. He helped me t'night. I had one hunerd dollars t'night."

"Leo!" the girl cried. "A hundred dollars! Oh, der Gott ist gut!"

Martin was saying good-by but Laura was too ecstatic to heed him. He longed to go, and yet he was afraid to go. They were both so helpless. He hadn't quite realized their weakness, the piteous beauty of it. He'd stay and help.

"And so," Leo continued as though Laura had never interrupted him, "I bought you this ring. This beautiful ring." And he held out to her the jeweller's box.

Laura, huge with the burden that was soon to be Grace, stopped dead still in the center of the room. "Du bist—" she began passionately, and then tensed her muscles in silence. She must be careful and not let herself get into a rage. As for Leo, he was gaily trying the ring on, twinkling it to watch it shine in the gaslight. Laura sat down by the window and sobbed unrestrainedly. What a woman, Leo thought. But he was tired—so-o-tired. He threw himself on the bed in a stupor of fatigue and intoxication. Martin, standing by the door, watched them, the two of them. Now he felt that it was well for him to go. He glanced once more around the room and then slipped out, closing the door softly behind him. As he pattered swiftly down the steps, he seemed to see that room dancing before him, bare and narrow. By the scratched and splintered table a woman sobbed low wailing sobs. And sprawled the length of the white iron bed, lay a man breathing stertorously, his left hand that rested on the coverlet, agleam with a large diamond ring.

BACK STAGE

Arline Keuper

Faint, greenish light struggled in through the dirty windows only to blacken the shadows below great piles of scenery. A jagged wall, once part of a knight's castle, leaned crazily against a pillar and stretched its turrets up into the darkness. Across the room, at the foot of the dressing-room stairway, a sullen, red light burned and cast its glow over the names scribbled on the bare walls—actors who had said their lines, received their applause, and long since left. Purple painted chairs and a broken table thick with dust were scattered about. The keys of an old square piano gleamed whitely from the shadows. A goat's head lay on the floor where some hasty actor had left it.

Far back in the great room stood a fragment of a modernistic scene—a prison window. Four wooden bars slanted oddly from side to side. The light of a winter dawn filtered through and drew four lines across a sleeper's face below. The face—long putty beak, sunken eyes, thickly flaked green grease paint hardened and cracking, wisps of moth-eaten hair falling down on one cheek. The figure lay on an old leather couch. It was oddly drawn up like a dead bird. The clawlike hands tapered off to wooden finger nails, inches long. There was no movement, the place was so still, the silence seemed to echo.

* * * * *

Downstairs in the tap room, the cast had gathered for a sandwich before the final dress rehearsal of the last scene. It was half past four in the morning and the actors were in the last stages of weariness. They sat on long tables and talked disconnectedly and in monotone—Watkins was stealing a scene—Sally's boots hurt—Tony had forgotten a cue three times in as many rehearsals. Two of the girls quarreled dispiritedly. The leading lady wept at a fancied insult. The director munched a cheese sandwich in silence, his face etched with tired lines and distorted with mouthfuls of sandwich.

Suddenly throwing down the crust, he asked, "Where's Fisher?"

They told him that Fisher had refused to come with them, prefering to sleep upstairs. Queer fellow, sometimes.

"Well, he needs it," the director remarked, "This is his chance, the play's his and he makes it. I don't mind telling him he's done the best tonight that's ever been done in the part. If he does it tomorrow, he's made."

* * * * *

The thick silence of backstage was broken by shrill voices and many footsteps on the creaking stairs.

"Ready for the last scene!" a voice yelled. "Lights!" The electrician on his perch switched on the blue olivettes used for the last scene.

"Fisher! What the hell do you think this is—" the director strode backstage. Shadows enveloped him. He stumbled over the goat's head.

He came to the couch—the figure startled him. That makeup—he wondered how Fisher could stand the part—ten hours in that makeup. He put out a hand and shook the bundle of grey rags.

"Fisher! Fisher! hey, Fisher—last scene!" The director was surprised at the loudness of his own voice. The figure did not move. Tony, in his innkeeper's costume, came up.

"I'll wake him up." He put a hand on the skinny shoulder and shook vigorously. The figure rolled over limply and two of the wooden fingernails clattered to the floor. Several others came up and their anxious faces looked like pale moons.

The director bent over the still figure—no movement—no breath. Horrified, they carried him out to the glare of the footlights—the doctor—water—they chattered shrilly and futilely.

The doctor came—half-dressed. He examined the crumpled body. He arose gravely and shook his head.

"Died of heart failure," he murmured gently.

Some of the actors wept, some coughed, and all made disjointed remarks about Fisher's fine qualities.

The director walked into the wings alone.

"My God," he breathed, clasping his hand to his brow, "the play is off."

THE POET IN THE FAMILY

Characters

Myrtle Haas
Thayre Haas, her husband
Eugene, their son
Ardelia, their daughter
Martin Christopher, a publisher
Tillie, a cleaning woman

Myrtle Haas, about fifty, well-built and of attractive appearance. Dresses a little too elaborately. Hair bobbed, carefully waved and curled. Very devoted to her son, Eugene, and confident that he is a genius.

Thayre Haas, about fifty, her husband. Very practical and business-like. Given to frankness and sudden outbursts of temper. Rather slightly built, with a shock of unruly grey hair.

Eugene, their son, twenty-three. Built somewhat like his father. His hair is thick and worn long. He writes extremely bad poetry, and displays from time to time what his mother calls an "artistic temperament."

Ardelia, their daughter, about twenty-nine. Inherits her father's practical nature. Of attractive appearance.

Martin Christopher, about thirty-five, a publisher of some influence. In love with Ardelia.

Tillie, the typical cleaning woman.

Setting

A conventional, not too well-furnished living room. The furnishings must include a sofa, desk and mirror. A doorway right backstage opens into hallway at bottom of staircase. A window right looks out upon front yard and sidewalk.

Time

Present. Three o'clock of a late winter afternoon. (Myrtle is discovered at writing desk. Enter Tillie with cleaning rags thrown over one shoulder. She stands in doorway, hands on hips).

Tillie (irritably) How am I supposed to git them windows washed in Mister Eugene's room if he aint goin' to open the door?

Myrtle—Have you finished all the other windows, Tillie?

Tillie—Yes'm. And let me as much as knock on his door and he starts cussin'.

Myrtle (sighing)—I know, Tillie. He is difficult. But we have to make allowances for Eugene. He has such an artistic temperament. And particularly when he's writing.

Tillie—Well, do you want them windows washed?

Myrtle (rising) Yes I do, Tillie. I hate to disturb Eugene, but I'll ask—(goes to stairway and calls)—Eugene—

Tillie (angrily) He yelled at me to go to hell through the keyhole. It sure made me mad. I told him—

Myrtle (paying no attention) Eugene—(to Tillie) He's so engrossed, dear boy. Eugene! Don't you hear Mother calling? (Door bangs upstairs).

Eugene's voice—Well? What is it?

Myrtle—I'm so sorry to bother you, dear, but do you think you could rest a minute while Tillie washed the windows in your room? She'll hurry - - -

Eugene—My Lord. Can't a man have any privacy in his own home. Let 'em go in my room.

Myrtle (patiently) Well I would—only we let them go the last time. Come down here and talk to me while Tillie's working. Please, Eugene.

(Incoherent mumbling from upstairs. Steps are heard on the stairway. Enter Eugene dressed for the street except that his hair is in disarray).

Eugene (storming). Can't accomplish a damn thing around this place. If it isn't washing windows, it's something worse!

Myrtle (to Tillie) There, Tillie, you hurry through as fast as you can. And don't disturb any of the papers on his desk. (Exit Tillie glowering). I know how things like this annoy you, Eugene. But I just can't have Tillie come an extra day for the three windows in your room.

Eugene (sitting on sofa). No, but you can upset my whole day's work.

Myrtle (going to him and sitting beside him on the sofa. Stroking his hair). Please don't be so discouraged, son. You can run upstairs in a few minutes and start right in where you left off. You shouldn't work so hard, anyway.

Eugene—Start right in where I left off? The devil I can! Been working on a single line for hours—just about had it—and then this rumpus began. (Shrugs shoulders. Rises and goes to mirror. Arranges hair with a pocket comb). Well, that's the end of that (feelingly). The mood is gone. The bird has flown with his song unfinished—I'm going out! (Goes to doorway and takes coat, derby and cane from hall rack. Prepares to leave).

Myrtle (rising) Eugene, dear, don't be angry with Mother. I wouldn't hinder you for anything in the world. I'm so proud of you. And to think how wonderful it will be someday when people will say, "oh, yes, I have heard of your clever son, Eugene Haas. Everybody has been watching him come into prominence. Brilliant poetry, you know."

Eugene (departing). Well, you won't have any famous poet in this family the way things are now. A hell of a lot of encouragement a fellow gets around here. Dad after me to bury myself in some dingy little two-

by-four office. Ardelia ragging me about my stuff when she doesn't even understand it. Nobody understands it—nobody understands me—my Lord! (exits. Door slams outside).

(Myrtle shakes head half-pityingly. Goes to stairway and calls, Tillie).

Tillie (after pause) yes'm, Mrs. Haas.

Myrtle—You might as well take time to go over those windows carefully. He's gone out. We've upset his nerves again.

Tillie—Nerves? Is that what ails him? (Appears at bottom of stairs). You know, Mrs. Haas, I never suspicioned that poor boy was sick. But now, come to think of it, he does act just like my sister Gladiola's husband, Timothy Schnitzler, did after the railroad wreck.

Myrtle—All right. Just go on with the work. (Comes back to desk. Sound of door slamming outside. Enter Thayre Haas. He has not yet removed his overcoat).

Thayre—Hello, Honey.

Myrtle—Why, what brings you home so early, Thayre? I didn't expect you till dinner time.

Thayre (removing coat and hanging it in hallway). Oh, I just decided to take a little vacation this afternoon. (Comes over and kisses her cheek rather absent-mindedly. Stands by window). Where's Eugene going? I passed him down the street.

Myrtle—Poor boy. He's so disturbed. He has a new poem half done and I had to interrupt him so Tillie could wash the windows in his room. He was all unstrung about it.

Thayre—Pifflesticks!!

Myrtle—Oh, yes. Pifflesticks. It's just like he said. Nobody understands him but me. Nobody encourages him.

Thayre—Nobody can say I don't encourage him. (Pauses). In fact, I got him a job today.

Myrtle (aghast). A job for Eugene. A job—Why, Thayre, whatever in the world do you mean?

Thayre—I mean exactly what I said. I got him a job—a chance to earn some money. I'm sick and tired of his eternal mooning around this house—doing nothing. No son of mine is going to be a plain loafer if I can help it. Twenty-three years old. Why, when I was twenty-three, I had a steady job and a bank account.

Myrtle—But, Thayre, you promised to give him a chance. He can't be expected to step right into fame the very first thing. His work is unknown. His poems haven't been printed.

Thayre—Ye Gods, Myrtle, he's been sending them around to every publisher in the country. It takes half my income to keep that boy in postage stamps.

Myrtle (rising). You don't understand what it means to be an artist, Thayre. You're too practical. You think of Eugene's poems in terms of dollars and cents.

Thayre—Well, my heavens, what good is his stuff if nobody will buy it?

Myrtle—That's just the point. Eugene's poetry isn't meant to appeal to the bourgeoisie. No real artist wants to be understood by the common street mobs.

(Thayre walks the floor).

Myrtle (continuing) Eugene is so sensitive. And his work is so delicate. Yet it has emotion. Why, his *Night in June* simply makes me want to cry—(recites fervently).

Crimson shadows and the dove grey mist,

Scintillating lights that pierce the gloom,

Cloying sweetness of the scented air,

Caressing glamor of a night in June.

Thayre—Caressing pifflesticks! What market value has a night in June?

Myrtle—Oh, you're unbelievably stupid!

Thayre (with an attempt at finalty). Well, the fact remains that I got him a job. And, if it's any consolation to you, he'll have an opportunity to use some of his poetry.

Myrtle (eagerly). Oh, Thayre, why didn't you say that before? Did you get the position through Martin Christopher?

Thayre—Martin Christopher! Do you think a man like Martin Christopher would bother with a babe-in-arms like Eugene? No, I got him a place in the advertising office. And, dammit all, he's got to make good.

Myrtle (taken aback). What on earth did you find him to do in advertising? Advertising! Why, thats plain drudgery. It will take all his energy—stifle his genius.

Thayre—I told you he'd have a chance to write poetry. That sort of stuff goes over big in ad writing:

An apple a day,

Keeps the doctor away.

Myrtle (crossing to Thayre. Almost hysterically). You would have Eugene write jingles? Sink his talent in the corner of some dingy, advertising office? Grind out limericks for people to read on streetcar cards?

Thayre (flinging across to stairway). I'm not going through another argument on this question. You can tell Eugene that I've made all arrangements. He starts Monday morning. He can ride down on the street car with me and read car-cards for experience. (Stamps upstairs).

Tillie (from above). Mrs. Haas! Oh, Mrs. Haas!

Myrtle (shortly). Yes, Tillie.

Tillie—There's a big spot of paint burnt off the window sill from Mister Eugene's cigarettes and there's a splotch o' ink on the counterpane. (Enter by stairway carrying counterpane). He must'a been writing in his sleep. (Is shoved back as Ardelia and Martin Christopher enter. Ardelia pulls off gloves, hat and coat. She takes Martin's wraps to hallway).

Myrtle—Hello, Ardelia. Home so soon? And how are you, Mr. Christopher?

Martin—Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Haas.

Myrtle—I've just been wishing you might drop in this afternoon, Mr. Christopher.

Martin—That's really very nice of you, Mrs. Haas.

Myrtle (seriously). I've been hoping to have a few minutes to talk with you about Eugene's poems.

Ardelia—Mother, please don't bother Martin with those atrocious poems of Eugene's. I've told him—

Martin (politely). Oh, well, now, it isn't any bother. To tell the truth, Mrs. Haas, I haven't had time to read the last two you gave me as carefully as I should like to. For one thing, I don't believe I quite catch the idea behind the one he has called *The Uncut Diamond.*

Myrtle (quickly). *The Uncut Diamond.* Oh, yes:

Black lure of a southern clime,
How many hearts have quickened at thy gleam,
The sparkling lights that ever seem divine,
Have quivered—haunting memory of a dream.

Martin—Eugene's thought is a bit hard to follow at times.

Myrtle—Yes, he is very subtle. (Pause). But I am so anxious for you to become interested in him, Mr. Christopher. It would make all the difference in the world if you could publish his first work. Your influence and all, - - -

Tillie's voice—Mrs. Haas!

Myrtle (irritated). In a moment, Tillie.

Tillie—What am I going to do about this here spot on the window sill? Mister Eugene's cigarette—

Myrtle—(exasperated). Yes, Tillie! (to others). If you'll excuse me—?

Martin—Certainly. (Exit Myrtle—stairway).

Ardelia—Martin, please don't feel you must take up that poetry of Eugene's. Mother is too prejudiced to judge its worth, or rather, its worthlessness.

Martin—But I hate to disappoint her, Ardelia. And besides, (lamely) the boy might "get across." He has a flare for poetry.

Ardelia—Stop being polite. It's lovely of you and all, but I insist that you let the matter drop. I'll talk with Mother about it.

Martin (taking her hand). Well, when you insist, Ardelia, it's rather hard.

(Enter Myrtle and Thayre—stairway. The men exchange greetings. All find seats. Martin and Ardelia on the couch).

Myrtle (toying with her handkerchief). Mr. Christopher was just talking about publishing some of Eugene's work, Thayre.

Thayre (to Martin). You don't mean to tell me you think its worth publishing, Mr. Christopher?

Martin, (hesitating). Well, now you see—

Ardelia—If he does publish it, it will be only as a personal favor to Mother.

Myrtle—Ardelia, that isn't kind either to Mr. Christopher or to Eugene. Mr. Christopher has been reading some of the poems, and I'm sure he realizes their value.

Thayre—Tell us frankly, Mr. Christopher, is this a personal favor or is it sincere admiration of Eugene's work? If the boy really has something, I'm perfectly willing to see him go ahead. But I don't want him encouraged to write any more stuff that isn't worth the paper its written on.

Ardelia (as Martin hesitates). Yes, Martin, tell us exactly what you think of it.

Myrtle—I think Mr. Christopher has expressed his opinion in his promise to me. He is publishing Eugene's best poems—or have you (directly to Martin) been influenced otherwise?

Martin—(unhappily) I hardly know what to say. Ardelia, don't you see—

Ardelia (smiling). I insist, Martin.

(Enter Eugene. He hangs his coat carelessly on the hall rack. He scarcely notices Martin).

Myrtle—Well, Eugene, we were just this minute talking about you. You didn't speak to Mr. Christopher, dear.

Eugene (not speaking to Martin) I'm leaving! Going away!

Myrtle (frightened) Eugene, what do you mean? Where are you going?

Eugene (stonily). I'm going Monday morning.

Thayre—What's all this about?

Eugene—I'm sick and tired existing around here. No encouragement—no inspiration. What I need is travel, broadening experiences.

Myrtle—But, Eugene, where--how--where are you going? Where have you been?

Eugene—I've been downtown. Talking with a fellow about things. He understood how I felt. He advised me to knock about a bit—see the world.

(All look puzzled).

Ardelia (lightly). Knock about—see the world—He sounds like an advertisement for the Marines.

Myrtle (sharply). Ardelia, don't be vulgar.

Eugene (stiffly). I didn't expect any of you to understand. What if I have joined the Marines?

All startled—The Marines!

Myrtle (shrilly). You haven't, Eugene?

Eugene—I'm of age. Assuredly, I have a few priveleges.

Thayre (incredulous). Eugene, have you actually signed up with the Marine Corps?

Eugene (dramatically). The die is cast.

Ardelia (laughing). Our Eugene in the Marines. Who would have believed it?

Myrtle—Have you signed any papers? Oh, Thayre, can't you go back with him and make them let Eugene off? He can't.

Eugene—(with dignity). I have made up my mind.

Myrtle (stunned). But, why? After the way I've sacrificed for you!

Thayre (quietly). Eugene, I believe it will make a man of you.

Myrtle—Thayre, how dare you encourage him? (To Eugene). My dear boy, how could you let yourself be persuaded to do such a terrible thing? Aren't we trying to make a happy, comfortable home for you?

(Thayre grunts).

Eugene—I don't want a happy, comfortable home. I want (feelingly) freedom—to breathe—to live.

Ardelia—There isn't much freedom to a Marine's life, Eugene. It's hard.

Eugene—I'm not afraid of life.

I saw
Dim lights with purple shadows near
And a faint sparkle
And many crouching forms
With blood-shot eyes
That stared and stared.
And gory hands
That clutched, but never held.
All this I saw
Yet I knew no fear.

(A silence follows. Ardelia and her father exchange glances. Martin stares at the rug).

Myrtle (wailing). But your work, Eugene—your art. You're throwing away fame.

Thayre (crossing to Eugene's side). No, he isn't, Myrtle. He's making the wisest decision of his life. (Shaking his son's hand) I'm proud of you, boy! Go to it!

Ardelia—Good heavens, yes. If the Marines don't teach him to live, nothing ever will. But (the humor of it again strikes her) Eugene a Marine! —(laughs).

Martin (gravely). You know, Mrs. Haas, I'm inclined to agree with your husband and Ardelia. I believe Eugene's little adventure will do him good. And his poetry would not necessarily suffer. As he says, travel is broadening—educational.

Myrtle (unconsoled. Going to Eugene's side. The boy has a parent

at each elbow. He looks very ill at ease). But he never went away by himself, before.

Martin (cheerfully). Now, now, Mrs. Haas, he's old enough to take good care of himself. You must give him a chance to be independent.

Eugene (with great dignity). Mother forgets that I am no longer a child.

Myrtle—But he *is* so young. Why, he scarcely seems more than a baby.

Ardelia—That's just the trouble. It's about time he grew up. (Eugene gives her a withering glance).

Martin (seriously). And when you come home, Eugene, if you're still interested in letting me see some of your work, I'll be glad to talk with you.

Eugene (cooly). Thank you. Of course, one can never tell.

Myrtle (weakly). How—how long will you be gone?

Eugene (vaguely). Oh, I scarcely know. A year at least—perhaps longer:

Time's flight
A streak of light
Across Eternity.

Time makes so little difference.

Myrtle (miserably). It's all my fault. If I hadn't bothered him about the windows, he'd never have gone downtown and met that terrible Marine man.

Thayre (grimly). If he hadn't gone downtown this afternoon, he'd have gone down with me Monday morning.

Ardelia (good-naturedly). I tell you, Martin, few things come higher than a poet in the family.

Curtain

I AM NOT A HEROINE

Beatrice Andrews

I am not a heroine. In fact I can never be one of those scintillating creatures. I am too absent-minded. Worse than that, my father tells me I am practically unconscious. Sometimes I remind myself of the farmer who put the clock outdoors and tried to wind the cat. Indeed, I almost powdered my hat and brushed my face the other morning. Who has ever read of a heroine who could walk for an hour in the rain, come home in it, complain that she is absolutely drenched, cough a few times for sympathy, and then suddenly realize, after a gasp from her mother, that her umbrella had been under her arm all the time? Certainly lively Katrinka Van Tassel could never have been accused of being absent-minded even if she did live in Sleepy Hollow. A few weeks ago, thinking only of *Great Expectations*, I took the wrong street car and never discovered my mistake until I had read over seventy-five pages. Another time I lost my car check. Since that was the only coin in my purse, I was puzzled. How was I to get home? Finally I decided to penalize my stupidity. I would not borrow the money, I would walk the two and a half miles home. The fact that it was eighty degrees in the shade did not deter me in the least. As I trudged along the dusty street, I thought how heroic I had been not to borrow the money as so many would have done. With that thought lightening my mind but not my feet, I at last dragged myself into the house so tired that I could scarcely untie my oxfords. Wearily I fumbled for my handkerchief. There in my pocket I felt something round, flat, and yes, a v-shaped hole in the middle. The lost car check. My mother need never fear I shall develop into a Becky Sharp. No, think of all the heroines of history and of literature that I can and there is not one out of all that splendid company who approaches my absent-mindedness.

I wonder if Madame Pompadour or Cleopatra ever had a cold. Surely Antony would never have been defeated if Cleopatra had appeared before him with watery eyes or a red nose. And if Madame ever had interrupted His Majesty, the King of France, with a fit of sneezing, apologizing between sneezes "Pardon, Louis, you know these colds of mine are-er-so annoying"—But I suppose, being heroines, they were not bothered by such ordinary troubles as colds. I should like to know how they developed resistance, though. If I remember correctly, not a day has passed since November the first that I have not caught cold or have been convalescing from the last. Every morning I go to school with my pockets stuffed with handkerchiefs. Whenever I pull out one, the other fifteen generally follow, tumbling. No heroine of my reading ever had to have her pockets bulging from an excess supply of handkerchiefs. I have sneezed and coughed on the same street car so much that the motorman recognizes me when he hears me coming. Yesterday morning a woman with a very moist cold sat opposite me. Every time I glanced her way, she darted looks at me that made me thankful we were on the car and not some lonely street. She scowled as if I were really the cause of her cold. How can I sparkle among my contemporaries as a heroine with a cracky voice, snuffles, and puffy eyelids? I have tried everything. Last night in a fit of abstraction I

reached for a bottle of argyrol and I almost sniffed a dropper full of furniture polish. Of a surety a cold is a worse obstacle in the path of the would-be-heroine than all the villains and cruel stepfathers in bookdom.

" 'Fraidy cat! 'Fraidy cat!" came in a sing song from three voices. " 'Fraid to look through just an old window." Yes, I was afraid. That window was not only cobwebby but belonged to a haunted house. Although that was long ago, dark alleys and empty houses still fill me with little wavery sensations and urgent thoughts of home. Especially am I wary of a bull dog who has undisputed possession of a street corner a few doors below us. Of course the fiercest bull dog in England would never have worried Queen Elizabeth. I should not be frightened either if he did not have such long teeth, such a "move-one-step-if-you-dare" growl and that "Gee-I'd-give-anything-to-bite-you" expression in his eyes. Moreover, if I were sure the dog was tied, I should be as fearless as a dozen Queen Elizabeths. But I have never stopped to see. Only one feeling possesses me when I pass that dog—speed. I know that scores of heroines would not shiver when they open a dark room at night but I do. If anyone said "Boo!" to me just as I am peeking into my room at night undecided whether the wardrobe is one or two burglars, I am certain that I should never stop running. And flying bugs! I should far rather meet an elephant than a June bug. I cannot believe my mother when she tells me that I once caught daddy long legs, caterpillars, and June bugs and hid them in my pockets for fun. When I hear noises at two o'clock in the morning, do I slip out of bed in spite of my pounding heart and investigate the noises in spite of the peril? Indeed, I do not. When I hear noises, I pull the covers farther over my head, shiver and palpitate, and finally fall asleep without one heroic thought. If I had been born a Jeanne d' Arc, I suppose I should never have trembled or suffered from such silly palpitations.

To be beautiful is the first requisite for a heroine. If she is not, she at least has some prepossessing feature. If her nose is too long, her feet are small; if her eyes are green, her ears are adorable. Most assuredly Guinevere would not have caused so much disturbance among Arthur's spotless knights if she had had a pug nose and worn glasses. I have never been told that I resemble Norma Talmadge, never inspired any man to say breathlessly "Who is she?" I have never been the cause of a fair youth thinking of the depths of the river, nor have I caused a stampede in a street car. No one has ever written about me as Poe did about beautiful Annabel Lee. I wonder if sea air is good for the complexion. Perhaps so. I know the damp, sooty air from the Allegheny has never improved my appearance. I have never found it necessary to hire a traffic cop to regulate the impatient admirers at my front door. Besides no one has ever tried to kidnap me. One consolation, however, I enjoy perfect security. To be sure there is the butcher's boy who says "Good morning" and an Italian, reminiscent of Glostora, offered to take me to a dance at O'Donovan's Hall. Then there was a boy by the name of Smith or Jones who asked me to go to a play but I never saw him again. None of my friends hesitate to introduce me to their beaux. As one girl remarked "She is perfectly harmless." Alas, I fear I shall never be a second Circe or Salome. Certainly I am not one of those whose "bright eyes rain influence and judge the prize."

When I read of the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or of Anna Karenina, I think sadly of my lack of conversation and my twinkling toes, which never twinkle except when I sleep. I think of my voice and remember with satisfaction the fifty cents I earned last week to keep quiet. I have always admired Xantippe, one of those women who have been given little credit for enduring a difficult philosopher. Even her detractors agree that she could tell Socrates who was who and what was what in Athens. I am absolutely tongue-tied unless some one mentions *faux pas.* Everytime I start playing the piano, the neighbor on one side turns on the radio and the man on the other puts *Me and the Man in the Moon* on the victrola. Rebecca knew how to dress wounds and take care of the sick while I—well, my mother declares she wouldn't trust me with a sick rabbit. Certainly most heroines faint gracefully. I am not very well versed in fainting but I ought to know something about falling. I fall on an average of twice a day. Not long ago as I was walking through town, I looked at a man mailing a letter. Why, I don't know. At any rate, watching the man, I did not see that in one more step the pavement ended. Consequently, I stumbled, lost my balance, and landed in a mud puddle. The man stepped forward to help me, but I very indignantly got up myself and snatching an astronomy book from the street car track and a pencil from a bed of mud, I hurried on. I never once squinted backward. I had the uncomfortable feeling that everybody was doubling himself with laughter. Would Beatrix of Castlewood have been guilty of such awkwardness? No, but I am beginning to believe that Beatrice of Cedar Street would be guilty of most anything.

No, I must admit, I am not a heroine. I scan the papers and sign boards every morning. No one as yet has offered a correspondence course which promises to create heroines in six months. Until then I shall have to be myself.

LE PASSANT

MARY LOUISE JONES

Un bourdon pondéra sur un trèfle très pourpre,
Un trèfle délicieusement chargé du miel d'or.
La belle fleur inclina la tête à bon accueil,
Mais l'abeille d'un air rogue l'ignora assez fort.

Il frémit bon des ailes, et bourdonna grandement,
Tandis qu'elle frisonna, soupira et rougit.
Le vaniteux alors cruellement dit ces mots—
"Mes pattes sont reposées—merci!"—puis il sortit!

GHOSTS AND ARCHED DOORWAYS

Louise Dickenson

It was the witching hour of midnight, and all the countryside was still. A pale moon rode high in the sky, its wan light obscured by flying racks of clouds. Shelia Duncan, standing by the casement window, shuddered slightly.

"That last cloud across the moon," she pointed a slender finger, "it looked like a witch, hunched and crook-nosed."

Her husband kissed her fondly and lifted a tolerant head to peer at the sky. "That cloud across the moon? Why, dearest, it's nothing but a coral reef by some far off tropic isle."

"The wind changed it." Shelia turned abruptly back to the huge chimney place where a wood fire was slowly subsiding into rosy embers. "I hate the country in November. It's so barren, so lifeless. In the day time there is nothing but the sparrows who shiver on the bare apple trees, and the wild rabbits who flash across the dead garden. In the night there is that dog across the hills that howls until my brain goes numb with fear, and then that hoot owl outside our bedroom window!" A dry sob caught in her throat. Her white hands twisted and trembled. "It makes me think of horrible things—death, your death, Eric, and I can't stand it! The country is so still and waiting, it frightens me. Let's go back to the city, Eric. In the city there is noise and light and people. Oh, I'm afraid, Eric, I'm afraid!"

Eric Duncan gathered his young wife into his arms and patted her shoulders reassuringly. "You silly little goose, it's just because you're from the city, and everything's new that you're troubled. In a year from now you'll feel lonely if that little hoot owl fails to hoot. Tomorrow I'll climb that tree and introduce you to Mr. Owl. He's the most harmless, goggle-eyed bunch of feathers you'd ever want to meet. All he wants is a dark hole in the day time and a mouse or two at night."

"And that graveyard down the road," Shelia lifted wide eyes, "at midnight I think of every terrible ghost story I ever heard. I can see the graves yawn open and the ghastly things rise up and flit about, pale and bony and evil."

"My dear child," expostulated Eric, "You don't mean to tell me that you believe in ghosts, you, a married woman these last six weeks! Shame on you, a big girl with a healthy husband to defend you! Don't you know there aren't any ghosts, that they're just a figment of the imagination caused by a blot of mustard or an undigested bit of potato?"

Shelia smiled, half tearfully, half triumphantly. "That's what Scrooge said, but the ghost came just the same. It isn't that I believe in ghosts, Eric, for I don't—in the daytime. It's just the awful loneliness of the country that makes my mind run on grisly subjects. My reason says there aren't any ghosts, but everything is so different in the cold and the dark. Fear is such a terrible thing, Eric! It doesn't listen to reason in the dark. All it hears are the unexplainable, ghostly sounds of the night."

"Nonsense!" cried Eric gruffly. "You're getting hysterical, Shelia. Haven't I told you that this fol-de-rol about ghosts is drivel?"

A crash behind them. A cold draft of air swept through them. The dying flames on the hearth leaped up, blue and thin, and then fell back into the blackening embers. Shelia shrieked, her voice cutting through the stillness. Eric started, his brow clammy, his hands frigid. From the darkness came the smell of damp earth. There was a low, scraping sound, and afterwards, the dry rattle of a ghostly titter.

"Hold me, Eric! Hold me!" cried Shelia, her face a pale oval in the darkening room.

"Damn it all, Shelia!" cried Eric, catching her chill fingers in hands no warmer. "There's nothing to be afraid of! The wind just blew open the casement, that's all."

He attempted to close the window, but the strong wind, with rain upon its breath, resisted. Suddenly it veered and dropped. The window crashed shut.

"There, my dear," said Eric, turning away with assumed lightness, "it's nothing but the wind."

"But those noises?" whispered Shelia.

"Nothing but the branches of the tree outside, rubbing and soughing in the wind. Now, let's to bed, my little one!" He forced a jovial note into his voice, though his nerves were a trifle shaken.

Shelia did not answer. Her eyes stared past him, glazed and horrified. Eric wheeled about in time to see the window fly open again before the fury of the wind. With a muttered curse Eric threw his weight against the refractory casement and bolted it tight.

"Don't touch it, Eric!" cried Shelia, her body trembling violently. "Don't touch it! It's just like that porthole in Marion Crawford's *Wandering Ghosts*, the porthole that couldn't be shut becaused the drowned thing wanted to come in!" Her voice rose in a hysterical wail.

"Shut up!" roared Eric, his self control giving way. He caught up a brass candlestick from the chimney shelf and lighted its green taper from the last blinking ember on the black hearth. He dragged his hysterical wife through the dark halls and up the uncarpeted stairs to their room. After lighting the old fashioned gas jets under their cut-glass shades, he glared angrily at his sobbing wife, face down across the walnut bed. He was young, this was his first wife, and she was still new. He was at a loss as to his procedure. He tried scolding. It had no effect. Next he tried coaxing and cuddling. Her soft body jerked under the racking sobs.

"Darling!" he cried distracted, "don't cry like that, for God's sake! Don't you know that I won't let anything hurt you?"

Shelia wound her arms about his neck and pressed her wet cheek against his ear. "Pr—pr—promise me you'll take me right back to the city?"

"Anything, beloved," he kissed the nape of her neck and gave a sigh of relief as her sobs lessened.

"To—tomorrow?"

"Not until the next raise, darling, please," he cried hastily. Shelia's sobs increased again, her arms tightened their stranglehold.

Eric gave in. "Tomorrow."

"The little house with the arched door ways and the sun porch?"

Eric protested feebly. "I can't afford it, darling. Why not the bungalow by the carline?"

The hoot owl outside the window uttered a mournful cry. Shelia started.

"The little house with the arched doorways—tomorrow!" he cried desperately.

Long after her husband had fallen into deep-lunged sleep, Shelia lay smiling into the darkness. "Funny, the psychological effect of fear," she mused. "I actually frightened myself more than I did him. I didn't expect the window to help me so much." Her voice dropped sleepily. "That sun porch will be just the place for my bridge parties."

THEATER MAGIC

Margaret Wooldridge

He was bent, wrinkled, but his face was flushed, his eyes bright. He sat quite still looking fixedly at the curtain, even after the orchestra had stopped playing and most of the other theater-goers had left.

"Come, John." His rosy little wife helped him into his coat, and gently taking his arm, led him to the steps to the ground floor. Outside, above the after-theater mob, the strident taxis, the glare of the city's lights, the stars twinkled faintly. The old man drew a deep breath, threw his shoulders back until he was fully two inches taller. He walked through the crowd, looking neither to one side or the other. He walked fast, not fast as a college boy walks, but almost too fast for his old wife. She was even more rosy, and was puffing when they stopped to wait for the car. The old man, still standing straight, stared at the slender new moon peering through the wrought iron steeple of the German Lutheran Church.

The wife looked up, too. "See, the pagan moon is caught in the scrolls of the church steeple." She touched his arm insistently. "Isn't the moon lovely?"

He lowered his gaze and frowned. "Yes, what moon?"

The little woman smiled and shook her head. Very gently she slipped her arm through his and silently they waited for their street car.

THE MINOR BIRD for SPRING, 1930

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THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College for Women

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ELIZABETH RAMSAY

Nell was the leader of our informal singing parties because she kept everyone on pitch and in time since she had had "lessons." But Aunt Sally was instigator and chief coaxer, for she it was who made the drawing room cosy with a big coal fire, arranged seats for all and put everyone's favorite piece on the piano rack. Then, she acted as a kind of announcer explaining, excusing, or praising the particular accomplishments of each to mother and me, who were just visiting. Nell began with "Whatever is—is Best" because that was Aunt Sally's favorite. With her dark hair, olive complexion, and regal height, Nell seemed like some majestic priestess as she sang this solemn, calming hymn in her full, convincing voice. The song with its sad, resigned kind of philosophy made that hurting lump come in my throat, so that I was glad when someone suggested the "Little Brown Bird" be next. The week before, Mr. Frost, an oldish man with a voice he fondly called baritone but which everyone else thought of as "bare of tone," had rather ruined this song for Nell, since he had insisted on trying to sing it. I think Nell ought to have gladly given it to him, for it was a silly little ditty more suited to his foppish, sentimental character than to her strong self-sufficiency. With a complete change of tone, Nell finished with Tosti's "Goodbye." As it rose to its glorious climax, those little "thrill" shivers chased up and down my spine. Nell sang with that ease and versatility that is so charming in amateurs. No studied pauses for effect or bizarre trills to prove her technique marred the easy flow of her song, as is often the case with trained singers.

By this time, Uncle Billy was fussing about on his chair, winking and shrugging his shoulders at me as much as to say, "Well, how about the other singers." So I began clamoring for my favorite "Captain Mac," the sailor who is pestered and pursued by women wherever he goes and finally, in the last verse marries and "leaves the gals to her." Uncle, who loved only one woman all his life, delights in portraying the bold dashing Captain with all the suitable winks and braggadocio. Nell proved herself the accompanist par excellence, for she seemed to know by intuition when Uncle was going to pause to

enact part of the song. To prove that he could be serious, Uncle wanted to sing "Old Barty." This is a friendly, comfortable song about an old fellow who feels the Lord will have no trouble finding him for "he's well knowed round here." With surprising softness and feeling Uncle Billy became the pathetic old Barty. I begged for more and Aunt Sally said, "Well, Will, since you're all warmed up to it, you might give us the 'Drum Major'. So, after much aheming, he was off again, this time a hard officious Major. But somehow the Drum Major refused to stay in time, so with a pretended temperamental storm, Uncle ousted me from his chair and declared he was too old to sing anyway.

Nell turned to her husband and said that that was a hint for him to begin. Uncle and Harold usually back each other, but Uncle turned traitor to the cause since his part was over. Harold tried desperately to start a coughing spell, then he was sure Nell had brought no songs for him; but all his alibis were overruled when Nell produced everyone's favorite, the Dog Song. Every known type of dog and a number of unknown kinds are mentioned and described in this perfectly ridiculous song. With Uncle and I acting out various dogs and Harold playing tricks with his voice, we soon had the party in an uproar. Nell, as leader, was disgusted with our carrying on and declared Harold and she would sing a duet. But Harold had cleverly remembered to forget that one, so we made him sing his other funny song. It is about an Airman who can fly so high that even the sparrows cannot catch him. Harold, the tall athletic type, sings this in a high falsetto and uses a wiggling index finger to show the airman's flight. At the end of the steen number of verses this airman's adventures require, poor Harold declared he would never be the same. We were all in such good spirits by this time that we felt we were ready for chorus work. First we sang the Froth Blowers' Anthem, which might be considered the English version of "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here." This naturally led to "Auld Lang Syne." Uncle and I then had to do our whistling version of "Comin' Thru the Rye". I whistle the first part, then stop suddenly, and he takes it up. We were so proud of it, but the rest declared *that* would end the evening in quite a final tone. Aunt Sally, the tactful coaxer still, said we would call it adjourning to eat. So it was with my third piece of cheese that I decided anyone, no matter how savage he had been feeling, would be charmed and soothed into a good humor with the grand variety of songs we had on these musical evenings.

EPITAPH ON AN EARTHWORM

SARAH STEVENSON

Pinned and stretched on a pan of wax,
Pinned and stretched on a pan of wax
Here he lies who once was muddy,
Round and lithe. May his tribe increase
And further scientific study.

PRESENTING MRS. PLYMPTON-PODGE

CLAIBORNE BROWN

Mrs. Plympton-Podge was eating her breakfast. Dry toast and a glass of unsweetened orange juice. Her jaws worked rhythmically with the buzz and crackle of gravel going through a mixer. On her round pink face was an expression of determined ecstacy.

from which it might be gathered that Mrs. Plympton-Podge was on a diet. She was—but not from the mundane motives that are generally supposed to impel elderly matrons of generous proportions to the discomforts of dry toast and unsweetened orange juice. No, Mrs. Plympton-Podge had little sympathy with the pursuit of the perfect silhouette.

"Nature," she would tell you, "will take its course. And besides, what is more sweetly feminine than a softly rounded figure? These young girls are really indecent, not to say impious. The Lord did not intend the skeletal frame to be visible."

Obviously the explanation of the dry toast did not lie in that direction. The fact was that Mrs. P.-P. belonged to a cult, a cult whose object was the perfect life and the pursuit of beauty. The leader of the cult was the Swami El Kazir. Of course he was a Buddhist and Mrs. P.-P. had had grave misgivings at first, but he was, as she said, "So wonderfully broad-minded." He didn't in the least mind her being a Christian, and then, Mrs. June Carlson—*the* June Carlson was so enthusiastic about him. "And he had such kind eyes," reflected Mrs. P.-P. gulping her orange juice. "He made one feel the beauty of one's own soul, and just to look at him you'd know he'd found the perfect life."

"My dear Mrs. Podge," (he pronounced her name that way. So naive of him!)—"My dear Mrs. Pudge," he had said, "the body is but the unimportant vehicle for the spirit—the shining golden spirit. Too often we smother its beauty in gross materialism. Feed the soul with meditation upon the perfect life and true aesthetic appreciation. Bodily comforts must be secondary. Free your soul from its bondage!"

Mrs. Plympton-Podge put a very plump little hand to her heart. The Swami El Kazir was truly a magnificent man—a saint perhaps! She was a little doubtful about this. Were Buddhists ever saints? And he had commanded the little circle what foods thay should eat. Merely the bare necessities of life.

Mrs. P.-P. roused herself with an effort from this pleasant retrospection and heaved her not inconsiderable bulk over the side of the bed. She paused to cast an appreciative glance at the obese pink cherubs painted on the foot of the bed. With what startling clarity she was beginning to feel beauty! She surged across the room in a flutter of laces and ribbons. She would have to hurry to keep that luncheon engagement with dear Melissa.

Dear Melissa was flustered. She scurried across the Hotel Grille in a little cloud of expletives and plaintive bleatings. Her sharp pink nose quivered joyfully when she discovered Mrs. P.-P., very like a plump and luscious bonbon, ensconced at a cozy table for two. She

murmured over her in a series of dashes and exclamation points. "My dear—so sorry—just couldn't get away. These wretched committee meetings!" Mrs. P.-P. soothed her and untangled her from waving fronds of feather boa. A black and white waiter with a wondrously marcelled head carefully inserted her into her chair.

"Dear Melissa, if you'd only let the soul drift. Release it from the bondage of all these trivial cares. You have no idea! Such freedom! Such a sense of relief!"

Dear Melissa fumbled for her glasses, clutched at the menu, and sneezed. "I know, you're really wonderful. I don't see how you do it. And how is that nice Swami? Such an intelligent man. I wish I had time to join your little group. You order, dear, just a little snack. I'm not hungry and didn't you say you were on some sort of a diet?"

Mrs. P.-P. rustled in her chair and eyed the menu with popping eyes. "You know, Melissa, I'm going to break over just a wee bit today. I have my hour of meditation this afternoon and I need something strengthening. You don't know how it weakens one—these vigils with the infinite."

"My dear, I do know. You're quite right. So weakening! Anything you order will do for me."

Mrs. P.-P. concentrated, a tiny wrinkle on her placid brow, her little button mouth pursed doubtfully. "How does this sound, Melissa? oyster bisque with cheese straws, chicken timbales (they make them so marvelously here), potatoes au gratin and buttered scones and for desert —Let me see—chocolate eclairs topped with whipped cream, salted nuts, and coffee." She laid down the menu and touched her lips with the tip of her pink tongue.

The wondrously marcelled head bowed reverently over the order and glided away among the tables.

Mrs. P.-P. sampled the oyster-bisque with little squeals of joy. Good food slightly intoxicated her. When the last of the chicken timbale disappeared she had attained a roseate state of affability. Daintily, she wiped her buttery fingers on a large expanse of white napkin and smiled fondly at the artistic arrangement of swirled whipped cream on the rich dark eclair. "The beauty of little things," she breathed, attacking the creation.

Dear Melissa stirred from her trance, craned her neck over Mrs. P.-P's shoulder and twittered joyfully. "Look, dear, it's that lovely Mrs. June Carlson and she's coming over!"

A long lean woman in a great deal of black satin was striding across the room, ferocious elbows clearing her path of obstructive mortals.

Mrs. Plympton-Podge gurgled wildly. Her pink face became pinker. The chocolate eclair assumed mountainous proportions. It lay before her, the awful indestructable evidence! Far back in the dark spaces of her mind, an inexorable voice was thundering, "Your sins shall find ye out!"

Dear Melissa was making feeble noises and rattling her bracelets in welcome. Mrs. P.-P. was a sinner but she was a resourceful sinner. Into the yawning jaws of her handbag, she swept the accusing eclair with

one swift gesture. Tiny beads of perspiration dampened her brow but she greeted Mrs. June Carlson with her most eloquent smile.

"My dear, how sweet you look. Do sit down. Melissa is just finishing her luncheon."

Mrs. June Carlson eyed dear Melissa with supercilious scorn. Her swift glance had spied the eclair. "No, I mustn't, I'm on my way to the Swami's. The hour of meditation, you know."

Dear Melissa beamed. "I've been hearing all about that wonderful Swami of yours. So inspirational! Have you had luncheon, Mrs. Carlson?"

Mrs. June Carlson drew in her lips in a severe straight line. "O, yes, but we are on a diet, you know."

"So Mrs. Plympton-Podge was telling me. I think he's wonderfully liberal."

"Liberal? Well—perhaps. It's all in the state of mind. One begins to be quite satisfied with soda biscuits and warm milk. Don't you think so, Mrs. Plympton-Podge?

"So—soda biscuits and milk!" faltered dear Melissa. "Why, Mrs. Ply—". She stopped abruptly, her pink nose quivering indignantly. Mrs. P.-P. had deliberately kicked her! She opened her mouth to object to this infamous treatment but Mrs. P.-P. had risen and was silencing her with a stern and resolute glare.

"Dear Melissa", she hissed, "you won't mind my running along with Mrs. Carlson? We're due now at the Swami El Kazir's. She annexed Mrs. June Carlson's elbow and steered her deftly away from the gaping Melissa. A sigh of relief oozed from her. She clutched her handbag firmly under the other arm. It made a faintly protesting, squelching noise. Mrs. P.-P. relaxed her clutch. Then she appealed to Mrs. June Carlson.

"We have a few minutes, would it be too much trouble for you to drop in at Gardner's with me? I've done such a stupid thing. Lost my handbag—and I do need one."

SMOKE

Ruth Fiske

Smoke that lies in tops of trees
Like perfume in a woman's dusky hair,
And turns the emerald green of leaves
Into a misty cloud against the bare
Blue cloudless sky.

Smoke that settles on the hills
To shroud their majesty in haze, and fold
Gray veils around the purple forms
That tower above the little towns, and hold
Their proud heads high.

Smoke that rolls in heavy clouds
Above the river, cold and brown and fleet.
The sun breaks through and leaves the clouds
Of smoke gold-edged; they vanish there like sweet
Dreams drifting by.

THE MINOR BIRD
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"I have wished a bird would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day,"

said Robert Frost. He was referring to a bird outside his window. He called it, "A Minor Bird." There was an ineffectuality about that bird's singing that irritated him. It is very likely that he concentrated hard on what he was reading, covered his ears with his hands. But the sound slid between his fingers. It was as though the shrill plaintive voice was not outside at all but imprisoned in his head, each note a pounding throb against his skull. He probably laughed at the idea that the sound was within him. To prove that it was not, he went to the window to drive the bird away. He said,

"Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more."

It may be that the bird looked up at him and he felt ashamed. Birds have a way of glancing at you sideways . . . . it's disconcerting. So he felt, for he said,

"The fault must partly have been in me,
The bird was not to blame for his key.
And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song."

You have, upstairs somewhere, folded away in a gray envelope, a few clippings. When you rearrange the drawer you take them out and read them over. It seems that you have written a poem or two—just little things that appeared in the high school paper. One about spring and the idea of rebirth in death. Another one is about the brotherhood of man. Funny, isn't it, how in high school you were so concerned about the brotherhood of man and now,—well, it matters as much as it ever did but you don't seem to matter so much. At least not enough to be able to do anything about it. So that your two verses of iambic tetrameter lines have a pitiful defiance—like "arrows shot against the sky." And yet, you are not ashamed of them, you're rather proud of them, in fact. They have a fine swing and the rhymes are not mechanical. You couldn't do as well now. And besides, when you were in high school you were more tolerant than you are now. Then you sometimes yielded to an impulse. Now you smother them all. Then, when a line raced around in your head, you suffered that line to live.

You put it down on paper and established for it a world of its own. You even populated that world with other lines, and they all led their lives together, dressed in the same ink, inhabiting the same white paper earth. In your exultation, they found their immortality. So that through them you have attained the status of creator, through them you gained admittance into Valhalla and intimate communion with the creators feasting there. For those lines that you once wrote established forever the right of other lines to be written, other worlds to be born, other songs to be sung.

MR. JANEY

SARA STEVENSON

Mr. Janey has been my silent partner from the day he pranced in to console me where I lay fiddling away my fourth birthday in bed with the mumps. And he remained my constant companion until I trotted off with great sophistication to High School. During my long "mumpy" days, Mr. Janey used to perch on the foot of my iron bed while we planned the trips we would take together in the little red auto, Bossy. Of course the family never saw this dream man of mine, but they often heard us talking together, and once they came to my rescue when Mr. Janey had inadvertently kicked me out of bed. When we started on our much talked of Indian Hunt, it was indeed a gala day. The family even packed some "sandwitches" in a little wicker basket for us to carry along on our great adventure. Mr. Janey was so short and round that he almost fell off the auto seat, but by scrunching up close to me, and holding on tight to Bossy's friendly sides, he managed to live to hunt Indians. We headed West in Bossy past Cherry Tree Mountain covered with pinkish white snow, crossed the vast Sidewalk Desert, and finally, by fording the muddy Gutter River, rode into the Wild West. Father always called the Wild West the vacant lot—but that was because he had never really gone West except to cut down weeds. Mr. Janey, having a big bump of imagination, was habitually spotting Indians that turned out to be everything from plump brown grasshoppers to big puffy toads. We scouted every part of the Wild West—the stubby lowlands, Chocolate Drop Hill with its feathery blue grass, and even crawled up an Indian Tobie tree or two. But Mr. Janey and I were forced to roast potatoes instead of Indians, and to eat an interminable number of grimy sandwiches and sour grass, to keep up our strength for we were going hunting for BIG game since there were no Indians. In the afternoon, Mr. Janey and I crept down to the Nile River, sneaking from tree to tree so that we might take the crayfish-alligators by surprise. Stealthily we waded out into the muddy Nile, stabbing here and there with our elderberry-bush spears. But we gave up hunting the crayfish-alligators when one of them, with his great claw snapping, scuttled up in the general vicinity of my fat toe. As Mr. Janey and I were crawling along in the underbrush near the river, we stumbled over a big black lion, but she mewed so loudly and scratched so ferociously

that we had to let her go home to her kittens. It was difficult for roly-poly me and chubby Mr. Janey to crawl through the dense jungle of blackberry bushes and elder trees, but spurred on by the thought of strawberry shortcake for dinner, we finally emerged at the spot where Bossy was parked. When we started to roam home it was by the southern route so that we might see Mrs. Beck's Palace with its windows of fluffy pink sugar angels and bow-legged chocolate dogs—one of the eight wonders of my four-year-old world. We jogged through the Black Forest with its great trees that look like witches, flew over the dried-up Gutter River to Peach Tree Mountain, and brought Bossy to a jerking halt before the place called Home.

Mr. Janey and I did not limit our efforts to Indians, for once we went to save the heathen in Japan, as all good Episcopalians should. We sailed across Alley Sea in our boat, "Planky," landing right in Japan's back yard. All through Cherry Orchard Town we hunted for heathen, but they were all hiding away in their temples. We did find one little brown skinned Jap snuggled way down in an aristocratic, velvety purple iris. We were busy converting her when an ogre chased us away saying, "I *will* not have you trooping around in my formal garden, Sara!" She made Mr. Janey and me swim all the way home in the rain storm, turning us into regular ducks, all for the sake of one little converted Jap.

Soon after the Japanese episode my silent partner left me temporarily when I started to school, for Mr. Janey unfortunately did not have an urge for culture. He came back, though, when I was learning my "tables." Together we used to skip up and down the flag stone walk laboriously saying the tables over and over again. "Two times one tin garage would equal two tin garages." Mr. Janey would murmur, "Your Mother would have a fit if there would not be any room to dry her clothes." "Six times seven Dorothy Perkins rose bushes would equal forty-two!" Such paradise was hard to imagine. Mr. Janey left again shortly, for he rebelled at having to eat, sleep and drink "tables." He reappeared again, though, when I was in the eighth grade and he listened with great delight while I shouted speeches at him. Mr. Janey never fully recuperated from the blow he received when I did not give my oration of "The Spirit of Seventy-Six," after practising it for months. We had orated it together under the huge poplar trees at the end of the yard when little bits of sunlight made shining patterns under our feet; and even when it was raining and we could slosh our feet up and down in the mud saying, "I-I am the Spirit of Seventy-Six!" It was some consolation, though, for Mr. Janey to see me graduate—diploma, white dress and all. The whole summer long after graduation we made great plans about what we would do when I was a "High School girl," but Mr. Janey never saw me after the fall day when I loped off down the street with a red pencil box clutched tightly in one hand and a blue lunch box in the other, for I was galloping off to High School and Mr. Janey was galloping off to "Never, Never Land."

Twilight: Purple hills rising through mist; a sprinkling of yellow lights.

Martha Stuart

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

PAULINE GIBSON

Mrs. Minniver gave a final swipe to the damp white oil-cloth top of the kitchen table. The clock over the sewing machine announced the hour in six apologetic clangs. Mrs. Minniver paused, dish-rag in hand, to reflect. Six o'clock—supper over—dishes cleared away—she realized suddenly how loud the clock ticked when one stopped to listen. It was queer not having Minniver there in the chair by the stove. Minniver was always most talkative just after supper. While she washed the dishes in a pan on the oilcloth table top, he was accustomed to sit by the stove and ramble on about the county fair, the governor, and the new roof on the school house. It was Minniver who knew about such things. She didn't regret for a moment that she'd packed his suit-case and sent him out of the house for good. She'd warned him all these years that her patience would give way some day. After all, it was her house and her money—what little of it there was—and Minniver had had an easy time of it since she'd married him. She spent the long hours of the day at the window by the sewing machine where an endless line of printed silks, rompers, and linen jackets took shape under her experienced fingers. She was an able seamstress—one of the best in town, so Minniver said. And he found ample opportunity to judge as he pursued his solitary meanderings about town during the stretches between his morning nap and afternoon siesta. Minniver was an inveterate walker. Walking was the only form of physical exercise which appeared to stimulate his delicate constitution. And his wife had long ago realized the futility of criticizing a Minniver. So she stayed at home with her sewing and was content to hear news of the day and gossip of the neighborhood second-hand while she washed the supper dishes.

She moved toward the sink, and let the water run full force over her dish rag. Unconsciously, her glance strayed toward the chair by the stove.

"H'm," she muttered to herself, "Wonder how he'll get along without that corner to set in. Never looked for nuthin' but soft corners."

A timid knock on the back door aroused Mrs. Minniver from her reverie. She shut off the water, hung the cloth on its accustomed nail under the sink, and, wiping her hands on her gray apron, opened the door.

"How d'ya do, Mrs. Minniver."

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Brockler. Come in. I just this minute finished my supper dishes." She straightened.

Mrs. Brockler had a faculty for smiling without seeming to alter the expression of her face. She clutched a black shawl close around her shoulders.

"I don't mind if I do come in for a second," she responded briskly, "I was goin' to ask you about this old suit skirt of mine." She produced a roll from beneath the shawl, "That is, if you don't have no objections—"

"Set down." Mrs. Minniver pushed up a chair.

Mrs. Brockler sat. She allowed the shawl to slip back over her

thin shoulders. Her glance rested a moment on the chair by the stove.

"Seems sort of funny not to see Minniver settin' there after supper," she volunteered.

"I'm gettin' used to not seein' him," Mrs. Minniver responded drily, "I ain't seen him now since two weeks past."

Mrs. Brockler's curiosity got the better of her. "Have you saw to gettin' your divorce yet?"

Mrs. Minniver laid a row of neat little pleats in the corner of her apron. "No," she admitted, "That is, Lawyer Pierce ain't got down with the papers yet."

"Um," said the visitor sitting back in her chair, "I was talkin' to Minniver's sister up town to-day." She waited for Mrs. Minniver to say something. Evidently, Mrs. Minniver had nothing to say. Mrs. Brockler went on, "She told me she'd had him on her hands ever since you turned him out."

"Yes, so she has," agreed Mrs. Minniver.

"Oh, well, I just thought you'd like—"

"I knew where he was," Mrs. Minniver spoke forcefully, "And he can stay there till Judgment Day. Now, about this skirt. Mercy Days! Are you going to turn it again?"

Mrs. Minniver breathed a sigh of relief when her visitor gathered up the much turned skirt and prepared to depart. The house was quiet again except for the ticking of the clock. Mrs. Minniver strayed into the parlor in search of diversion. She happened to glance down at the gray apron. It hardly fitted into the formality of the parlor. She untied it, carried it out to its hook in the kitchen, and returned to the parlor. At the hall-rack, she paused to push back a stray lock of gray hair and to adjust her glasses over the worn ridge in her nose.

The box of stereopticon views under the table attracted her interest. It had been months since she had touched them except to dust the box. Minniver must have had them out lately, for the cards were stuffed any which way in the box. Mrs. Minniver sorted them into neat piles before she began to inspect them through the glass. *Niagara Falls in Winter.* My, my, that would be worth seeing. She and Minniver had often talked of going to Niagara. But money was scarce, and Minniver grew harder to budge as years went by. It would have been nice to have gone. *Picking Cotton in Georgia.* Mrs. Minniver dismissed the cotton pickers with a hasty glance. *Pennsylvania Hall at the Centennial Exposition.* Minniver had been to Philadelphia that year. He loved to talk about the Centennial—always wanted to go back just to see how well he remembered. Let's see, he couldn't have been more than ten at the time. *Good Night Prayer.* A sentimental scene—three angelic little boys at their mother's knee. Mrs. Minniver hated sentimentality.

She scarcely heard the knock at the front door. It was a very timid knock. Mrs. Minniver shoved the views into the box, and pushed the box back under the table. Who on earth would be knocking on the front door on a Wednesday evening? She opened it a bit warily. There on the door sill stoor Minniver in his other suit.

"Evenin', Hetty," he began, "If you don't mind, I thought as how

I'd come in and set with you a little." He twirled his old brown hat on the forefinger of his left hand as he spoke. His voice was meekly polite, his manner subdued.

"Well, come in," she said mechanically, and forgot to notice whether he wiped his feet on the mat. He did so with painful care.

He sat on the couch still twirling his hat in his hand.

"I was just thinkin' maybe you might like a little company," he explained, "It must be kinda lonesome—"

Mrs. Minniver regained her composure with a start.

"I dunno that its so high lonesome," she retorted with a twinge of sarcasm, "I ain't noticed it."

Minniver stopped twirling his hat, and laid it beside him on the couch. His wife sat on the edge of the Sears Roebuck rocker.

"Is the garden comin' up pretty fair?" he inquired politely.

"Fair as it ever did, with what time I got to give it," she informed him crisply, "Ain't no reason why it should be any different this year."

"No," he agreed gravely. His eye rested a moment on the stereopticon glass which she had forgotten to put away with the views.

"Looks like old time," he chuckled, "Me and you settin in the parlor Wednesday evenin's." Suddenly, he thrust his hand into a coat pocket. "Old Harry!" he exclaimed, "I was forgettin' to give you them tarts after all." He produced a depressed looking package, "They was bakin' up at the house today, and I remembered as how you allus liked tarts."

"Thanks," she murmered, and took the package. She laid it recklessly on the immaculate table doily.

"I seen there was a carnival goin' on up town," he began again, "You allus liked Ferris wheels. Would—would you be a mind to walkin' up to it?"

Mrs. Minniver gasped, "I can't go walkin' up town with you. What if somebody seen us?"

"Ain't nothin' wrong with a man and his wife walkin' up town together as I can see," he argued with some logic.

"But we ain't married any more—that is, we won't be as soon as I get my divorce."

"Well, you walked with me many an evenin' before we was married," he reminded her. "But, of course, if you ain't a mind to—"

She fidgeted in her chair. "Where'd you get any money to go on a Ferris wheel?" she demanded suddenly.

It was Minniver's turn to fidget. He made a determined effort, however, to be nonchalant. "Well, now, Hetty," he said, "I thought as how I'd use some of my wages."

Mrs. Minniver stared at him. "Wages? You? For Heaven's sakes, where are you workin?"

"Oh, down at the ladder factory—paintin',—" he exhibited a paint-stained right hand as evidence. "Just odd jobs today, but it's steady work startin' tomorrow." Mrs. Minniver continued to stare at the hand.

The sound of steps on the front porch startled Minniver and he jerked his hand away.

"There must be somebody comin'," he observed.

There was a knock on the door.

"I guess I better be goin'," he declared.

"No," whispered Mrs. Minniver with decision, "You mustn't be seen comin' out of here. It'd be incriminatin'."

Minniver looked hurt. He rose uncertainly and began to twirl the hat on his forefinger. "Well, what do you want as I should do?" he inquired.

A second knock spurred Mrs. Minniver to action.

"You go out in the kitchen and wait till whoever it is goes."

Minniver tiptoed out of sight, his Sunday shoes emitting familiar squeaks. She closed the door behind him.

Two gentlemen stood on the porch steps.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Pierce," said Mrs. Miniver with some hesitation. "Did you think I wasn't goin to answer the door?"

"Well now, Mrs. Minniver," returned the lawyer jovially, "I was just suggesting to my nephew that we go around to the kitchen door. I thought you were probably working in the garden."

"No, I'm glad you didn't bother," said Mrs. Minniver truthfully, "Come in, won't you?"

"This is my nephew, William. You remember him I suppose, Mrs. Minniver. He is interested in law in the city. I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought him along while we talked about your divorce."

"No, tain't no difference," said Mrs. Minniver, "Won't you have chairs?"

They waited until she seated herself in the Sears Roebuck rocker before they established themselves on the couch. Mr. Pierce drew up the table, pushed aside the tarts and spread out several documents.

"Now, what we want to do is to determine upon what grounds we shall seek this divorce from Mr. Minniver," he began briskly.

Mrs. Minniver, in the Sears Roebuck chair, rocked back and forth in nervous little jerks.

"There are various grounds for divorce as you know, Mrs. Minniver," the lawyer went on.

William assumed a businesslike scowl, "From what little I know of this affair, it looks like desertion."

"Desertion?" Mrs. Minniver stopped the rocker with an ominous crack. "Minniver ain't no deserter. He never deserted me in his life—"

William raised his eyebrows, "You don't mean that your husband is here now?"

"Oh—I meant he'd never have left the house if I hadn't packed him his suitcase and locked the door."

"You see William," explained Mr. Pierce, "Mrs. Minniver—er—requested Mr. Minniver to leave. She owns the house in her own right."

"Oh, I see now where we are," declared William, "We have a starting point. Mrs. Minniver, why did you forbid your husband the premises?"

She sighed, "He'd been drinkin again with the money I give him to do marketin' with. I told him time after time if he done it again, I'd divorce him. He's been that way ever since we was married. He's spent every cent I ever made."

Mr. Pierce fingered the papers. "It's clearly a case of non-support. Mr. Minniver has always been a loafer—never had a job in his life."

Mrs. Minniver stiffened, "He ain't a regular loafer. And he has a job now—paintin' at the ladder factory."

William shook his head. "He has a job now. That's bad. It knocks a big hole in our line. That is, if he holds the job until the case comes up."

Mrs. Minniver pinched her lips into a straight line, "He'll hold it—never fear. Minniver was never one to turn back once he started a thing. That's one of his strong points."

William scowled again. He glanced at his uncle, "You said there wasn't a chance of infidelity?"

"Not a chance in the world," declared the older man.

"Well, I should say not," snapped Mrs. Minniver.

William shrugged his shoulders. "Well, uncle," he said, "Of course, this is your case, but if you ask my advice, I'd say we've come around to the old familiar song—cruel and barbarous treatment.

Mrs. Minniver bristled with indignation. "You can't accuse Minniver of bein' cruel and barbarous. Why, he never hurt a fly!"

Mr. Pierce shook his head. William leaned forward anxiously.

"Now try to think back, Mrs. Minniver," he asked, "Can't you recall a time when your husband came home—er—drunk, let us say, and in a fit of anger, struck you? Not even once?"

"No, he never hit me in his life," she declared. "He never thought of such a thing. Mr. Pierce, I don't like the way this here divorce is goin'. I'm not in a mind to set here and hear Minniver run down without a chance to defend himself. And I don't like the insinuations this here young man has been makin' ever since he came in this house."

William rose and reached for his hat. "I see, Mrs. Minniver, that my advice has been unwelcome."

Mr. Pierce looked troubled. "Now, Mrs. Minniver," he attempted to smooth matters over, "You mustn't misunderstand. William came along at my request. He happened to be spending a few days at the house, and I thought his experience in city divorce courts might be of value in our discussion."

Mrs. Minniver softened. "I guess we're misunderstandin' all round," she said, "I don't believe I ever understood this divorce business till now. I kind of wish you'd let me think about it a couple of days before you make out any papers."

It was quite dusk when Mrs. Minniver went back to the kitchen. Had the quietness of inertia not been one of Minniver's distinguishing traits, she might have been uneasy at the continued silence behind the closed door.

There was Minniver asleep in the chair by the stove, his feet sprawled toward the table. His hat had rolled under the sink. Mrs. Minniver picked up the hat and smoothed the brim. Then, tiptoeing across the kitchen into the hall, she hung it on its accustomed hook by the umbrella stand.

A Teacher: A small tigress ready to leap at wrong answers.
Mary McGrath

AUTUMN NOTES

Louise Dickenson

I

Noisiest of all birds, the grackles quarrel outside my window. Their harsh voices sound like unoiled wagon wheels. In the middle distance a robin gives a throaty note of worry. I do not blame him. These are the same grackles that drove him from the bird bath yesterday noon when he stopped for a drink. If not the same birds, they are cousins and brothers to those grackles that ate the little canary last summer, driving the harried bird from one side of the cage to the other, while at every point a black cannibal snatched a beakful of his flesh. Now they strut across my lawn like unctuous men in their gleaming black. They bob and bow about my garden paths, their strange yellow eyes gleaming sideways in iridescent heads. With a rasping clatter, the whole band suddenly fly off to settle on the poplar trees some half a street away.

Beginning with late August the grackles grow restless. The shortening days and the cooling sun warn them of imminent departure. They collect in bands that grow in size from day to day. At dawn and at sunset they make short trial flights, winging across the sky in a dark semi-circle. They stay on through September, however, until the poplar trees are thin in the autumn sun, and the yellow leaves fall in dry gusts. Then, after several mornings of great bustle and short flights, the grackles take their way south, leaving the withered gardens and the bare trees behind them. The air is empty without their restless flight. The ear, somehow, is lonely for their querulous clamor.

II

Surrounded by an old picket fence and guarded by tall poplars and maples, the Crocker house stands a rambling monument to the days when builders were more generous with wood. A wide veranda flanks three sides of the house, while small gables sprout from the high slate roof. In the yard stands a round summer house built of criss-cross slats that are painted the same dull gray every spring. The red roof of the summer house is suggestive of a Turkish mosque. Behind the summer house thick white smoke rises sluggishly from two huge piles. The leaves of the poplars and maples are being burnt in damp heaps.

III

Through the damp dusk of a late autumn day the strollers return home. The mud puddles in the unpaved ways reflect coldly the last light. The glittering lamps of automobiles gleam along the road. Wet tires smack the pavements greedily. Off in a cut in the hills a freight train whistles, lonely and plaintive. A dog barks, a child cries; two boys shout to each other across an intervening street. Houses light up. The smell of food leaks out to the street.

A BASKET OF STARS

BEATRICE LEWIS

Characters

Rosner—A feeble-minded boy of fifteen, still in the fifth grade at school.

Roselia—An older girl of about twenty-two, who is at once his friend and the accomplice of

Pastrino—A well-dressed thief.

Mrs. Benson—Rosner's mother. She keeps a grocery store.

Lena and Marty—Rosner's sister of eight and his brother of ten.

A Customer and her two sons—Albert and Stanley.

Scene

A typical neighborhood grocery with two counters, designated A and B. Boxes and cans are heaped on the counters. At the end of counter B there are crates of eggs and several small market baskets. A small stool is placed at the end of counter A. The door in the rear is covered by a curtain. The street door has a bell attached.

Time

A week-day afternoon in winter, slipping into early evening. The customer is buying groceries. Her two sons play hide-and-seek. Lena and Marty Benson play jacks on the floor and the conversation between the two women is frequently interrupted by squeals from the children.

Customer—And I do believe, Mrs. Benson, that I'll take a half pound of unsalted butter. My Arnold, my oldest, always says that salty butter on salty crackers makes too much salt. You know, that just shows you the way Arnold thinks. It's a wonder the way he reasons things out and explains them to you all clear as day. I've often thought what a blessing it would be if your Rosner could think like that—so quick and all. Him fifteen an' still in the fifth grade. But, it's all for the best, I suppose....Yes, I will take a quarter peck o' potatoes, the Idahoes.

Mrs. Benson—How about a jar of this old-fashioned marmalade? It's just come in.

Customer—We-el I'll take a small jar on your say-so, Mrs. Benson. By the way, did you know about Mary Riordan, the girl that ran away with Pete Riordan the motorman? She gave birth to twins Monday night—a boy and a girl. They don't think the boy will live—

Mrs. Benson—Mrs. Morgan told me the nurse gave the boy whiskey and he was in a stupor for eight hours. I suppose—

Customer—(interrupting angrily)—Now there's Annie Morgan for you. Always makin' up some story. Them nurses know their business! Give a new-born child a swig o' whiskey!

Mrs. Benson—Well, I don't know. I always thought one of them nurses let Rosner fall when he was a day old and hurt his head. They didn't tell me a word about it, of course, but that nurse had a guilty look on her. His blankets was all black just as though they'd been on

the floor. There was something wrong with the child, too. He had a fever that lasted for three days.

Customer—But you don't know for sure? Stanley, don't hide back o' Mrs. Benson's counter!

Mrs. Benson—Oh, let the children play. No, I didn't know for sure that she dropped him. But his head has been weak ever since an' there was no other reason for it. My family all had strong heads and Joel Benson came from a long line of right brainy folk. It was the nurse all right. That's why I wouldn't go to the hospital when Lena and Marty was born. I'm almost glad, sometimes, that Joel was took by pneumonia when he was—ten years ago. At the time, I didn't understand. But it was Providence I see now, cause Joel, he set store an awful lot by Rosner.

Customer—(patting Mrs. Benson's hand)—Oh, well, Rosner is a sweet child anyway.

Marty—C'mon, now, you missed. It's my turn. Gimme that ball!

Lena—No, I want another turn. You had two turns last time.

Mrs. Benson—Hush, children. Why aren't you back settin' the table?

Lena—We wanta finish this game first. It'll just take us five minutes.

Mrs. Benson—Well, stop your noise, both of you. I wonder where Rosner is. He ought to be home.

Marty—Aw, Mom, she's cheatin'. Like all girls . . . .

Mrs. Benson—Yes, Rosner's right sweet he is. He gets such queer ideas, purty ideas, you know. 'Bout a month ago, he said he wanted it to be summer all the time so he could lie on the grass all day beside a low box hedge and crack them little leaves between his fingers. An' every time it rains, he stands outside gettin' soakin' wet. He says he likes the raindrops strikin' against his face. He says the raindrops are tiny soldiers fightin' him and he talks to them out loud . . . . there . . . . by himself. (The talking of the women becomes a murmur and the children quarrel loudly among themselves.)

Lena—You touched it, you did! I saw your finger go up close and touch that jack there. Come on, give me the ball. It's my turn. I told you to be careful.

Marty—Aw, gwan with your old sissy games. I didn't touch it at all. Anyhow, whyn't you shoot mannies like a regular guy? Gee, I wish Rosner would come home. He kin shoot marbles an' everything. An' he kin think up such peachy games to play. Games no other kid knows about. The other day he had us playin' a game of tag he made up.

Lena—Did he make it up all by himself?

Marty—Uh-huh. He called it the Wind and the Clouds.

Lena—Was it fun?

Marty—You bet. See, the fella who was "it" was the Wind, but instead of just catchin' the others, he had to round 'em all in. They was all little clouds floatin' in the sky.

Lena—Gee, that's kinda queer.

Marty—I know. It sounds dumb when you talk about it, but it was an awful lot of fun. The Wind chasin' the Clouds around an'

makin' a big storm, an' we'd all whoop loud as anything an' that was Thunder.

(Rosner and Roselia enter from the street.)

Mrs. Benson—It's time, Rosner, that you decided to come home.

Marty—Hi, Ros, c'mon over an' play with us.

Rosner—(his hand twitching nervously as he tries to hide one hand which is bandaged.)—I'm sorry, Mom, I'm so late. I'll stay in the store now, though.

Marty—Rosner, didn't you hear me? I said to come over an' play with us.

Rosner—In a little while, Marty. Just a little while. Right now, me an' Roselia gotta talk. (He guides Roselia forward to the end of counter B. They talk in an indistinct murmur.)

Customer's son—(pouncing on his brother who is hiding behind the eggs.)—I see you, Stanley, I see you. You're *it!*

Customer—Hush, children, hush. Stanley, get away from those eggs. Albert, look how overheated you are. (She opens the child's coat. The noise subsides and the conversation between Rosner and Roselia can be heard plainly. The children go on quietly with their games and the women talk in low murmurs.)

Rosner—Honest, Rosy, it's terrible. I hate school. I hate comin' in there every morning an' sittin' down at the same desk. "Now, class, it's time for the 'rithmetic lesson." 'Rithmetic! That's the worst of all. I don't mind the readin' so much cause there's always the pictures, nor the geography, either, 'cause I like hearin' about them different places. But 'rithmetic! I get all dizzy just at the sight o' figures. I get up there by the blackgoard an' look at the figures till they squirm an' wriggle aroun'. Then everybody laughs at me cause I can't add the figures. But if they squirm aroun' like that an' wont stay still, how can I?

Roselia—(nodding)—How can you?

Rosner—An' then, when the end of the semester comes an' all the kids leave the room, an' I have to stay there, sittin' in that same seat while new kids come from the fourth grade, I feel just like the big maple tree out in the yard. I say to the tree, "You an' me stay here all the time an' watch the kids pass through the room." Gee, I'd be lonely if it wasn't for that maple tree.

Roselia—You have no pals, no boys to play with you?

Rosner—No, I hate all them boys. All they kin do is grab my hat away!

Roselia—But they're just playing.

Rosner—(holding up his bandaged hand)—Huh, playing they was when they threw stones at me this morning. Sharp stones, too. Gee, if you hadn't come along when you did—they was afraid of you. (He sighs.)—Well, I'm glad anyway there ain't no school at night. If there was, I'd run away and live on top of a mountain. An' maybe if I could go up high enough I could get hold of the stars. My window is so far away from them . . . . I want to be near them, I want to hold them in my hand and scratch my fingers on their points.

Roselia—(laughing gently)—Well, gather them in a basket, Rosner.

Rosner—(grasping one of Roselia's hands in both his own)—A basket . . . . gather them into a basket . . . . Oh, Rosy, I would love that!

Marty—Gee whiz, Ros, aintcha never comin' over to play with us?

Rosner—Oh, all right. I'm gonna be first.

(Roselia walks over and stands watching the children play. Rosner crouches on the floor by Lena and Marty.)

Marty—You always wanna be first.

Rosner—If you won't let me be first I won't play.

Lena—Aw c'mon, Ros, you be first.

Rosner—(throwing the jacks)—Golly, lookit that!

Marty—You play swell.

Lena—Hey, you only picked up one. You was s'posed to take two.

Rosner—I was not.

Lena—You was, too.

Rosner—I was not.

Mrs. Benson—(moving nearer counter B)—Rosner, Mrs. Cassady called up to say she was sick in bed and couldn't get down here. So I said you'd run up there with a quart o' milk and half a dozen eggs.

(Rosner rises and gets the milk from the room behind the curtain and the eggs from the box by counter B. While he is doing this, Roselia walks over to counter A and stands beside the customer.)

Roselia—I'll take a box of soap flakes, Mrs. Benson, and a couple pounds of sugar. If there isn't enough milk at home, I'll send Sara over for a pint. I don't like to keep it in my little ice box for long.

Mrs. Benson—(bringing the box of soap flakes and the bag of sugar from behind counter A)—I don't blame you, Roselia. By the way, how's your sister?

Roselia—(stopping and smiling eagerly)—Oh, Sara's just fine. She had a real good report card so I made her a school dress out of my blue serge. You should see how fine she looks in it.

Mrs. Benson—Oh, you do take good care of her.

Roselia—Well, she has nobody else. But I must go. She'll be waitin.' (Roselia leaves.)

Customer—She's mighty good to that kid sister of hers.

Mrs. Benson—Yes, she wants to send Sara to college. Roselia's a good girl—better than most. Only she goes around too much with that fellow Pastrino. He's been in jail more'n once they say an' Detective Streeter says the police are accusin' him of stealin' them crystal beads from the Van Marts.

Customer—A girl like Roselia better watch her step with Pastrino. (turning to the boys)—Well, boys, carry these packages for mother. (They pounce upon the packages and precede their mother out of the store. At the door she stops.)—Well, good-by, Mrs. Benson.

Mrs. Benson—Good-afternoon. (Customer goes out.)

Mrs. Benson—Lena and Marty, well I declare, still playing and it's nearly time for supper. Get back and set the table, both of you. (She shoos them into the room behind the curtain and follows them, leaving the store empty. Roselia and Pastrino enter.)

Pastrino—Thought you'd sneak out o' here without me seein' ya, huh?

Roselia—Pastrino, whyn't you leave me alone? My kid sister's waitin' for me.

Pastrino—I got somethin' to show you.

Roselia—I don't want to see it.

Pastrino—Now, you just wait there. It'll only take a minute. (He takes a necklace of glittering stones out of his pocket.)

Roselia—(starting back)—The Van Mart crystals!

Pastrino—Swell, aren't they? Cut like diamonds. (He holds them up to admire the gleam.)—Rosy, I want ya to do somethin' for me.

Roselia—I know what you want. You want me to keep them for you. Well, I won't. Don't look at me like that. I won't, I tell you.

Pastrino—I thought you was my pal!

Roselia—Oh,—hell, Pastrino, I don't wanta get mixed up in this.

Pastrino—Now, it ain't gonna' hurt you none. Here, Rosy, you take these an' keep 'em for me. The cops know I got 'em. Here, stick 'em in your handbag.

Roselia—(stepping back)—God, no, Pastrino, you can't plant them on me!

Pastrino—(moving up close to her and taking her hand in his)—I ain't gettin' ya in for nothin', Rosy. You just keep 'em till this blows over. We're pals, ain't we? Ain't we the same as ever?

Roselia—(pulling her hand away)—That stuff don't go any more. You ain't gonna frame me agin the way you did last time. Why, if it hadn't been for that girl they called a social worker pleadin' for me, I'd a got two years. An' what did I get outa the job after all? Not a cent, an' the cops stare me up an' down if I just cross the street.

Pastrino—(moving close to her again and slipping the beads into her pocket without her notice)—You know I couldn't help that last time. You know damn well I didn't get a cent out of it either. An' still you stand there and say I framed you. I was the one who did two years—not you. An' now you blab about me framin' ya, about you not gettin' anything out of it. What about the time I snitched old man Frazer's platinum watch? You got plenty for hidin' that, didn't you? An' Mrs. Bennington's dinner ring? Why, that kid sister of yours is goin' to college on what you made outa that haul!

Roselia—(faintly)—Aw, can'tcha quit it.

Pastrino—All right, then, you got all you wanted out of me, didn't you? You're a helluva pal, you are! I'm goin' to Marfa. She's a good kid an' crazy about me. Marfa wouldn't let a guy get caught just 'cause she was afraid to hide a few jools. (He starts for the door. Roselia comes, too, planning to leave the store with him. At the door, he stops and peers out.)—There's that guy Streeter. He's walkin' up an' down in front. He's the plain clothes fella I bin tellin' ya about, the dick that's followed me for the last few days. You wait here till I get around the corner.

Roselia—You go first or he *will* think the two of us worked this job. (Pastrino goes out. Roselia walks up and down nervously. She starts as the bell rings and Streeter enters.)

Streeter—What was Pastrino's hurry?

Roselia—Hurry? I guess he just didn't know he was to have the honor of your presence or else he would have stayed. Did you want to see him?

Streeter—Oh, no, not particular. I just thought—say, did you know there's a reward offered for the Van Mart crystals?

Roselia—Funny they'd offer a reward for a cheap string o' beads.

Streeter—Cheap string o' beads! Why, they're cut as fine as diamonds.

Roselia—How much is the reward?

Streeter—Oh, you're interested, are you?

Roselia—Well, I just thought—

Streeter—It's a hundred an' fifty dollars. Not much, but I guess it's as much as the necklace is worth. They value it because it belonged to old Jacob Van Mart and his wife. They were early Dutch settlers.

Roselia—A hundred an' fifty dollars. No, it's not much. (musingly)—Not five hundred or maybe a thousand, but it's money just the same. It takes me a long time to make a hundred an' fifty in Hoffman's dress department. An' this comes straight, too. It ain't as if . . . .

Streeter—As if what?

Roselia—(trying desperately to be calm)—Oh, nothing. I was just thinkin' how lucky anyone would be to find them crystals.

Streeter—Find them! It ain't the crystals what's gotta be hunted for, it's the guy who stole them. Now listen, s'pose I, for example, could learn anything, say from you, for example, about that guy, it would mean seventy-five dollars for both of us.

Roselia—From me, you say. (She laughs shrilly.)—You don't say I stole 'em?

Streeter—No, but I say you know who did!

Roselia—That's a damn lie! (attempting to recover herself.)—After all, you're the smart detective. If you don't know, how could I? (With a nonchalant gesture, she thrusts her hands into her coat pockets. In one, her fingers come upon the necklace. She turns away and walks about nervously, biting her lip. Rosner returns from his errand and Streeter goes over to the counter. Roselia goes over to the end of counter B and while Streeter's back is turned, she drops the beads into a small basket.)

Streeter—Hello, Rosner, old boy. Gimme a couple o' them stogies. Three for a dime are they? Highway robbers! Well, going, Roselia? (She nods.)—I'll walk down to the corner of Pine with you. (They leave).

Rosner—(Stepping forward to pick up the ball and jacks that Lena and Marty left lying on the floor over by the baskets at the end of counter B.) Whyn't those kids ever pick up their stuff? They're always leavin' it out for me to pick up. You'd think I was the janitor around here. (He starts to pick up the ball and jacks. The ball bounces. He catches it and begins to play with it, bouncing it and catching up the jacks.) Well, I'm not so bad at this. Aw, there I missed it. (The ball rolls over near the pile of baskets. Rosner runs over to get it and catches sight of the glittering beads.) Well, what's

this? He steps back.) Gee, how they shine! All colors, too, red and green an' yellow an' blue. An' yet they're all white, not really colored at all. The colors are just little sparks comin' out of them. They shine so they look like stars! (He drops to his knees beside the basket. He catches up the beads and kisses them, slowly at first and then hastily. He whispers.) It is them. No, it couldn't be. But it is. It is the stars! They have come down to me. (He giggles.) My basket of stars! But maybe I'm just seein' things, maybe they're not here at all. (He rushes to the street door and looks out.) No, they're not up there. (running back to the basket).—They're right here, in Rosner's basket. (He suddenly snatches up the basket and runs up and down the store swinging it around him. He stops short.) But nobody'll believe me. Nobody'll understand that the stars came down to me. Everybody'll think I went up an' took 'em, stole 'em from God. I gotta hide them. They'll be all mine and nobody'll ever know. (He pushes the basket under counter B just as the bell rings and Roselia and Streeter enter. Rosner runs back through the curtained doorway.)

Streeter—Come, now, Roselia, hand over that necklace!

Roselia—Hand over that necklace! What do you mean?

Streeter—Maybe I better ask you polite and everything. My dear Miss Roselia, will you do me the honor to give me the string of crystal beads that belong to the Van Marts?

Roselia—Say, what's the idea? I haven't got them crystals.

Streeter—Come on, hand them over.

Roselia—I tell you I haven't got 'em. Where would I get the Van Mart crystals? Maybe that old Jacob feller came out o' his grave an' give 'em to me.

Streeter—No, it wasn't old Jacob gave 'em to you. It was Pastrino!

Roselia—Well, for all I know about it, that sounds like a fairy tale.

Streeter—Fairy tale? Maybe I dreamed it all. And maybe you're dreamin' now that I'm talkin' to you an' maybe in a few minutes you'll be dreamin' that you're at the station-house.

Roselia—Oh, God, no, Streeter! You wouldn't do that. Not that.

Streeter—Then where's the necklace Pastrino gave you?

Roselia—I swear he didn't. He wanted me to hide it for him but I wouldn't touch the thing. He said Marfa Pavlovna would keep it for him.

Streeter—Yeh, well he's down at the station-house right now and he told the chief that you got the necklace. You know, the Van Marts don't want to prosecute, they just want the necklace back.

Roselia—So he's accusin' me! Maybe he says I stole it!

Streeter—Aw, don't act like a damn fool. I *know* you got that necklace.

Roselia—(turning away and covering her face with her hands in a hopeless gesture)—I didn't wanta take it. I didn't. I bin wantin' to get out of all this. I thought I'd be able to work in Hoffman's an' save a little money so's Sara could go to college. An' now this . . . . (She sits down on a stool and sobs quietly.)

Streeter—Yes, I know how hard it's been with Sara an' all. But I gotta get that necklace.

Roselia—Last time I promised the social worker I wouldn't get mixed up in nothin' else. Now, if I go back, they'll send me up for sure. Oh, for God's sake, Streeter, they'll send me up for sure!

Streeter—Ain't I tellin' ya that them people don't want to prosecute? They just want that necklace back.

Roselia—(hopefully)—D'ya mean, Streeter, I won't get mixed up in this?

Streeter—Now, that's admittin' ya got the necklace. They won't do nothin' if you turn it over. But if you don't, it'll be the same as stealin'.

Roselia—(starting up eagerly)—I wouldn't steal it. You know that. (She runs over to the pile of baskets at the end of counter B. She searches among them but the one she wants is not there. Streeter walks up and down with his back to her. In despair, she returns to her stool and sobs again into her fingers. Rosner come out through curtained doorway.)

Rosner—You're cryin', Rosy. (He takes out his handkerchief.) This morning I was sittin' on the curbstone cryin' an' my hand was cut an' my eye was all black. You sent those boys away and you told me to stop cryin'. (He awkwardly wipes her eyes with his handkerchief. She smiles up at him.) But you haven't got a black eye?

Roselia—Yes, Rosner, I have, but you can't see it.

Rosner—You sent that gang away this morning for me, shall I send *him* away for you, now? (He points to Streeter.)

Roselia—You'd have to give him something. *You've* got nothin'.

Rosner—Nothing—No, I've got nothing. (He goes up to Streeter.) What is it you want? She has nothing. I have nothing. Why don't you go away? (Streeter stands silent, his arms folded.) (Rosner screams)—Why don't you go?

Roselia—Don't, Rosner. He wants something and we have nothing.

Rosner—Nothing—Ah, but perhaps—(He runs to the hiding place and drags the basket out triumphantly.) Here's something, Rosy. (He goes up to Streeter)—Sir, this is a basket of stars. Will you let Roselia go?

Streeter—(starting forward)—Ho, what have you there?

Rosner—(in the manner of one who has learned his part by rote). —I took them—out of the sky. I stole them from God.

Streeter—You . . . then it was you!

Roselia—(jumping up)—No, Streeter, it wasn't the kid. You know that!

Streeter—Just a minute, don't go so fast. What about this basket?

Roselia—Oh, you won't understand . . . You see Pastrino slipped 'em into my pocket while I was refusin' to take 'em. I didn't know. Pastrino could rip your pocket off and you'd never know. I found 'em there when I was talkin'. Soon's I could, I dropped 'em in that basket.

Streeter—So you had them in your pocket when I was in here before?

Roselia—Yes, but I didn't know it until I put my hand in an' touched 'em.

Streeter—(taking the basket from Rosner)—So you stole them from God. (He laughs).

Roselia—(putting her arm around Rosner)—You found them, didn't you, Rosner.

Rosner—(nodding)—I thought you wouldn't believe me if I said I found 'em. But really they came to me. Right out of the sky.

Roselia—But only for a little while, Rosner. Night is coming. They'll be needed. Let Mr. Streeter take them.

Rosner—(rushing up to Streeter and taking hold of the basket)—But I want them, Rosy, they came down to me.

Roselia—So Rosner wants the stars all to himself. Think how dark the nights will be.

Rosner—How dark the nights will be . . . Yes, I—oh, he can take them. (Streeter goes out carrying the basket.)

Rosner—Is he the man who will put them back? Up there, you know?

Roselia—Yes, he'll put them back . . . up there. Come with me an' we'll watch till they appear. She takes Rosner's hand and leads him out. (Customer comes in with her two boys. She closes the door hard so that the bell rings loudly. She calls)—Mrs. Benson!

Mrs. Benson—(coming out with Lena and Marty trailing behind her)—I'm so sorry. I was back there gettin' supper ready. I thought Rosner was watchin' the store.

(Lena and Marty sit down again to their game of jacks.)

Marty—All right, you kin be first.

Lena—Well, girls ought to be first anyways.

Customer—Oh, I just saw Rosner standing on the corner with Roselia. They were lookin' up at the sky.

(The two little boys resume their game of hide-and-seek).

Albert—No fair hidin' behind the eggs.

Customer—Stanley, you come out from behind Mrs. Benson's eggs. Can't I come in here for a minute without you two upsettin' the whole store? You know, Mrs. Benson, I just stopped back to get that large box of soda crackers I forgot. My Arnold does love soda crackers—the salty ones, you know, with sweet butter. He always says that salty butter on salty crackers makes—

Mrs. Benson—Yes, here is the box, is there anything else? My, aren't the days gettin' short, though. Why, it gets dark at five o'clock, now. Here it is hardly supper-time and it looks like ten o'clock outside.

Customer—Yes, an' I'm late with my dinner this evening. I must be gettin' home or my man will be cookin' it himself. Come boys. (She goes to the door and, opening it, stands framed in the doorway. She remarks wonderingly)—What a dark evening it is. And the stars! They're out so much earlier than usual. Look how many there are, and they gleam so—like jewels . . . they are. Well, come boys, we must get home, Daddy's waitin'.

INSPIRATION

MILDRED S. HARNER

A flash of fire
That wings
Its way into my heart,
And brings
A strong desire
To share my happiness, my pain—
To share the part
Of me that is myself;—and, in gay
Or somber songs, to live again.

NOSTALGIA

MARY SLEMMONS

Curled up on the big red pillow stuffed into a far corner of the study, I fairly purr with contentment as I look sleepily about the large, oblong room. The four walls are entirely covered with book-shelves, which sag under the weight of the many volumes—big ones, little ones—books with startling gold titles against a red background—books with drab, torn covers and scarcely any title visible. Even the old mahogany desk is piled high with them. I look past the books, the desks, and the other furniture, on through the large double window facing east, out to the distant hills, now partly veiled by fog. As I strain my eyes in an effort to see through the mist, I feel the spell of the fog closing about me, wiping out my present surroundings.

It is July and I, in pale green dotted swiss and carrying a flowered silk parasol, am making my queenly way down the street to the Globe Theater. Perhaps the people who walk by me don't know—but wouldn't they turn to look after me if they did? I am an actress and, although only ten years old, I am to appear this very afternoon in the matinee show. Years later I shall tell my public "how I got my start" in the theater. I rehearse the speech during the entire length of the next block: "Deah, Deah Public," I shall say in such a low, exquisitely modulated voice. "I have been successful—yes, but not without struggle, heart-aches and many failures." (applause—I bow). "I feel that I owe this success to the woman who gave me my first part, Miss Margarite Bryant. It so happened that her stock company had been playing in Washington during the lean summer months and from time to time sent out requests that young girls or boys call at the box office if they were interested in a juvenile role. I was in the audience with several of my girl-chums when such an announcement was made from the stage. Of course, I could scarcely wait until the performance was over before I rushed to the box office to give my name, and was chosen to play the child's part in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* the play to be presented during the following weeks." Thus on and on

I'll talk to my public, telling them the story for which I now have to dream an ending. Little do I guess that as I mince down the street dreaming of my future and walk quite obliviously and with a decided swagger, to the stage door that Auntie, whom I have so carefully avoided during rehearsals, is in vengeful pursuit of her straying charge. I am inside Miss Bryant's dressing room and being powdered and rouged (much to my delight) before I hear familiar foot-steps outside in the corridor. "My Aunt," I shriek. "Hush, child", cautions Miss Bryant, "the first act ain't over yet and them canvas walls ain't sound proof."

But too late—Auntie has heard me—she's opening the door—she's inside. I am clutching Miss Bryant's apron strings (she's dressed as Mrs. Wiggs, you see) begging her with tears rolling down my cheeks, making rivluets in the heavy make-up, to protect me (incidently using the very words she used last week in her plea to the hero.) "Molly", says Auntie, "you heathen child, you ungrateful little demon," but before she can go on further, the call-boy announces the second act. Miss Bryant, with me clinging to her plump wrist and Auntie hot-footing it after us, hurried for the wing from which she and I were to enter. "And here she is"—that's our cue. I give Auntie a kick in the shins and make my entrance. I am an actress—the show must go on, no matter what my private sufferings. Miss Bryant smiles encouragingly and whispers at the first opportunity: "Don't mind that old crabapple, dearie, she'll soon be under ground with the rest of 'em."—then aloud—"come child, let me fix your braids, they're all mussed up." Here, I am supposed to lean against her as if I were tired while she fusses with my braids (a wig, of course)—so I do. "My gawd, kid, lean a little lighter, you're bustin' my shoulder," whispers the irrepressible Miss Bryant—then aloud—"You little darling." From my place at her side, I can see Auntie, standing in the wing, tapping her sensible oxford on the floor and biting her lower lip in anticipation of my exit. But I fool her—I go off the other way and without waiting to remove either make-up or wig, rush through the stage door, out into the alley and up Main Street as fast as I can scamper, entirely forgetful of my public and my newly acquired dignity as an actress. "Daddy, Daddy", I scream as I reach our front door, "it's Auntie again, she's ruined my career." Father, calm and always kind, takes me on his knee and pats my shoulder awkwardly. "Now what is the matter, little girl?" he asks.

I do not need a second urging: "Oh Auntie—she ruined my career. I was acting—you know—in the stock company, and Auntie followed me and wasn't going to let me go on the stage."

Here father interrupts: "But dear, why didn't you tell me. I don't mind your being an actress, but such a group of people—a cheap "three-a-day" bunch with more nerve than talent—and look at you all painted up like an Indian."

I begin to cry again. I cannot bear having my art torn to bits or hear the peerless Bryant called cheap and tawdry. "My little Eleanora," Father smiles. I look at him and sniffle—I hate being teased. Then, more tenderly, he kisses my forehead:

"Poor, foolish, motherless little girl," he sighs. I don't quite understand him, but it all sounds very sad, so I sob some more. I reach for my handkerchief . . . as my fingers touch the rough tweed of my sport skirt the spell is broken. The fog recedes—the big desk, the chairs, the book cases, all loom into reality once again while I, in my corner, blink my misty eyes to be sure that it is not really July and that I'm not having my career ruined by Auntie.

"Nostalgia", I whisper to the whole silent room, "Nostalgia for that dear land—the land of ten-years-old."

A FOX

BETTY NIES

Sly Reynard, bleak and stiff, lies where
The downy snowflakes softly play,
Like feathers floating slowly from
The breast of some celestial prey.

Earth hath her mighty paw outstretched,
The fox did prostrate fall,
The trickster sly hath found in her
The master thief of all.

NIGHTS SOUNDS

MARJORIE HOPKINS

With sounds hushed yet distinct, as though they were echoes of the day, life still throbs on through the night. In the dark warmth of the house, many tiny things stir. Even shadows seem to rustle ever so lightly like limp old silk, creeping about and about the bed and among the streaks of light from the arc-lamp on the corner. No other sound drowns them—not even the tick of the clock. This clock has been so meek all day; now it has become aggressive, working noisily, making queer little jerks as it trips over its own spring in haste to tick the hours of night away. Now a new sound comes from the kitchen—the odd sound of a dripping water-faucet. The drops beat steadily into a pan, with a clipped dullness suggestive of a recital of the first Latin conjugation. Indeed, you can almost distinguish the words—"amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant, amo"—until you see again the green of the Latin teacher's dress and detect the odor of clean, new Latin grammars. The pan fills; each drop makes a little overflow wander complainingly down the drain—an eerie little sound, waking your recollection

of having seen those drops shatter into golden circles the light thrown on the surface of the water from the Morris' windows.

The subdued voice of the Morris' radio comes out their window. Sounds from Morris' place are always restless. The family shout to one another and windows open and close shriekingly. The daughter returns home, her high heels tap-tapping on the porch, flat heels thudding beside them. Murmurs then, interspersed with giggles—"Aw, go on!—Next Friday? When?—Meetcha at Woods!"—and the metallic latching of the door. At last all voices are still. You hear only the slap of the window shades in the wind, and the rattle of the tree in Morris' back yard as leaves and branches blow together. What a dreary sound that is! It would be ghoulish save for the thought that a child's swing hangs from the lowest branch.

Sounds of vehicles still re-echo from the streets; little cars rush past as though fleeing from the darkness; big ones slither by heavily, wailing at corners. But street-cars are reassuringly noisy. You hear them long before they reach the cross-streets, clacking over the tracks, their wires snapping with electricity; all the dim woods below echoes the rumble of their wheels on the bridge. They stop at the crossing, and sigh with a kind of bovine patience while they absorb and relinquish those mysterious persons who flit about the streets in the very early dawn. Street-cars are too huge and impersonal, though, to care, and only start again, wearily.

But the distant trains, although their puffing is smothered in darkness, are never weary. Only a moment does a train rest in the station, breathing black writhing columns even to the clouds, spurting vapor from its greasy sides. Soon more cars are coupled on with a screeching of wheels, a clank of many thick chains, and such long-drawn crashes as seem to rend half the earth. A silence follows; you know that now the men—grimy men, swinging lanterns whose gleam shows their cold breath steaming, are running up and down the tracks with gruff shouts. Then the wind catches up the faint clear tinkle of a warning bell and a piercing whistle, all mingled with the steady hiss of the engine, and the train is surging onward again.

As the cold, steel-gray dawn supplants night, you half forget the grind of wheels and the drip of water, half remember hearing the hum of a night-winging air-plane or the intimate music of shadows. But sounds of night die with the approach of day, and all thoughts of night sink with them into a forgotten past.

PIGEONS

Clara McClure

Pigeons
With wise pink eyes
And meek, Puritan coats,
Wake me each morning with their strange
Soft coos.

MINE OWN

Lois Sproull

"Yes," I overheard my mother's caller say the other day, "I know the lot is out of the way and the street in front isn't paved yet, but I'm going to build there just the same. There's something about the place—the way the earth crumbles into tiny fertile bits, the way twilight streaks the grass—oh, something, I don't know just what," her voice was seeking, "that makes it mine. I've just got to build my home there, live there." The words came in the glad, yet puzzled tones of one who is under some strange, incomprehensible compulsion that delights though it commands. It set me to remembering, to nodding agreement to myself—knowing agreement, for once, when I was ten, I built a house. It was not a very practical residence, to be sure. No Celotox shingles protected it from the elements; Raybestos roofing did not insure that my roof would never leak; Fenestra casements failed to render me safe from draughts; and the piping was not of rust-proof Kupra Copper. In fact, there was no piping, either rusting or rustless; instead of shingles I had the rough black trunks of trees; and for windows, the spaces between those sturdy trees. For my home was a woods-house.

Wandering, one day, heart bursting with the drama of the *Last Days of Pompeii,* I came upon the site of it, in a wild-growing Indiana woodland. There stretched before me a little slope of soft dark moss, luxuriant ferns and tall, thick-clumped wild grass, enclosed by seven great trees, with twisted branches meeting overhead and intermingled leaves murmuring a low, caressing lullaby as they stirred in the faint July breeze. Strange—so quiet a melody it was that I scarcely breathed for fear of losing it, anl yet it deadened in my ears the crash of the Pompeiian stones hurtling to the ground before the hissing lava. As the breeze died down and a hush met my straining senses, I knew that this place was mine and observed it with the eye for the minutiate that mark the possessor. Why, it was a room, secluded, clearly intended for him who should recognize it! At ten, I did not include the word "sanctuary" in the vocabularly of my thoughts. But it was as this that my senses recognized the find; because of this that, without knowing why, I resolved to build in the spot my home. For what is a home but a sanctuary?

So I set about to build—no, not to build; for a hundred years the sun and air and fertile earth had been doing that for me—I set about to arrange my home. The odd little corner formed by three of the trees set very close together became my thinking and reading room and was duly marked off by tall, curving ferns transplanted in a wiggly row, with a break for the door-way. Most of the rest of the house was living-room. Here, if I should ever find anyone worthy to be invited, would I receive guests. With the white of fragile Queen Anne's lace and blue of Sweet William, I embroidered the carpet and with sweet-smelling ferns marked off the door and windows. Then because I was ten, and growing fast—"Nuthin' but a weed ever shot up like that young 'un," the dressmaker was wont to say,—and it was four hours

since I had gulped down my breakfast, I laid out the dining room. Lugging in the largest, flattest stone I could move, I had a table. Flanking the place I hoped would sometime be occupied by a well-filled sideboard, stood tall, swaying wild lilies, orange-yellow against the setting of velvet-green and black.

It all took, perhaps, three hours—time that fled incredibly, yet left joy that later filled three hundred hours of happy reminiscence. The sun, nearing its noon-tide blaze, penetrated the leafy place, turning the Queen Anne's lace to pale gold, patterning the soft green carpet with capricious designs. It was like a heavenly benediction over the new home. For a week its blessing made happy the fate of the woods-house. There was the day a stray crust from my pocket was scattered on the living room floor and brought a company of plump, lilting robins to bend their bright breasts over my soft carpet as they sought the crumbs; the afternoon I lay with the gentle rain cooling my face and strove to see the rainbow through the gleaming wet leaves; the hours of brow-furrowed pondering over the what and why of us, and the serene hours of glad acceptance of the world as it is. These for a week; then a day of tragic ignorance when triumphantly, after an hour's careful troweling and probing I transplanted a poison ivy vine to my dooryard! At home they viewed my rash with alarm. The doctor gave me a bottle of green soap, which was brown, a jar of vile and sulphurous salve and a biting injunction, "Now, don't buy any more pigs in a poke."

In a fortnight, when at last they would let me, I raced through the woods to my house. Where before the leafy roundelay had greeted me, now was desolation. The owner of the land had laid in his winter's supply of firewood. Three of my trees were only stumps, their tops dirty with dust that had caught in the futilely flowing sap. Cherished barriers of ferns and wild flowers? Trampled and dead. I did not know then who had done it, but I hated him with every nerve and fiber. The dreary scene blurred in the red cloud that blinded me. For days I bore the long crimsoned scratches where frantic hands had clawed my throat. But there were no tears. It was not meet that such an easy grief, the solace of trivial sorrows, should try to console me for the destruction of my home. I had not possessed it in the court-house files, but it had belonged to me in the light of discovery, creation, experience and affection. The legal master of the woods-house had not cut down his trees; he had robbed me of mine own.

BEDROOM

Elizabeth Ramsay

From the low rocker at the wide casement window, I looked around the large square bedroom full of late afternoon sunshine. The mahogany fourposter, covered with a huge, white spread, seemed like a cloud anchored on the deep, sky-blue carpet; while the dresser, with its bouffant yellow taffeta ruffle, was the sun. The white satin slippers near the bed, with their glistening buckles, were two stars that had come out too soon.

THE PICTURE

CLARE CONDRON

A square of tulip red,
A ring of jonquil flame,
Two daubs of height'ning blue;
"First prize," the critic said.

AN OLD TRAGEDY*

IMOGENE FLANAGAN

The story of Deirdre has been told many times, but no one could be sorry that James Stephens has related it once again. Certainly something vivid and beautiful has been added to the tale by one who describes Deirdre, as a young, spirited girl, "a whirlwind of legs and laughter," who, in her secluded castle was growing to a "wild thing, all spring and peep and run, like a young fawn." And here, in this lonely place to which the king had sent her because Cathfa had foretold at her birth that she would bring trouble to Ireland, Deirdre grew to a great loveliness which should fulfill her name and prophecy.

So beautiful she was that all men desired her, and a mere glimpse of her aroused in Conachur a longing such that he bided his time for seven years to gain her back again. For Deirdre fled with Naoise to escape him, Naoise whom she loved, and his two brothers whom she loved also. Full of zest and adventure is her life with the three brothers, running and hiding, and running again, sleeping under the sky, and living far from people. But it grew wearisome, and full of courage and laughter is the return to Ireland. Only Deirdre feels the sinister presence of the King, who will betray them, and she shudders.

Her grave dreams and forebodings are realized when they must fight for their lives in the Red Branch of the King's palace. The siege of the castle brings terror and suspense—a real gripping fear. It is tense and breathless. But there is room for admiration for those fine, brave-hearted lads who fight with humor; the doomed, who giggle and shout with laughter. For them, fighting is a sport and death an adventure, and they have felt all of the glow of life. And there is pity that Ardan must die, the baby brother, that gay, courageous young thing, always bubbling over with gleeful spirits, who dances with joy at a chance to fight, and boasts that he is the best of them all. Even at the very end, he rushes up to bitter old Conachur with his joyous boasting, explaining confidentially to their murderer that he will be first, he is first in every great deed. And these three die together, these brothers who had loved each other so, who had gamboled so happily and so dangerously through life, always together.

And when Deirdre sips her husband's blood and falls dead upon his body, it is the beautifully terrible end of a sad, sweet tragedy. It is

an old story of passion and of feeling, by an author who views the deeds of the ancient demi-gods and goddesses with kindly eyes, but with the irony of one who has no illusions about them. It is a story of the quick, impetuous joy and anger of youth, and the bitter, brooding desire and revenge of age. And it has the power to move and to stir, to carry the spirit in youthful bounds of pursuit and understanding. And no one is judged, and no one is blamed. It is just an old, old tragedy, that comes from living, and people being as they are; and because youth is youth, and love, love, and old age, old age.

*Review of *Deirdre* by James Stephens

HE AND SHE

Dorothy Edsall

Dear Bob,
I'm now in class
And having poetry
At that. Why don't you ever write
A poem?
Dear Dee,
I'm now in class
And having algebra
At that. Why don't you ever work
A problem?

OFF DUTY

Mary King

In less than a year we have had four janitors in our apartment. Three dusky custodians and one Irishman who lingered in our midst only three days. You will be introduced to them in the order of their appearance. George Walsh, in spite of his name, was a short, semi-black individual; individual in every way, especially so in the use, or to be more exact, in the abuse of the English language. One bitter March day, we wagered among ourselves whether it was colder inside or out. The only heat yielded from the radiators was the warm glow of their decorative gilt paint. Now I believe that utilitarian objects should be as beautiful as possible in so far as their use is not impaired by such decoration, but the shining warmth of chilled radiators on a bitter March day is anything but satisfying. After due consideration, the family decided that I was the logical person to approach the new master of the furnace. I was thoroughly cool, but not calm or collected, when I realized that even a heated argument, in which I could set forth all the reasons why their choice was anything but wise, would be of no avail. Quietly I withdrew from the family circle. Descending the cellar steps, I heard a familiar sound. A saxaphone wailed out the tune of the "New

Saint Louis Blues." With righteous indignation I charged down the last three steps. To think that the janitor satisfied his inner urge for artistic expression before attending to the essential needs of the tenants—the very thought brought back warmth to my veins. In spite of the apparent outrage, I decided to be tactful out of respect to my family who had placed implicit trust in me. In the lowest tone possible I called "George". The saxophone ceased its wail; a door opened and two short legs, parenthesis-like in shape, shuffled into view. Straightening my shoulders, I again reminded myself that I must be tactful in spite of all I had witnessed. Trying my best to smile encouragingly at the guilty saxophonist, I avoided making a bald statement about the frigid area from which I had just descended.

"George," I petitioned meekly, "could we have a little more heat upstairs?" I thought that by inferring that we had some heat George would appreciate my "beau geste" and hasten to remedy the existing conditions that had resulted from his lack of janitor technique.

In justice to George, I must say that he ended the matter quickly and humanely. He delivered the blow with an all-knowing shrug.

"I'se sorry, ma'am, but the coal is all eradicated."

The first cold day in November witnessed the departure of George from our midst. He expressed his regret at leaving, but said that he always went down south to spend the winter. The tenants smiled hopefully at the Irishman, James Kelly no less, who succeeded the saxophonist who wintered in the south. On the afternoon of James' arrival, I met the little old German woman who lives on the first floor. In a confidential whisper she told me that she thought James was a very nice boy. My hopes sank at that word "boy". It confirmed my dormant fear and brought back memories of youthful saxophonists. Imagine my surprise when I saw the "boy" janitor who was every day of forty-five years. He gave every indication that he thought the job was beneath him, and the dusty banisters and clouded glass door proved faithful witnesses of his indignation. It seems that janitors, like great artists, are born, not made. Our boy janitor realized his mistake three days after his arrival and, like a true Irishman, he did not wait for anybody to make up his mind.

We are destined to have janitors who are interested in furnaces and the like only as a side line. Furthermore, we are innocent victims sacrificed to the secret ambitions of musical darkies. Our third custodian of the fiery furnace played a banjo in an orchestra. Lucien Jones was his name, a dimunitive man for such a high-sounding cognomen. One memorable night at the stroke of eleven, the kitchen radiator let us down in a most titanic way. As always in such domestic crises, we placed our trust in Lucien, and I must say he did not deem it the honor we intended it to seem. As Lucien tiptoed over the watery linoleum, he did not in the least resemble a janitor on duty. His mustache stood out stiff and unrelenting, his hair was vaselined to the patent leather stage, his shoes creaked convincingly, and the pungent aroma of lilac perfume was very much with him. His chocolate-colored suit topped with a vivid purple tie bore out the fact that this man was in no way

prepared to subdue a radiator with radical tendencies. In spite of all, Lucien did not protest openly. When he had finished, I asked him rather submissively if he were going out and I added immediately that I hoped we had not delayed him.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm goin' to play this evening at a breakfast dance."

Just at this moment I was seized with a violent coughing spell, but Mother nobly continued the conversation with Lucien. Neither of us, however, can quite decide at just what hour the dance developed into the breakfast stage. Shortly after the breakfast dance, Lucien withdrew his services.

The other morning the little old German lady on the first floor confided in me. We have another janitor—another very nice boy. I am not interested. I have lost faith in all janitors. At best they are too temperamental.

SONG

MILDRED S. HARNER

I shall never sigh again
I shall never cry,
For I have known the happiness
Of seeing blue-birds fly.

I shall never fret again,
I shall not complain,
For I have known the humbleness
Of standing in the rain.

A BACKYARD

RUTH FISKE

From my bed-room on the second floor, I can look down into the back yard of the people who live next door. It is a large square yard, bounded on three sides by a high box-wood hedge, and on the other by the great white house.

At this hour of the night, it is flooded with the warm, yellow glow of the full moon, which turns the sand-pile into a mound of gleaming gold dust and transforms the little round pool in the center of the yard into a dazzling gold coin. The narrow walks wind in and out among the shadowy flower beds like lengths of gold ribbon, and in the far corner of the yard stands a tall, rambling apple tree with little gilded leaves and large, ripe, golden apples.

Trolley Tracks: Silver ribbons tying the city together.
Eleanor Gilmore

MY HOUSE

MILDRED S. HARNER

I have built myself a house,
I have shut myself within.
I thought I kept the world without
When I had lost its din.

But, no, the house I built
Was still a worldly thing—
And with the world, I shut without
The sky, the stars, the spring!

I thought within my house
To hide away with God—
I found that I had locked Him out
With sky, and sun, and sod!

THE MINOR BIRD

SPRING 1931

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THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College for Women

VOL. II SPRING 1931 NO. 2

A DIM LIGHT

Einar closed the brown weather-beaten door of the cottage and walked slowly down the narrow rocky path leading to the boat-house. Hardly was he aware of his son Olav who followed, his high boots clumping, his whole manner that of an adventurous Norwegian youth. The austere and lonely life on the island had so disciplined their lives that not even tragedy could break their calmness. Without exchanging a word, father and son unloosened the boat, at the same time ridding it of fishing tackle, unnecessary on the trip that evening. The dull clicking of the motor soon mingled with the incessant rustling of the waves which hit the bare rocks and rebounded, hit and rebounded, again and again. The single small light in the cottage became weaker and weaker and then finally disappeared. But Einar had not noticed the dim light or the flickering stars which vaguely illuminated the blackness of ocean and heaven. Although he was skillfully steering the craft through the infinite darkness, carefully avoiding every little treacherous reef, he saw only the interior of his cottage: a large bedroom. In the crude old bed lay his wife, looking a little paler than usual, but still smiling occasionally. Three little boys in their short nightshirts and bare feet hung on the post of the bed, looking anxious and frightened to see her who had always been active lying there inert and helpless. He had felt a little pang as he had watched her suffering. He had not thought it anything serious until he came home from fishing that evening. She had said all week that she would be well tomorrow; she was only tired. The he heard the neighbor woman who had come to help along in the household:

"Einar, I think you had better go fetch the doctor; she has a high fever, — "

Suddenly he had realized that Martha was very ill.

"Yes, I'll set out at once; the doctor will be here in the morning."

He had decided to take Olav, the oldest boy with him. He remembered standing in the doorway, confused, not knowing what to say. Martha had looked up at him, and in her eyes there was a grateful expression which told more than words.— He turned away quickly and murmured good-bye.

She was really ill then,— ill; not the same as before. For some reason or other it had never entered his mind that Martha would not always be busy and active. He had taken her health for granted. It

was extraordinary how little he had considered her since they were married. Fishing had occupied most of his attention, and as his sons grew up he had been interested in them, especially Olav, who never questioned his father's judgment and who would undoubtedly one day become a great sailor. He enjoyed and appreciated the clean little home and good meals, but not often had he stopped to reflect on her who had created all his comfort. The children had been taught and disciplined by him. Or had they? — He had not been the only parent. Martha had labored faithfully and patiently all these years without the least complaint.— Of course she shouldn't complain. She had no reason to. He had always provided food and clothing for the family. Seldom had he treated her harshly as so many other men — Still he felt a little sting of remorse, but just for a moment — He would get the doctor, and she would soon be well.

After traveling on the open sea for several hours the boat turned into a long sheltered fjord and stopped before a large impressive house, faintly visible in the uncertain light of dawn. Presently Einar stood at the door. He knocked.

"Is the doctor in?"

"No, he was called away last night," came the quick answer from the unfeeling maid.

"Tell him to come to Einar Stan's house as soon as he gets back," he said abruptly.

"All right, sir."

The sun was shining brightly when the motor boat approached the island. A short distance from the water stood the gay-looking red cottage with square window panes, vivid in the sunshine. Small patches of grass among the moss-covered rocks were already showing green, and a lonely birch in its sheltered place behind the house had tiny leaves. There were no signs of life, and everything was quiet except the waves which splashed against the grey rocks. A fresh odor of fish and saltwater filled the air. Noiselessly Einar jumped out, forgetting Olav, who stayed to fasten the boat. At the cottage door the neighbor woman met him, her face red and swollen.

"Is it all over then?" Einar hesitatingly inquired. She nodded her head, motioning him to enter.

—Synnove Haughom '34

MEMORY DUST

They had brought white lilacs into the bedroom. To old Mr. Pimberly's dimmed eyes, they looked like a fleecy cloud as the sunlight sifted through them from between half-closed shutters. He had seen that brilliant whiteness before — sometime when the last sun was not rising for him, nor the last lilacs blooming, nor Death but a step away — sometime when he was a child. He had been coming back late from the grocer's, carrying a pail of kerosene with a potatoe over its spout. For a moment he had stood before his own home in the dark little street where unpainted, sun-blistered porches encroached on the meagre strips of lawn-had stood there for only a moment to look up at the sky. The heavens had been so clear that the stars seemed as near and real

as the lamps at church during vespers. But the moon had been most splendid — a great golden bubble hung against deep blue. As he gazed, a little cloud had crept out of the darkness and flitted across the face of the moon. An instant it had stayed there, shafted with light, rimmed with gold, then strayed back into the shadows of the universe. Next moment his front door had opened and his father had called him in . . .

"Maybe the light from the windows hurts his eyes."

"He's sinking fast."

Mr. Pimberly felt a little surge of feeling at the words. He forced his eyes open and looked about the room. He saw the china wash-basin in which he had washed for seventy-five years, standing in its accustomed place on the golden-oak dresser. He saw his clothes hanging on a peg, and, above the mantel-piece, the picture of a forest, with its livid greens and gilt frame. At the foot of the bed sat his sister Margaret, like a heavy expressionless female Buddha, waiting.

"You don't feel no pain, Pa?"

The old man tried to return the pressure of his wife's fingers, tried to smile into her mottled red face as she bent over him.

"Doctor Calhoun said over the phone he'd be here any minute."

Again Mr. Pimberly felt himself sinking, years back, into memory. Dr. Calhoun! He had never been able to think of the doctor without thinking of the doctor's wife; even now he thought of her, and the thought was like a rose laid among dust and dead leaves. Amy Porter she had been, the prettiest girl in Elkton. He had coaxed her out behind the high-school building, one hot autumn afternoon, under pretext of studying Latin with her; but he had really wanted to watch the sunlight in her aureole of red hair, and the changing depths and shadows in her eyes. They had sat together on the grassy slope by the back door, and droned the splendid, sonorous words —"Ecudent alii spiranti molius aera," while he had thrilled at the warm flutter of Amy's hand as it touched his in scanning a line . . .

Through his numbness, Mr. Pimberly heard the door shriek open, heard someone fumble at the pillow beside his head. At last he knew that someone was speaking to him — growling softly in his ear. It was Doctor Calhoun. Once more he must try to listen.

"Mr. Pimberly had you thought — ah — had you decided — which of your sons you want to take over the business, in case —"

Yes, Mr. Pimberly thought, he must try to think once again. He must settle about that little engineering office where he had spent so many years of his life. He must give it to one of the boys . . . The little, dingy-walled room, dirty windows over-looking the river, blue-prints curling over the tables, flies buzzing over the paste-pots and ink — he recalled them all even now. He remembered himself, too, a gawky young man, as he looked at the drawing of a bridge he had just finished designing for the Mortar River — a beautiful bridge, he had thought, cool and stately, with arches sturdily curved. But it was too grand for the Mortar River. Mr. Wilkie, the road commissioner, had told him so, with a smile twitching at the corner of his lips; no one in Elkton would like it; a little iron one . . .

Suddenly, Mr. Pimberly thought that he no longer looked at the drawing of the bridge — it had grown very large and real, and he stood

at one end, in a dense, silent mist. Something urged him to step on the bridge, to go across; yet he could not do so until he had told Dr. Calhoun who was to inherit the business. They were all sitting there, waiting him him to speak, with little muffled stirrings and whispers. He tried again to open his eyes; they were too heavy. Then, faint and far away through the mist, he heard his voice saying, "James."

"Eh? James?" Dr. Calhoun bent nearer, then gently laid down the wrist he had been holding. "Gone," he murmured.

The doctor rose, brushed past the lilacs, and stood before the window.

"Hum!" he growled softly. "Funny he should say that when Bob's so much better at it. He must have been planning it that way, but I don't see why. James is too much like his Pa was — a hopeless dreamer."

—Marjorie Hopkins '33

MOODS

My garden has moods. I did not get my information from the whispering of the gossipy corn or from the strutting hollyhocks or yet from the self-important onions; I know because — just because, which really is a very logical reason in spite of inquisitive folks who invariably ask, "because what, dear?", in the most patient of tones.

On a cool grey morning when the sky seems like a vast low-hanging canopy held up by the four great oaks at the corners of the garden, somehow I feel so secluded and protected from curious eyes and so free to weep a little weep over some of the tiny graves in the sawdust behind the ice-house; and then to smile all by my lone when I remember the awful day when my dearest beloved Timmie cat's much mourned bones were disinterred by one of my various brothers. That, I believe, was one of the most tragic events of my young life and I remained stubbornly inconsolable for at least two hours, in spite of all explanations that it had been an accident, pure and simple, resulting from an over-anxious quest for fishing-worms. But it is a rather small grey smile that comes because I have not forgotten how I loved Timmie and all the other little inmates (if that is what you call them) of these tombs that belong to the dear dead past. Dead — very, and quite past. It is such a comfort on such a morning to contemplate the utter futility of things; to feel that nothing really matters and if I should happen to slip on the wet bricks and break my neck, no one — not a single soul — would even care, and that nobody loves me and my hands are cold. Then after I have spent an hour or more being delightfully, morbidly, maudlinly sad in the cool grey solitude, I go into the nice warm house to boiled cabbage for lunch. It never fails.

Another frame of mind the garden loves is a hot dry one, swimming with little heat waves, that dance and jump and make the bean plants all blurry around the edges and turn the pea vines just a wee bit yellow about the gills. Then nothing seems alive but the big fat potatoe bugs and the little heat waves. I remember just such a day

when I, attired in a bathing suit, went out to pick the ancestors of these selfsame insects. Disastrous were the results of the escapade: I not only burned my back six layers deep but I shocked one of the deacons of the church so that he up and died. At least he came to the door and I, rather than let the saintly man stand hopelessly knocking, traipsed around to the front of the house, bathing suit, sunburn, potatoe bugs and all. He tarried but a moment and the next day he was called home to his maker to a place where there are no baked and blistered little girls picking very crawly bugs in the sunshine.

And then the last mood — a blue and silver one that lifts and breathes even after the gleaming brightness of the sun has faded and the cool of evening has come. Then the moon makes dappled and splotchy shadows down the long path covered by a grape arbor and there are fragrant, sleepy flowers that cling and whisper sweet secrets as skirts brush past them, flowers ready to be picked by some romantic boy to be pressed to ardent young lips. I am sure they do not mind being misnamed when that same earnest youth murmurs, "Only a rose," even if it happens to be a bachelor's button. A silver mouse scuttling over the silver ground lends an excuse for a tightened arm about a waist. The corn rustles then and the onions fairly bristle in their efforts to hear what is going on, and, whether you can believe it or not, even the turnips take on an air of subdued romance. The dew falls and gratefully we walk through the coolness, regardless of forthcoming sneezes. Then it is that one can understand and agree with Pippa that "All's right with the world." But why go further? You, yourself, have walked down paths in the moonlight.

And so it remains your own secret whether you prefer dead kittens. potatoe bugs or moonlight and roses, but some time when you can, do walk in your garden and then we can join hands and try not to look too pious when we say in chorus, "Thank God for a garden." And I shall whisper, "In *all* its moods."

—Eleanor McEwan '34

GRANDPA

Of all the memories which a trip to England has given me as permanent possessions, none is more dear to me than my memory of Grandpa. From letters which I had received before my visit, I had learned that Grandpa was a member of the household in which I was to live, but the fact had made only a slight impression on a mind preoccupied with all the minutiae of travel preparations. So slight an impression was it, indeed, that I was totally unprepared for the approach of the little man who came to greet me on my arrival at "Marringdean." In the darkness of the entrance-way I could distinguish nothing more of him than a limping figure and a white beard that gleamed strangely in the hall's mysterious shadows. When we reached the lighted drawing-room, however, I was able to see more clearly this man with the engaging voice who was welcoming me to England. In spite of his limp and his eighty years he did not seem old; his handclasp was firm and

friendly, and the soft tones of his voice never quavered. His hair and beard were pure white, and gave him a patriarchal air which his eyes belied. A startling blue they were, and twinkled at me as if in promise of gay times to come. Around those bright eyes of his were the tiny wrinkles which can mean only one thing — a lifetime of smiles and laughter. With my first glimpse of his charming smile I knew that I should love him, and when the liquid smoothness of his Welsh accent bade me welcome, I knew that I had made a real and lasting friend.

When I think of Grandpa, I see a series of pictures, all vivid, all touched with the kindly light of intimacy. I remember him best as he worked in the garden which was his delight. A younger or a more agile man might have accomplished more in the way of actual labor, but he could never have brought to his tasks as much enjoyment as did Grandpa. Stumping down the path in the early morning, his lips were pursed in the soundless whistle which was his way of asking benediction on the day's work ahead. From morning till evening he moved in his unhurried way, weeding a little in a border of polyanthus, digging a few lettuces for our lunch, carefully examining the raspberry bushes for traces of insects, gently shooing Mrs. Bentley's chickens from his bed of prize onion seedlings. Ever and anon he would straighten his bent shoulders and gaze far out over the valley which spread before him its patchwork design of green fields and brown hedges. In the evening, with the red of the setting sun behind him, he would limp slowly up the path to the house, a spade over one shoulder, the kitten frisking beside him.

Grandpa's days succeeded one another with an unvarying routine which any less gentle soul would have called montonous. To Grandpa no common round or daily task would ever become wearying because of his lively interest in everything which went on about him. At the breakfast table he was always a minute or two late, but not even in a household where punctuality was spelt with a capital P and enthroned among the family deities, was any attempt made to remark on his tardiness. Indeed, the apologetic air with which he slid his napkin out of its ring would have silenced any rebuke. At the beginning of the day Grandpa was always eager to talk about its coming events — his special exploits with the carrots, the hockey game at the girls' school, his daughter's proposed visit to old Mrs. Price, the best route for my walk. After a morning of gardening he came back to the house eager for his luncheon bread and cheese. After lunch he would "just glance over the paper," and end by falling asleep in his leather arm-chair, the paper on the floor, his glasses balanced dangerously on the end of his nose, the kitten perched on his shoulder. After his half-hour's nap he would shake himself guiltily, look cautiously around to see if anyone had notice his lapse from grace, and stealthily slip out the back door and down the path to the potato patch. At dinner he was often asked to say grace, and he would always reply with his familiar Welsh. All during the meal he would review the events of the day, rejoice with the victorious, sympathize with the unfortunate.

After dinner Grandpa turned to his beloved radio, the butt of many a family joke, but the pride of his existence. The instrument had been given him by a nephew who professed himself to be electrically

minded, but only Grandpa's incurable optimism could ever have maintained that it worked successfully. After an hour's patient turning of knobs and adjusting of wires, it might possibly deign to emit a faint sound. That was enough for Grandpa; he would settle down in his chair, beckon the kitten to jump up into his lap, and lean back with closed eyes, enjoying with an admirable catholicity of taste the *Flying Dutchman* or the Prince of Wales, the excavations at Cnossus or the latest jazz. When we went to bed, we would tiptoe in for fear of disturbing the gossamer thread of sound, whisper our good-nights, and feel the soft touch of his lips and the tickle of his beard on our cheeks as his wordless "Sleep well."

Grandpa on Sunday was far different from the Grandpa of the weekday, at least as far as outward appearance was concerned. At the Sunday morning breakfast table Grandpa always made a dramatic entrance, later than usual. Clad in his best black coat and grey striped trousers, he made a very sharp contrast to the drab-coated gardener with the mud-caked boots. From his Saturday haircut to his newly polished boots he was the essence of church-going gentility. Precisely at 10:15 he would stand at the front door, raincoat over one arm (no matter how blithely the sun might be shining), a Welsh Bible under the other, a heavy knobbed stick tapping on the flagstone as he waited for the other church-goers to perform their last-minute scurryings after prayer-books. His little white dog Toby always accompanied him to church, and the two of them would start off down the road together, Toby inspecting possible rabbit-holes, Grandpa plodding steadily on.

On Sunday evenings it was our custom to gather in the ingle-nook, while each member of the family read aloud a snatch from his week's reading. On these occasions Grandpa shone. Often he would not read at all, but would recite without mistake or prompting astoundingly long poems like *The One Hoss Shay, The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, or long passages from *Paradise Lost*. His voice was as clear as that of the youngest of us, and his gently-modulated syllables still ring in my ears. Sometimes he would read Old Testament stories, and make the characters as vividly real as those in the latest novel we had read. After our reading we would sing our best loved hymns in the candle-light, and among these were always included Grandpa's favorites — the slow measures of *Aberystwyth* or the melancholy dignity of *Ton-y-Botel*.

As I remember distinctly my meeting with Grandpa, so do I treasure the memory of my parting from him. It was a bright summer day, and the larks were singing an obbligato to the strumming bass of the waiting car's engine. I had kissed him and heard his soft "God bless you, my dear," followed by some Welsh which I could not understand; I had climbed into the car and leaned out again for one last farewell; as we moved slowly down the road, I looked back to see him standing at the gate, waving his handkerchief and holding the black and white kitten. As the road made a sudden turn, I lost sight of the house and of the waving figure, but I shall never lose my memory of them, nor shall I ever cease thinking of the simple dignity and the patient gentleness which made Grandpa so dear to me.

—Dorothy Edsall '33

SATURDAYS—BEFORE SIX YEARS OLD

Among the memories gathered in the small grey house where I lived as a child are those of Saturdays. Especially of Saturdays before I was six when it was not a day to linger in bed and store up sleep for mornings to come, but a day of adventure — the best day of all the week.

There was always a sort of festal spirit about Saturday for me, for so many, many things happened. In spite of that, if I wakened to sunshine coming palely through my windows, white with frost, I'd snuggle deeper under the mountain of blankets and argue with myself about whether I should get *right* up or wait *just* a little while longer; and then, all of a sudden, when I wasn't thinking about it at all, I'd jump out into the shivery cold, and gathering my little heap of clothing from its chair, run downstairs to the huge, warm, kitchen to dress. How good it felt after the icy chill upstairs; and the room was fragrant with the smell of bread just baked. There were always four fresh loaves of it on Saturdays mornings, propped up on a white cloth on the pantry shelf to cool; great, bursting loaves with brown crusts shiny with butter. Then, too, I always had a hot rabbit for breakfast, not a real one, to be sure, but a deliciously warm biscuit bunny that was made just for me. In the summertime there was less baking, and the outdoors was more alluring for me than the heat of the kitchen, even the pots and pans with tempting scrapings of chocolate icing and lemon cream were forsaken for the sunshine and cool, morning air.

Usually I sat on the low front steps and waited for Mr. Wycoff to come. Mr. Wycoff was the coffee and tea man and always drove up about the middle of the morning in his well-known wagon, which was really not much more than a cart. A sort of buggy-like wagon with two big wheels in back and two much smaller ones in front. Mr. Wycoff's horse was old and gray and drooped, but gayly decorated with whatever flowers were in season, or bows of bright ribbon in his harness. Mr. Wycoff, too, was old and stooped with a big grey moustache and dim blue eyes. He had an air of utmost leisure, and always stopped to chat for a moment, to give a bit of advice about the rose bushes or the wistaria vine, and it was Mr. Wycoff who told mother to give Dick, the canary, a bit of bacon with paprika, and he loved it so. When Mr. Wycoff had driven slowly off, with the reins fastened to the roof of the wagon while he reached for his next order of coffee in back of the seat, I sat down on the mossy curb stone and waited for Dan to come by with the horses from the engine house. They were in my opinion the most beautiful of all horses, broad and strong with shining coats of black satin; to pat their noses of quivering plush was a scarey treat I loved. Then, once in a long, long time Dan would reach me up on the back of the other horse which he led, and let me ride down to the end of the street, high, high up, filled with both fear and joy. Then, of course on Saturday when school was out there were always lots of other children to play with and we had grand times in the poplar grove next door, or in the adjoining back yards all the way down the street. But I always loved to play alone in the great sand pile at the bottom of the yard; to make castles with windows and towers, swerving drives and many steps

and walls. They all had secret tunnels and passageways that greatly aided the escaping princes and queens, who always got out just before the terrible giant (alias me) stepped on their abode and crushed it with his seven-league boots, only to build it up again more glorious than before.

Of winter afternoons I remember little, but of wearing long leggings that fitted over you shoes like grown-ups spats, and went up and up and up, with two long rows of buttons; and of a knitted tam-o'-shanter, with a long scarf to match, that kept sliding down over my eyes and was most annoying; of throwing snowballs at a row of icicles hanging from a window ledge — a sport invented for the fairies by the author of my Fairy Book. But the Saturday afternoons of summer I recall vividly, for the sun shone differently, with a warmer heat, and there were special noises and smells just like there were on Sunday. Then of course there was my usual battle with mother for after this day of delightful languor and fun I hated more than ever going in to take m ybath. I seemed to have an innate laziness, or I was steeped in it by sunshine, for to stop playing, to change my grimy clothes for clean was a harsh thought, and of course Saturday was hair-washing day. Finally after pleas, commands, threats, and force I sat in my small tin tub immersed to my chin, and thought that it wasn't so bad after all. The little tub was getting to be a tight fit for my fast grawing legs, but I always managed, and was perfectly content with its silver gleaming inside, and the bright-blue painted out; it was put right inside the huge white cold one that gave me chills up and down my spine. Then, afterwards, feeling like an entirely different little girl, a very chaste and sober one, I sat primly in my starched clothes on a big square cushion on the grass to dry a Dutch-bob of very tow-colored hair. Then, brushed and quite perfect in my own opinion I took my biggest doll and went down to the main street in front of the feed store to wait for Dad. Then, we'd come home hand in hand and maybe there would be baked beans for supper.

Because baked beans were always for Saturday and more so in the old weather, when on Saturday night after supper we inevitably went "down street." This was most exciting, for there were a great, great, many people, and the stores were bright with light and color. It was fun to go in and buy unexpected things like hot roasted peanuts in the shell, and to see great pyramids of apples, and oranges and celery and every thing you could think of. Almost every one you knew was down, and many people you didn't know, who spoke to your Mother and Dad, and said, "This your daughter? Well, now, I thought you folks only had a boy!" or, "Well, I declare, I haven't seen this little lady since she was a bit of a baby." And you felt most grown up and improtant. Saturday nights always seemed colder than any other and the snow squeaked and hurt your back, and it looked so white if the moon was big. I remember thinking how black the sky looked when snow was on the ground, and that the longer you looked the more stars there were, and your neck hurt. After the nipping cold, the whole house felt like the kitchen in the morning when you first ran down, hugging tight the little heap of clothes, and soon the small green bed with a warmed blanket for your feet was even better, and you were oh! so sleepy.

—Sara Allison '33

INS AND OUTS OF THE HAT PIN

The hat pin seems to me to be one of the most grossly underrated of useful articles. Even during its heyday it received but little acclaim, and to-day it is almost forgotten. You say you have never seen one, child? What do they look like? Get the family album from the second shelf of the what-not, and you will find at least one picture of grandmother's Cousin Myrtle, an inverted coal-scuttle lined with a country garden perched on the very top of her banged and elaborately frizzed coiffure. You wonder how such hats are kept on? Ah! Look more closely. See those three small roses seemingly hanging in mid-air, on either side of the hat? Those, my child, are hat-pins.

After many fruitless hours of searching for facts about the hat pin, I have been forced to fall back on half-forgotten scraps of conversation and my own imagination for my hat pin history. My theory as to the origin of the little pin is that Eve invented it in the garden of Eden. Now, Eve must certainly have suffered from freckles and a sunburned nose, running around in the hot sun gathering blueberries for Adam's breakfast muffins. Being an intelligent woman, she would have realized the value of maintaining in every crisis a flawless, dazzingly white complexion, and being an ingenious woman, she would have devised a scheme whereby, using the means at hand, she could protect her delicate integument from the weather. The most obvious solution would be to crown her costume with a cloche made from the largest leaf available. She may have set Adam to work on a Burbankian scheme for producing larger and shaplier head leaves, for all you or I know. But how could Eve keep this hat on, you ask? Now we are coming to the origin of the hat pin, that invaluable instrument without which our grandmothers and even our mothers could not have been sure of their hats from one corner to the next. Surely Eve must have discovered that a wheat-straw, thrust through leaf and hair, would keep her bonnet always at a chic angle, adding at the same time just the needed touch of ornamentation.

So the hat pin has come down through the ages, modified in size and style to suit the rapidly changing fashions in head-gear, but always fundamentally the same. For interesting potentialities, the cameo hat pin of grandmother's day was just as satisfactory as the hand-painted china pin that secured mother's sporty sailor. There were long ones and short ones, hat pins simulating animals, cameo hat pins, symbols of favorite sports, hat pins with heads of precious or synthetic stones, hat pins bearing fraternity seals, pointed china hat pins, variety actresses' hat pins with nude dancing girls for heads, and satin rose hat pins to be worn with gay ninety frills and bustles. And no lady was really a lady unless she wore at least three hat pins at once.

The dictionary defines hat pin as "a large pointed instrument for securing a hat." What a narrow-minded, unimaginative man Mr. Webster must have been! Hat securing was merely the nominal duty of a hat pin, its excuse for existing. Villainesses of melodramas in search of evil could jimmy their way into happy homes by reaching through the screen door with a hat pin, knocking the staple out of the hook with a deft upward flip. Ladies used hat pins for cleaning dia-

mond brooches and for pulling billet-doux from under doors. Hat pins could always be pressed into service as flower pins, or they could be used in an emergency, when a hook and eye had burst asunder, to hold up a lady's skirt. When a girl wanted to attract the attention of a certain young man she could, in adjusting her veil, prick her finged so severely on one of her hat pins that she would be constrained to swoon into the man's arms at sight of her freely flowing blood. And as a substitute for Little Willie's lost drum-sticks, there was nothing quite like a couple of Aunt Phoebe's carved ivory hat pins, sent from China, if he could manage to sneak them while Aunt Phoebe was at Missionary Society. For a young father, left at home in charge of the baby while the heartless mother attended her club, the hat pin was an invaluable friend. After the dear child had finished cutting his teeth on the crystal knob (unsurpassed for producing strong incisors), he could be gently encouraged to swallow the whole thing, point first in the hope that he would make an end of himself thereby.

However, the real "raison d'etre" of the hat pin was its service as a weapon. No matter how frail and helpless a girl of grandmother's day may have looked, she never went about unprotected. Nor did she need to be encumbered with an automatic. She could always stab any marauder through the heart with one of her hat pins, making a neat and inconspicuous wound. Many a shop girl of mother's day was able to walk home from work fearlessly because she knew that at a second's notice she could whip out the evil looking ruby hat pin that she held concealed in the folds of her coat. There has never been a weapon so efficient, so appropriate for woman, as the old-fashioned hat pin.

Incidentally, I think that the answer to the very chivalrous attitude of the late nineteenth century beau toward the weaker sex is the hat pin. Fear has ever been the basis of obedience and awe, and man had every reason to hate and fear the little ornament. What intelligent man would try to encircle with an arm a girl who might, at any moment, in a fury of insulted virtue, run him through with an innocent looking pearl-headed hat pin? How could a man get near enough to kiss a girl when she had her head completely surrounded by a barricade of six inch pins, whose points and knobs stuck menacingly out at all angles? What, in fact, could a poor man do against such odds? He was literally forced to be chivalrous. And he could go nowhere to escape the hat pin plague. At the theater he could not see because of the rows upon rows of bulky hats in front of him. He couldn't accidentally knock several of them off because they were fastened with hat pins. Finally someone did pass a measurer demanding that the slogan "Ladies will please remove their hats" should appear either on the program or on the screen. And then at least the first five minutes of the performance was hidden from view by ladies going through the ceremony of carefully removing hat pins, veils, and hats. Even in street cars and subways man's life was endangered by hat pins. A man could not help realizing that with every jerk of the moving car he might have both eyes put out or his brain punctured by his charming neighbor's hat pins. What man wouldn't willingy forfeit his seat and see that menace to society was out of the way rather than have one of his own sex injured for life. How many editorials on the danger and

frivolity of hat pins appeared in the newspapers of the pre-war period! But chivalry continued in spite of these wrathful mutterings.

And now we come to the decline of the little pin. In this day of the snug coiffure and modified skull cap of the Emancipated Post-War Woman, there is no place for anything so uselessly feminine as a hat pin, just as there is no time, in our machine age, for the gentle and fascinating art of thrusting hat pins hastily but skillfully through hat, veil, and hair, and sparing the skull. Gone is the amazing and voluminous millinery of grandmother's day and the large and practical looking sailor of mother's girlhood. Chivalry is no more. Now that woman has lost her most efficacious weapon, man asserts his inherently craven and vicious nature and takes a mean advantage of her. While she was still protected by the hat pin there were treasonous murmurs, to be sure, but only since she is really helpless has man dared to defy her. Gone, but not forgotten by some few, is the hat pin itself. I sing its praises for its hitherto unrecognized service to humanity. The hat pin manufacturers have been relegated to the oblivion that shelters the makers of hair nets and hair pins. The fall of the hat pin marked the end of a colorful and charming phase of civilization.

—Nora Weichel '31

STAMPS

Sometime ago Postmaster General Brown announced his recommendation to overcome a postal deficit by increasing the rates on first class mail. The efficient gentleman, however, failed to disclose that the deficit did not arise from handling first class mail at the present rates, but that it was caused by transporting tons of printed matter masquerading as literature, at one tenth the cost of carriage. If good Mr. Brown had mentioned this he would have had down on him editors and owners of all sorts of publications, from "The Ladies' Home Perverter" to "The True Story Weekly for Mental Cripples." These are made up of one tenth reading matter of various stages of imbecility, and nine tenths advertising! For ladies, face paint, hair dye, eye wash, and skin destroyer, sheer hosiery, foot correcting pumps, and innumerable devices to change for the worse the female form divine. For the men, cigarettes, with and without coughs, devices to convey safely six hats en tour, Kuppenheimers agonizing clothes, rainbow hosiery, self-propelling golf balls, methods of playing the Moonlight Sonata in five correspondence course lessons. For the benefit of public education such matter must be handled by the postoffice as a matter of charity. If Mr. Brown can not bring himself to lay a tariff on the advertising sections of magazines and must obtain more revenue from first class postage, I suggest that a sliding scale in keeping with the contents of the envelope be established. Let the cost of mailing a bill be assessed at ten cents and a request for payment twenty-five cents. This would remove some of the most disagreeable matter from the mails. Appeals for votes from political candidates setting forth their qualifications should require fifty cent stamps. Letters from children at school to lonely parents at home should pass for two cents providing they contain no appeal for funds. Tender messages of affection from fond parted lovers ought to

pass the world round for a penny stamp. Each may be identified by an arrow-transfixed-heart neatly etched on the lower left hand corner of the envelope. Letters between husband and wife ought to be carried free, so that the excuse of no stamp might fail. Envelopes with missives advertising radios, electric refrigerators, and dog collars should require a dollar stamp; those inclosing tickets to be paid for at one to five dollars, a ten dollar stamp. The subject can be elaborated, but these suggestions ought to persuade Postmaster Brown that his plan for increasing the letter rates may be made to benefit both the government and the public.

—Sara Houston '34

EVENING

Evening comes through the window —
Amethyst, gray,
Mist,— and a star,
Clouds drift high, far away
Where dreams and visions are.

Evening slips through the window —
Silver spindrift,
Crescenty moon.
Dreams and the moon fade swift,
And dawn breaks ever too soon.

—Mildred Harner '31

RIDING INTO THE DUSK

There is a strange tenderness about twilight, a deep, shy feeling both of communion and of isolation. As the air becomes a soft, cloudy, lavendar-blue, caressing the blatant colors and hard rigid lines of ugly houses into loveliness; as the train whistles and steamboat sirens mellow their shrillness to an almost plaintive tone; as the tops of trees against the horizon are tinted pale yellow and mauve by the last fading gleam of the sun — as the dusk is gathering, you watch, alone, from a quiet verandah. Something twists you within, unaccountable tears burn down your cheeks. You wipe them quickly away, in shame lest the newsboy racing across the lawn see them. Before he reaches the house, you step into the dark, protecting shadow of the trumpet vines that grow up to the porch roof. The boy slings the paper at your feet, mutters, "H'lo," and is gone. Winking a bit, you stoop to pick up the stiff, bent angle of paper, somehow not resenting the boy's rude hurrying as you usually do, but wondering instead if he had to leave his ball game to carry the papers, and if they will wait dinner for him at home. Then you turn slowly from the quiet street where the outlines of the slightly swaying young maples are beginning to blur and the grass across the way shows patches of faint silvery light that you thought, when you were little, were the places where fairies had come out of the earth. Going inside the house to the sophisticated, penetrating soft-

ness of frosted electric lights and the careful, mechanical quips of the radio announcer, you are soon briskly whipping cream for the shortcake and wondering what in the world made you so silly a few minutes ago. But you contrive to bring in the paper again next evening.

Somehow, the poignancy of dusk seems even greater when you are riding on a train into the misty mingling of night and dark. The detachment of a train journey, the delightful sensation of belonging exclusively to yourself, suddenly becomes loneliness, a longing to be part of a group, when you look out of the window and see evening coming in a country town. Children are racing home, jumping the borders of deep red geraniums or gay, lissome petunias, to go scampering up the porch steps. Plump aproned housewives smile and nod to each other as they come out to call, "Supper's ready!" Thin young fathers slip the evening paper into their pockets as they see roly-poly youngsters romping towards them. Stopping, they brace themselves for the little figures of pink or blue or yellow that come hurtling up, crying, "Ride me piggy-back, Daddy! Did you bring me anything, Daddy?"

You were glad, at bright noon, that you did not live in one of these towns of clapboard shoebox houses looking strange and new and ill-at-ease amid the too recent plantings of shrubs and stiff flowers. The women you glimpsed, hanging out their washings or weeding their little vegetable plots, had fretful commonplace faces above their limp Hoover aprons. The men coming from "Joe's Place" and the Bannerville Hotel and "Gecko's Palace of Sweets" walked torpidly, as they chewed the toothpicks that drooped from their mouths. Quarreling children pushed each other into the ditch and, seizing the marbles and balls of the younger ones, shrilled so they could be heard above the noise of the train, "Yah, see wot I got! Dontcha wish you had it, huh?"

But now the awkward outlines of the little houses are dimmed, they grow naturally out of the earth. The women smile a bit as they examine grimy hands and sigh instead of scolding about torn blouses. Gently, they push back the curling tendrils of perspiration-dampened hair that falls across the small flushed foreheads. You smile, too, as you lose sight of them in the dusk and wish that it were for yourself the train is slowing down to a jerky stop. An old man, wearing a G. A. R. badge, stiffly gets off. In the station yard, a stripling swings his long legs over the door of a hoodless, rusty model-T Ford and, loping noiselessly in his tennis shoes, comes across the plank platform, grins, picks up the frayed matting suitcase the conductor had set down, and says, "Have a good time at the encampment, grandpa?" Before the train grinds way, you hear grandpa answer eagerly, "Sure, Bobby, sure. It was real nice of you to meet me, Bobby."

It is almost dark now as the train pulls out of town. The pastures along the right-of-way are emptying, as the full-uddered cows slowly seek the red barns. In the distance, you glimpse stocky figures patting the animals and leading them into the barnyards. The pastures give way to the thick fields where slim stalks of corn and wheat bend under the weight of the grain and blend, in the faint light, into one deep endless curve. Lanes divide the dense masses. At the end of one is a faintly white house with a broad porch. In the last dim light you see a farm woman swing back the screen door and come out to a low rocker.

She sits down and drops her hands quietly in her lap, as though to say, "The day's work is done."

You strain to hold the sight as the train hurries noisily ahead. Suddenly, you realize you are seeing only a memory. Night has come. The train's whistle is eerie in the darkness. You shiver a little, lonesomely, and think of the pleasant-faced women in their thin, crisp dresses; the romping, tousled children; the welcoming fathers; the glad old veteran and the supple young boy; the tired, peaceful farm woman. If they had appeared in the glare of day, unsoftened by the grace and gentleness of twilight, you would have been quick to forget them; but you will remember gladly, someday, the wayside images of the dusk.

—Lois Sproull '31

WHO?

Who in the world can the people be who name our streets? Is there, somewhere in the city, a group of solemn, hard-working people who spend long hours in heated discussion and weary deliberation before choosing a name for a street? Or does their fate lie in someone's shutting his eyes and casually putting his finger on a list of prospective titles? It surely must be the latter way, else what of Chesterfield Road? Chesterfield Road! My mind's eye pictures a wide street of asphalt curving white between smoothly clipped lawns and shrubbery; big old houses, haughty and commanding. But does the name belong to such a setting? Indeed no, for Chesterfieid Road is neither wide nor sweeping but narrow and cobblestoned. It starts abruptly up and seems to end in the sky. On either side of the street a continuous row of houses that are not only identical, but joined each one to its neighbor, march drearily up the incline. Each has the same square of brown grass, the same steep steps, the same potted fir tree. The street spells monotony, but at last cleanliness holds sway; not so, however, in Strawberry Way. Can it be that this narrow alley, which lies deep in the shadow of tall buildings, cradeling puddles of muddy water and filthy scattered papers, was once a country lane? A damp brown road lying between banks of luscious, ripened berries? I cannot believe it! Strawberry Way taunts me almost as much as Doll avenue amuses me. What a name for a street! Especially for one so short and narrow, with little frame houses built directly to the edge of the meager red brick walk, and painted in gaudy colors with oddly contrasting shades for trimming. There is one house of not-quite Navy Blue, whose maroon door stands out amazingly. If this street were named for a doll it must have been a tattered and worn one. But Gully Lane is the most ill-chosen name of all. True enough, there is a gully nearby, but it is beautifully wooded and bridged by a span of concrete that is most picturesque arching against the greens. From its name, no doubt, one pictures a narrow cart-track careening through tall grasses. In reality, the street is of ordinary width and paved with new brick. The lawns and flowers are bright and cared-for, the houses fresh and modern. When I look at the signpost and then at the street is it any wonder that I am seriously thinking of hiring a detective to discover who really names our streets?

—Sara Allison '33

GLASS THAT GLITTERS

Ten cent store jewelry fascinates me. Whenever I have an insignificant stray dime, I join the traffic jam on Fifth Avenue, where I am initiated into its stampeding membership, and finally emerge, crushed but triumphant, in front of Woolworth's Emporium. What a store is the V and X! The bargains overwhelm me, until, like our Irish cleaning woman, I almost exclaim, "Well, what do ye think o' that? My, ain't the people gettin' smart nowadays!" I see so many things that I am positively certain I cannot do without, although I had never thought of them before. With my head as a battering ram, I push through the crowds gathered around the candy counter, the toys, and the notions. The creaky floor is keeping a rapid tattoo accompaniment to the terrible tin-pan piano, children are crying for everything they see, and I am wishing my dime multiplied by ten. Finally I am as close as a polite newcomer can expect to come to the table of tables — the jewelry counter. When from last man in the three deep line, I am promoted to a place in the front rank, I gaze upon an assortment of ear rings that would make the Queen of Sheba covet a ten cent store. Every jewel is genuine glass, every silver setting is guaranteed to be tin, but there is not a trinket on the table that would not provoke a Chicago gangster holdup. My thin dime begs to be off, but to decide whether one prefers a sparkling string of diamonds, a novelty pin, or one of the mound of jingling bracelets requires moments of serious thought. Finally with my newly acquired treasurer, I force a retreat through the pressing regiment. Two or three times in the jostling unsympathetic crowd I hastily glance into the little paper bag to see if my purchase still dazzles. Even now I am wearing one of my best beloved bargains, a little wrought tin ring with a shiny black stone. The stone rattles in its setting, the tin is showing through its silver surface, but my affection for my treasure increases daily. I always place it carefully upon the window sill when I wash dishes, and to go anywhere without it makes me feel as uncomfortable as when I forget my glasses. Oh Woolworth jewelry counter, what a treasure trove is yours! There is another dime in my pocket: can you guess where it will go to market?

—Hazel Snyder '31

UNCLE NED

The Mender of Watches and I were great friends, indeed, I was permitted to call him "Uncle." He has long been away, and perhaps I will never see him again. But, if the jolliest of little men should suddenly stand before me, I would say, "Whose turn to have the steak bone?" And then, round, bass chuckles would rise from the depths of his stoutness; the buttons on his expanded vest would strain in their buttonholes; and his watch chain would be stretched taut from pocket to pocket, as he laughed. For he would remember as distinctly as I do, the dinners at his house.

Such a dinner was always an Event. I would squirm and fidget all afternoon in his shop (thereby well-earning my name of Flumper) until his work was finished. Then he would take my hand in his plump one

and say cheerily, "Come eat with me." So, leaving behind us a row of repaired watches, a green eye-shade, a hundred minute tools, and many cases filled with sparkling rings and shining silverware, we would go home and "wash up." (I was never entirely clean, because, when he called me "Assistant," didn't I have to poke my nose and hands into everything to help him?) After we had quite thoroughly scrubbed ourselves, we would sit down at the table and gloat over the huge, juicy steak that Aunt Lou had just brought in. Uncle Ned would sharpen the carving knife with majestic flourishes and finally boom, "Whose turn to have the bone?" Whereupon, a debate would follow, and after this important question had been settled, we would all eat greedily, only pausing to hear another of his jokes. As soon as dinner was over, I expected card games and tricks to follow, and I was never disappointed. Uncle Ned knew fifty ways of playing solitaire and could pull out a card from behind my ear at a moment's notice.

Although, with his twinkly grey eyes, his growing bald spot, and his deep, friendly laugh, he did not in the least resemble a magician, he was one. For, could he not perform tricks, and put together the very tiniest of watches, and, most miraculous of all, get me out of scrapes? Whenever I managed to get into mischief, which I frequently did, Uncle Ned would somehow secure a pardon and restore me to good grace at home. On one occasion, I went skating on the pond after being forbidden to do so. I slipped and fell, soaking myself to the bone. Nearly frozen I ran to Uncle Ned's house to get dry. He phoned home and asked Mother to let me stay all night because we had important things to do — thereby safely removing me from paternal wrath! He was such a good friend of the family's, that they let me stay any time.

In fact, he was everybody's friend. If he walked down street, the people all along the way bowed and spoke to him. If he whistled ever so enchantingly, the robins would come to eat the fishing worms out of his hand. If he petted a dog, it would follow him for days. If he were happy we were happy. I have joked, worked, played, and eaten with him — he is my friend and I call him "Uncle."

—Margaret Goldberg '34

WHERE OH WHERE HAVE OUR LITTLE DOGS GONE?

There are dogs, and dogs — mostly dogs. All that we have owned have been hard to catalogue, and perhaps it is better so. The first dog that I remember answered, if the spirit moved him, to the name of Sport. A short-haired, lively little pup, he was althogether lovable and utterly fickle. He would sidle up to you with an irresistible jogging trot, snuggle down beside you with his smooth white head in your hand, and begin to express his grievances in devastating little grunts. Of course you responded. You were flattered to be his confidant, and you urged him to tell you all his troubles by many a loving stroke and comforting pat. You began to think that you were his favorite, that you were the only one in the family that really understood dogs, and that Sport, with his keen intuition, had sensed this and had chosen you as his idol and his adored master. If his eyelids began to droop and close, and open again only at longer and longer intervals until he was fast asleep in

your arms, your sensibilities were deeply touched; but should he catch a whiff of any attractive odor, or should a dog's bark from far down the street reach his sharp ears, he would desert you promptly and without explanation, as much as to say that you were all right so long as there was nothing more interesting to be found. Sport was fanatically persistent in his belief that a passing automobile was a monster which it was his duty to vanquish, and not one was allowed to advance up the street without a ferocious and valiant attack by the self-appointed champion of the neighborhood. As it was to be expected, Sport snapped once too often at a flying wheel and suffered a mishap. It was a pitiful, bedraggled, and yelping hero that limped ingloriously homeward, dangling a crippled paw to rearward. We nursed our veteran devotedly after his leg had been carefully set and bandaged. The veterinary's orders were followed to the letter, and Sport fared like a prince and stuffed like a pig. For more than a month he convalesced in luxury, and gradually grew strong and active again and altogether able to take care of himself. No sooner did the deference paid him begin to wane, however, than Sport's flame of devotion began also to burn low. On the third day after the doctor had dismissed him as completely cured, Sport disappeared forever.

Many dogless years went by before my sister was presented with Cappy. To understand the situation, you must know that Cappy was a three-weeks old German police puppy when he made his debut — a shivery, starving, distressed little gray baby that stood on four wobbly paws by the kitchen stove and yelped. Yelped steadily. Yelped vehemently. Yelped for twenty-four hours. He was so very young and so very lonesome that it was days before he made friends with us and began to enjoy life just a little. There was a heated discussion about a name for the dog. Mother held out for Bismarck as befitting his native land; Peg pled for Mussolini; and so we compromised on Cappy. At first the little fellow could not climb from one step of the stairs to another, and would tremble as he looked fearfully downward from an eight-inch height. Yet it was only six weeks later that Mother found him in the kitchen sink. Cappy was Peg's dog, and had Peg not had plans of her own that interfered, his stay with us would have been of longer duration. As it happened, Peg did have other plans — plans for a wedding next month — and in the contract for an apartment dogs are specifically not included. And so it was that Cappy left us just as abruptly as he had come, leaving behind him the sort of empty feeling that haunts you after the circus parade has passed.

And now my other sister has been presented with a dog. Without any forewarning whatsoever, a huge crate was deposited at her door one afternoon, and she was asked to sign on the dotted line for the delivery of one dog. Nan took just one agonized look at the gleaming eyes behind the bars, and flew to the telephone. "Dave! There's a great big dog on our porch in a great big crate, and I don't know what to do with him. What can I possibly do?" She was desparate. The baby's bottle was altogether forgotten and the carrots cooked dry and kept on cooking, while Nan tried frantically to keep the neighborhood children from teasing the dog, and explained to Willie Davis's mother that a puppy was only playing when he took a little piece out of your

trousers. When Dave came home and unpacked the dog, he was discovered to be an Alsatian wolfhound with a ponderous pedigree, and was a present to the baby! He was to eat only green vegetables and a little meat, and he was to be fed at specific hours every day. By the time Nan had spent one day paring carrots and cooking hamburg steak between the baby's bottles and the washer woman's lunch, she began to realize the immensity of the proposition. Furthermore, she was afraid to touch him, and jumped at his slightest movement. She suffered a horrible shock when a sooty, shaggy creature, which she had believed to be securely tied, came bounding up to jump all over her when she went to the cellar with the baby's washing. Ivory Soap Flakes and diapers flew to the four corners of the room as Nan tumbled desperately up the steps. Needless to say, there was no washing done that day.

Perhaps, you say, we are not true lovers of dogs. Perhaps. And yet, you see, we have not had any for very long, and they have all been puppies when they came and when they left. They loved us when they were with us, and we loved them; but it is easy to forget. And so, perhaps, our love was puppy love. Perhaps.

—Sarah R. Stevenson '33

SUNDAY

Mrs. Waters' only other boarder, the coughing old man in the next room, had left hours ago to spend the Sunday with his daughter on the South Side; and still Ralph lay in bed, idly watching a bit of sunshine trickle along the green roses on the wall-paper. Through the thin floor he could hear the shush-shush of Mrs. Waters' slippers in the kitchen, and could smell the acrid odor of coffee that had boiled too long. He should have told Mrs. Waters that he wouldn't have breakfast very early after a night at the Young Draftman's Club. It had been a late meeting. They had stayed till nearly three o'clock, laughing and smoking stogies, and Bill Fluden had drawn caricatures of everyone at the office. Only the caricature of old Mr. Duffus, Pope Pius as the fellows called him, Ralph hadn't laughed at. It hadn't seemed quite right to make fun of the poor old man when he was sick, even though he did wear a skull-cap and two pairs of glasses.

A sparrow began chipping to himself outside the window. Ralph got up to shoo it away from the little dish of pot-cheese he had put on the window-sill, then came back to look at himself in the dresser mirror. His long strips of tanish hair, still dank and sticky with the oil with which he had plastered them down the night before hung down to his eyes and the scraggling bit of bristle on his upper lip drooped untidily, as though the stogies had scorched it. The other fellows all made fun of that mustache — said there must be some girl who liked skinny fellows with red mustachés. Ralph knew better.

Looking for his comb, he noticed that his dresser-top had been cleaned. The pin-cushion with thick dirty lace around its edge, the mangy shaving brush and china-dog bank were all laid neatly along a fair white dresser scarf. The clean scarf gave Ralph a sudden, uplifted feeling — a feeling that he must go to church and sit with other

people who had clean dresser scarfs. Any way, his mother liked him to go to church. He would tell her that he had gone in his next letter. Hoping that Mrs. Waters' coffee would keep him awake through the sermon, he pinned on a clean, but buttonless green shirt, and rubbed his face with bay-rum.

He went down side-streets on the way to church, lest the other fellows should see him. The streets were noisy, yet full of Sunday. Housewives in aprons trimmed with embroidered daisies were whisking bits of dust off their porch-steps. They did not swing their arms briskly as on week-days, but swept half-reluctantly, as though to explain that it was not their fault that they had to clean on the Sabbath; while their houses, grayer than ever beneath the milky-blue sky, stared across the street at each other, with the same vacant expression that is seen in the faces of men who are having their shoes shined. Milkmen were still running back and forth, but they had tied little red tassles to their horses blinders, and did not rattle bottles as carelessly as they had done on Saturday. Nearer the church Ralph met little girls running home from Sunday-school, fluttering white papers emblazoned with many-colored script, and crushing with their patent-leather slippers the sticky green buds that had fallen on the flag-stones. Ralph thought of his own small sisters as he watched them. He would have liked to go home some Sunday, if the fare had not been two dollars for one way.

It was hot in the church — so hot that the heat had drawn out all the fusty smell of old leather from the hymn-books, then gone to hang in stuffy little waves around the stained glass window. Ralph sat far to one side with his back against the wall, for he hated to think that people looked at the back of his neck as he looked at theirs. It was queer, he thought, how different the backs of people's necks could be; some were very thick and wrinkled, some yellow, and some very red, as though scrubbed with strong soap . . .

"There is a home on high," the choir was singing. Ralph thought again of old Mr. Duffus. He wondered whether, if the old man died, they would take away his over-shoes from beneath his high stool, or whether they would leave them there, with toes together and heels apart just as Mr. Duffus had always sat. It would be awfully strange not to see him again hunched over his papers. nor to watch his eye-brows rise until many wrinkles formed on his bony forehead. Ralph felt his hands grow too large and his collar to small. He fixed his eyes on a little screw in the seat ahead of him.

The minister was praying now. The old lady beside Ralph, with a splotch of rose-colored light from the window falling on her brown taffeta dress, sniffed ever so slightly when any mention was made of the forgiveness of sin. People coughed, trying not to make their pews creak . . . "And bless our homes, our children, our far-sighted institutions . . . " The minister's voice pitched higher and higher, as thought each word must be a little golden stair to lead souls up to God. . . .

Ralph was glad to be out in the air again. It seemed that all the world must have stopped moving while he was in church — that only now had the pale little blades of grass begun to sprout again beside the church steps and the wind blow anew from the west. He hesitated a

moment on the curb, then wandered slowly down the street toward Mr. Duffus' house. He tried not to hurry; some of the fellows might see him go, and think he really cared about Pope Pius.

The air was softer and less misty than it had been in the morning. There were more buds fallen on the pavements — some tiny yellow ones, and some large and white, like startled snow flakes that had wandered into the wrong world. Ralph walked three blocks and under the railway, then turned into Allister street. Mr. Duffus and his wife lived in one of a far-reaching row of brown, loosely-built little houses, with mud on their steps, and ferns on the porch-railing. Ralph tried to feel unconcerned as he rang the bell. After all, Duffus was an old man, and old men must die sometime . . .

A small old woman, with softly wrinkled brown skin and sunken lips, opened the door, and stood patiently waiting for him to speak.

"I-I just came to ask about Mr. Duffus — if he was getting better —"

"Yes, he will get better. The doctor said the crisis was past last night, and he's resting easy."

Ralph looked beyond the woman into the hall; there were worn old coats and jackets hung on a rickety old coat-rack, and a stiff little chair whose back was half-hidden in the gloom of the stair-case. "I'm glad of that. That's fine," he said awkwardly, "Is there anything I could do — to help?"

"No, thank you," said the old woman almost shortly. "I'll tell him you called."

Ralph walked down to the end of the street, then stood there, leaning against a fence and staring down at his yellow oxfords. He told himself that he hoped Mrs. Duffus would forget to tell Duffus that he had called; the news might get back to the office. Yet he felt strangely in need of a stogie to strengthen him. At last he started for home. Mrs. Waters would have the chuck-roast waiting for him; he would eat it in the cluttered dining-room with Mrs. Waters' gossip for company, then smoke with the other fellows at the drug-store for the rest of the afternoon. He breathed in great puffs of smoke from his stogie, while a strong light wind blew over his hot cheeks, filling him with a warm joy.

"Gosh!" he whispered to himself, "Gosh, I'm glad the old man did pull through!"

—Marjorie Hopkins '33

WHERE THE CURRYS LIVED

On a stretch of sprawling countryside that flowed down and over gradual slopes of hilly farm land lay the Curry homestead. A frame structure of sober gray, with a porch which pleasantly bordered it in front, the house fitted most happily into the setting provided by Nature. If it was Spring when you visited the Curry homestead, and I hope it was, the broad bank of hillside which shelves below the cinder drive would be covered with violets. Here the young girls of the church used to come every year for a violet-picking day, and then the spot would be fairly bobbing with freshly starched ginghams and bright ribbon bows

clinging to flying pigtails. The low square porch which opened from the kitchen at the rear of the house was the headquarters of the cats. Nobody knew how many cats Aunt Bessie supported, least of all Aunt Bessie. They were every one offspring of old Minnie, but her progeny multiplied too rapidly for accurate tabulation. They would all repair silently to the porch as hunger became oppressive, lap milk avidly from the ever-present saucer, and as silently saunter away to their individual haunts of family life. Halfway down the path to the barn was the spring-house, a place that always harbored for me a shadow of mystery. It was so cool, with a coolness that was moist and sudden and dark, for only tiny slits of sunlight could filter through the honeysuckle vines which screened the windows. Some one had told me that the spring-house was not strong, and that the roof was beginning to sag and rot; and so I always stooped to enter its low doorway and scuttled out, on tip-toe, my eyes inevitably trained upward, watching for the anticipated collapse. The barn was a large black structure with wide doors which swung impressively outward on their hinges. Here Old Joe had his stall, and here the buggy always waited in readiness, whether it be for a long drive over the countryside, or a joggy trot after wild cherry blossoms, or a sedate ride along paved streets to show Cousin Mary "the sights o' town." Old Joe was a most agreeable horse, caring not a bit how many tousled youngsters stretched their legs over his broad, red-brown back; and Thomas was the jolliest sort of person to be driving a buggy, for whenever a level stretch of road hove in sight he would calmly entrust the reins to a pair of grimy little hands that fairly twitched in ecstasy. It is no wonder that the barn held something of allurement for me, and that its gaping black doorway might lead to all sorts of adventures. Along one side of the homestead was a long low stone wall which supported the whole upper hillside on its slim shoulders. As if to lighten the burden of the little wall, and reward its efforts, a row of the gayest, brightest nasturtiums staged a continuous riot, and even toppled some of their number over the face of the wall to hang in disheveled loveliness against the rough, dark stone.

The whole farm was full of pleasant spots. There were so many good places to hide Easter baskets. The haymow, or the shadowy recesses of the woodshed, or Aunt Bessie's little evergreen tree — any of these places was just right for concealing a gay straw basket and its precious contents. And there were warm Sunday afternoons, when we carried curved-back rockers from the porch and sat under the trees. The children worked picture puzzles on a wooden table, or hunted for four-leaf clovers in the grass, and the older folks talked on and on of places, and old times, and friends. When everywhere else the air was sultry and dry, there was just a breath of cool breeze that frisked about under the lilac trees at the foot of he violet patch. We often retreated here to fling ourselves face downward on the dark green grass, and drink deeply of the moist earthy air that seeps through rich brown soil. And when our noses were yellowed with buttercup dust and our hands stained with strawberry juice, there was a wash-bowl of clear cool water waiting for us in the house, and afterwards a supper of cold meat and biscuits and honey. If there was a sharp edge to the evening air, a bright coal fire in the living-room was enough to warm the most shivery

old lady, as the flames leaped high they danced in reflection over the pictures on the wall and made them twinkle with delight. When a storm raged outside, the window-panes rattled noisily to defy the elements and grimly applaud the fortunes of the souls within their keeping. Even the old brass fire-tongs blinked a friendly twinkle. The old homestead was so full of happiness itself that it did not mind spilling a bit to others.

—Sarah R. Stevenson '33

LOVELINESS IN *THE SQUIRE'S TALE*

As much of the tale as appears here is made up of two stories. First there is the tale of the knight giving the ring, the mirror, and the horse to Cambyuscan and his daughter, Canacee. This tale is incomplete and only the ring is accounted for. The story of the falcon, which involves the magic qualities of the ring is the second part and the one I find particularly lovely. The style throughout this entire section is delicate and flowing like a tiny brook. Here is the woodland, fresh and green and not too wild. Here is the maiden, rising early upon the infant beauty of the day, restless as though even the mere possession of the ring has inspired her with a knowledge of the sorrow in the wood. And here is the falcon, half swooning upon her perch in the tree, sighing in a tiny falcon way over a very human sorrow.

"Amyde a tree, for drye as whit as chalk,
As Canacee was pleying in hir walk,
There sat a faucon over hire heed ful hye
That with a pitous voys so gan to crye
That all the wood resounded of hir cry."

The bird had, in the excess of her sorrow, beaten her body against the tree till her blood stained the trunk. Canacee, by virtue of the magic ring, understood the falcon's plea and with a simple spontaeous gesture of sympathy, went to the tree.

"And on this falcon looketh pitously,
And heeld hir lappe abrood, for wel she wiste
The faucon moste fallen fro the twist.
Whan that it swowned next, for lakke of blood."

There is something very delicate and appealing about this sorrowful bird in the "furial pyne of helle." Something of the enchanted maiden gazing out upon "perilous seas to fairy lands forlorn." Yes, it is good to liken her to a maiden, for if sorrow makes mankind transcend humanity, should not sorrow bestow humanity upon the lesser creatures?

But more than that, the falcon's unhappiness is communicated as much by the intense compassion of Canacee as by any description of the bird herself. By virtue of this compassion, Canacee imparts a little of the glow of her own humanity to the bird and the two become sisters in sorrow, the compassionate one unhappy in the other's unhappiness.

This utter yielding of herself to the bird's plight has a rare beauty

and is a substance that poetic phrases may cling to as they must ever cling to that which they express artlessly and inevitably. Here are two lovely maidens all the lovelier for their sorrow. One tells the other of her lover's perfidy and the other listens with a soothing pity as though she might be listening to the tale, not only of her bird-sister, but of her own soul.

—Beatrice Lewis '31

'TEEN AGE

It is a strange thing, but oh so true, that what is hilariously funny to older people is stark tragedy to the adolescent. As people grow older they forget the many embarrassments and uncomfortable situations that they went through, and thus their ability to sympathize and understand that strange phenomenon — the younger generation — disappears, and the only ability that remains is the one to laugh, and to laugh loudly and long. So it is with Snookie, fourteen years old and who, as she once said, is just "budding into womanhood." Snookie feels that her family simply misunderstands her. "Weren't you ever my age?" she will ask them in her best Ethel Barrymore voice, and they merely smile, saying, "Yes, but we never acted like you."

It was Friday evening and Snookie hoped to have a Date — not one of those seven-thirty arrangements with warning from the head of the house to be in by ten-thirty, but a real Date, a nine-till-one dance with black walnut waffles afterwards at Gammons. Sundry members of the family had collected in the front room after dinner to discuss whether Snookie should be allowed to stay out so late. It was Snookie's turn to help with the dishes, but she managed to keep one ear cocked as she ran the carpet sweeper around the dining room and placed the chairs against the wall. There was the master of the house, his back to the fire, surveying his progeny with a calculating eye and rocking back and forth on his heels and toes; the mistress of the house, seated at the radio, yet not daring to turn on Amos and Andy and interrupt so serious a conclave; John and Dave on the floor, hunched over the funnies like Moslems at prayer, the hob-nails on their heels gleaming in the firelight; Jane squatted on the footstool, leafing the pages of the latest *Good Housekeeper*; and five-year-old Ella Ruth, a little nervous over the solemnity of the occasion, taking out and sliding in again the bobbie pin that held her perky red hair-ribbon in place.

"You know yourself, Dad," said Jane, who was the oldest, "that you never allowed me to go out until I was sixteen." The head of the house merely jingled the loose change in his trouser pockets.

"That's because you were never asked," yelled Snookie in her high-pitched voice from the dining room, where she was scraping crumbs from the table cloth. "And I think you're all real mean," she added, "if you don't let me go. Why He is even bringing the car."

"Is He old enough to drive?" some one asked wickedly.

"I'll have you know He was sixteen yesterday, and anyway, He has been driving since He was eleven."

"Well, go and help Barbara with the dishes," said the master

"We can settle this matter without any more assistance." Then the mistress of the house, always soft-hearted and peace-loving, said,

"Why not let her go, George? No harm can come of it, and besides He is a very well behaved boy. His mother is a lovely woman and he has nice manners. He is a perfect gentleman."

"Well — I was going to say 'yes' anyway," said the patriarch, taking up the *Press* and thereby dismissing the matter. Everyone was surprised at the sudden change of mind, but no one was as unwise as to say so. John and Dave went on with their funnies, Jane commenced to read in earnest, the mistress of the house turned on Phil Cook and the Quaker Oats Hour, and Ella Ruth, who had been anxiously awaiting the decision, scuttled out to the kitchen to Snookie.

"Mother says He is a perfect gentleman and Daddy's reading the paper," she announced in a sing-song tone. Snookie, gingerly drying the carving knife, almost cut herself in her excitement and relief. Barbara, the colored cook, who was washing the dishes, emitted one of her musical "Heh-heh's" and then said in that almost unintelligible lingo of southern negroes, "Miz Snooke, you bettah go up and get all youah finery on. Heh-heh! Heah, lemme finish wipin them plates."

"Thanks, Barbara," said Snookie, much relieved, for she had to sneak a pair of Jane's chiffon stockings and needed time as well as strategy. Pausing at the doorway she added, having noted Barbara's sloppy shoes, and stockings that hung in folds about her queer shaped legs, "And listen, Barbara, I want you to be sure to answer the door, so will you put on your uniform and the white apron and cap? He is coming at nine."

"Suah, Miz Snooke, I'll get dolled up foah you. I'll greet him, all smiles, suah, heh-heh!" Snookie went up the back stairway two steps at a time, thinking fast as she went,

"Now I've just one hour in which to get Jane's stockings, find Mother's rouge, file my nails, take a bath and get dressed. Can I do it?" As she passed Jane's door she decided that now was as good a time as any to procure a pair of stockings. "Jane's downstairs reading," she thought, "or is Jane the person that's in our bathroom. Well, take a chance," she urged herself and thereupon went boldly in. Switching on the desk light, Snookie went over to the dresser, stealthily opened the third drawer down, and pawed over the neatly piled underwear until she came to what felt and looked to be the pair of stockings she wanted. She pulled them out to the light. "Yes, these were the ones. Was that a runner?" she almost had heart failure. "No, only a snag. Now, to get out of here." Just then Snookie heard the key turning in the bathroom door. With one bound she was in her own room shoving the precious stocking under the bed pillow. Beginning to undress she hummed a nondescript tune in the most careless manner to throw Jane off the scent if she suspected something. But it was not Jane after all, only David. He stuck his head in Snookie's door and shouted, "Hey, you, it's after eight!" and then clumped down the stairs, leaving a trail of dried mud on every step.

While Snookie rushed madly from bathroom to bed-room, and Barbara hurriedly finished the dishes to have time to get "dolled up," the master and mistress of the house settled down to a quiet evening of

reading and radio. John and David were out in the kitchen running John's steam engine, and Ella Ruth, afraid of missing something, hovered from kitchen to library. Barbara shuffled down the back stairway, all starched and white and smelling strongly of violet toilet water. Glancing at the clock and finding that it was only ten minutes to nine, she said to John, "I'm goin' out to the garage to get some clothespins, I'll be right back." She went out, slamming the door. Ella Ruth watched her through the window, "Look Davie, I can still see Barbara's white dress, and it's real dark out, too. John's steam engine chugged on with its monotonous put-put- and the kitchen began to smell heavily of kerosene. Suddenly the front door bell whirred over John's head. Now no one knew that Barbara was to answer the bell, no one except Snookie, singing away in the bathroom, and Barbara herself, who was at this minute locking the garage door and preparing to come back. Ella Ruth squealed, "I'll answer it," and scooted through the pantry to the dining room.

"No, you don't, said John, going a much shorter route that led directly into the hall. They both reached the door at the same time, Ella Ruth with her hair ribbon over one ear and John's face smeared with grease from the steam engine. John pulled so hard on the door that it knocked both him and Ella Ruth on the floor, while He — He was precipitated on top of them with Peter, the next door neighbor's dog, dancing about them all, barking delightedly. The master of the house came out to the hall and said in a stern tone, "What's all this?" and Jane poked her head over the bannister and yelled, "Hey!" What's the matter down there?" When the badly embarrassed sixteen-year-old boy picked himself off the floor, his face getting redder with each passing second, and Ella Ruth and John began arguing over whose fault it was, and Peter yelped excitedly — even the head of the household had to laugh. Just then Barbara, puffing for breath, rushed in from the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, suh. (Puff, puff). Heah I am all dressed up to meet folks and look what happened. Heh-heh!"

"Won't you come in and sit down," said the patriarch to the young man, whose face by degrees was becoming lighter. Then addressing John and Ella Ruth, "Here, you two, simmer down." It was at this particular moment, however, that Snookie chose to make her grand descent. They heard her heels tripping on the landing and then she burst upon them in the brightest of green chiffon with slippers to match. Peter leaped at her delightedly. "Oh," she squealed, "Get down, Peter. Daddy, call Peter."

John whistled to him instead, "Here Petere, Here Peter!" Then He, now thoroughly embarrassed that so many people should be watching him help Snookie with her coat, began to redden again. Ella Ruth sniffed the air about Snookie for a moment and then chanted,

"Oh you have Mother's perfume on — You have Mother's Perfume on." At last He and Snookie were leaving — the front door slid shut and as Ella Ruth pressed her nose against the window pane she caught a glimpse of them going down the steps, Snookie with one hand linked on his arm and with the other holding up the green chiffon skirt like some delicate belle of 1890.

Now psychologists term this period of embarrassments and mortifications — adolescence, a word with wide scope of meaning, but I prefer to name it 'Teen Age, or in the language of Snookie, "a budding into womanhood."

—Betty Graham '33

GAMMA GAMMA GAMMA

The most dominant urge in a fifteen year old girl is to join a sorority. It is at this age that interest in Girl Scouts wanes and the old satisfaction in scrambling eggs over a smoky camp-fire at six o'clock in the morning is being replaced by a desire for pretty clothes and the attention of gangling boys, still damp behind the ears. Snookie, being no red trillium in a mass of white nor a black sheep among its brothers, is no exception, and when the leaders of her crowd organized the Gamma Gamma Gamma's it became her one purpose in life to join their sorority. As yet she had not been asked to become a member, but as she calmly told the family, "You have to work to get yourself in, and you don't dare let them know that you're crazy to join." Thus at fifteen was born a politician, a wire-puller. The family was never cognizant of just what diplomacy Snookie used, yet within a month she came home effervescing with the news that she was pledged to the SORORITY. What willing sacrifice and hardships she has suffered for the sake of her idol, her god! After having carried her lunch to school for two weeks to save money for dues, and endured the discomfort that comes from wearing three pairs of sox at one time, the next problem that loomed on her sorority horizon was to make a blouse and jumper. It seems that all good Gamma Gamma Gamma's must needs appear at football games and such like to cheer on the "boys" in the traditional black jumper and yellow blouse. Hence, although Snookie is a frightful sewer she had to construct a jumper in some way. After accidentally cutting the left and right gores in half, and ripping out and sewing together again three fourths of the seams, she managed to evolve what looked to be a jumper — rather bunchy at the shoulders and decidedly uneven as to hem, but still a jumper. As for the blouse — well, the family hated to see three yards of yellow silk go the way of all bad sewers and had a dressmaker finish it.

Because her sorority troubles always strike us as killingly funny. we are not as sympathetic with Snookie as we might be. For instance the other evening, the family had just sat down to dinner, and the head of the house, pulling his napkin out of the ring and tucking it in his vest, asked majestically, "Where are all you children going tonight?" He fixed Snookie with a stern eye while she looked down at her plate.

"Dad, our sorority — ." There were titters.

"Quiet!" commanded the master of the house.

"Our sorority is having a dance — "

"A dance!" he snorted, "Where?" From the side lines some one captioned, sotto voice, "Dad plays the heavy father."

"At the Morrowfield."

"Morrowfield? Where is that?" Four voices broke out.

"You know, on Murray. Gee, Dad, you're dumb. You know, Murray." Some one loyally protested.

"Well, he ain't no taxi-driver."

"I didn't say he was, but even the dumbest taxi-driver — "

"What part of the Morrowfield?" the master was persistent.

"In the Blue Grotto."

"Get that, she says grotto," said a voice. Will she be paddling around in a gondola?"

"Greta, will there be a moon?" put in a second voice. "I know, Greta and her Grotto, Greta and her Grotto," the voice chanted "that would make a good theme song. Somebody hold my hand while I set it to music."

"Come on everybody," piped another voice, "Greta and her Grotto Greta and her Grotto." We all came in strong on the chorus. This was too much for Snookie and with a stormy, "You all simply sickun me," she rushed from the room, holding her napkin to her face to stop the rush of tears which she was sure would be along any minute. We heard her door slam upstairs and then we began to laugh and didn't stop till the master of the house ordered silence.

Buying pins will undoubtedly be the next venture of the Gamma Gamma Gammas, but like the poor author of the Rover Boys, dear readers, I must leave our heroine and her unfeeling family until a later date.

—Betty Graham '33

TO BE CONTINUED

Gentle reader, when is a book most satisfying? The answer comes back, when it is a book in a series. What a hardhearted creature is the author who states on the last page of his enthralling story: " — so the Lone Rider was gone forever. The End" or "Leslie, Leslie, I love you. And I need you so. The End." The end — the story is finished, and there you sit, gentle reader, staring dazed and disconsolate into space for the next twenty minutes. Now the serial story is not so. It goes on and on seemingly forever, growing more tangled and complicated until, for lack of space, the author pens "To be continued". The play is not over! The show will go on! You go about your work with your head in the clouds of sublime and absentminded contemplation.

Serial stories have always delighted me. Before I could read I adored Uncle Wiggly bedtime stories with their ridiculous morals. Someone was always going to eat poor Uncle Wiggly or nibble his ears. But underneath your scared feeling you knew he would be safe because — well, Uncle Wiggly had to be on hand for tomorrow's bedtime story. Uncle Wiggly lost favor during my first reading days of the Bobbsy Twins and of Buster Brown and His Sister Sue. The curly headed Bobbsy twins were so fortunate. Every time they started to school, an epidemic broke out or the boiler burst, so the Bobbsys could take a trip someplace. I played with the Bobbsy twins for almost two years, especially at Christmas and birthday times when everyone in the neighborhood slyly asked Santa for a different Bobbsy Twin

book to put into circulation. The twins were still as adventurous as ever when I left them to accompany Tom Swift on his expeditions. Tom's father was an inventor, so Tom had all kinds of machines, and submarines and airships. We were always finding buried treasure, or solving a mystery. Of course whenever the villains came along we had better guns than they did, so we could put their machinery out of commission. But I left Tom in the lurch when a new girl in the neighbor- introduced us to poor little Elsie Dinsmore. We felt so sorry for tragic golden-haired Elsie who cried every time she was happy or sorrowful. We wept with her continuously, book after book, so that the pages blurred and we lived our days in an enjoyable state of perfect misery. When parental objection tore us away from our pathetic Elsie, we made friends with Lucy Fitch Perkin's Twins. There were oh so many of them — French, Scotch, Mexican, Dutch and Belgian, but it seemed as if in each book the same twins jumped to another country and changed their names. We had such good times jumping over the map that way, playing robber in the glens of Scotland, helping the Belgian twins to find their mother and father during the World War, being kidnapped with the Italian twins. But when we met Ruth Fielding and Grace Harlowe, we forgot all about the twins. My new friends went to private boarding schools! They never studied — once in a while they finished a theme before rushing off to a fudge party; but you see there were always too many mysteries to solve. Then I joined the Boy Scout and Girl Scout camping series. None of these series seemed to end. Each book gave the latest villain his just deserts, and added, "And now dear readers, what really did happen to our heroes will be told in the next volume of this series to be called: The Boy Scouts on the Prairies, or The Treasure of Golden Peak; and you closed the book, not with a sigh of regret, but a sigh of anticipation.

Surely you remember our hero? Horatio Alger introduced us. Always our hero was a poor but honest son of a widow, or he had no relatives at all, and the rich squire's son with the shifty eyes was so mean to him. But our hero overcame all obstacles and thrashed the squire's son in the bargain. These books were not really a series but you could depend upon our hero to run true to form. Have I forgotten my Little Women series, and King Arthur stories and the days when Gene Stratton Porter was my favorite author? If I had liked books in a series before them, I loved them thereafter. To live in the world of your favorite characters for months at a time through book after book is a blissful sort of existence to which single books, complete and isolated, cannot hold a candle.

I continued to read serial stories — if not by books, then in magazine installments. The story there is at least prolonged, and if I am reading four or five at once, so much the better. I need not mourn the inevetable day even in a magazine serial story when the author admits that his story is finished. There are other serials left to smile tantalizingly at me with the magic words, "To be continued".

HAZEL SNYDER '31

FANNIE BELLE

Looking through an old photograph album the other evening I happened on a picture of Fannie Belle. I had almost forgotten that such a person ever existed, although for almost a year we were bosom friends. But friendship to ten-year-olds is a flitting thing, and Fannie Belle went out of my life as quickly as she had come. How that little snapshot, still clear and unfaded brings back all the memories of her. Yes, there she is, just as I remember her; black hands thrust into the shallow pockets of her checked gingham dress, her head of black pigtails slightly bent so that the whites of her eyes show plainly as she looks at the camera. Fannie Belle was not a big child for her age, but what an amount of strength that little frame concealed. She could fight as well as any boy, and I am sure that is one reason why I liked her; she was a protector as well as a friend.

I had great admiration for her abilities as a pugilist, but it was not through gratitude, but pity, that I made her acquaintance. There were few colored children at that time in the community where we live, and when Fannie Belle came to school she was practically ignored, not because we had any feeling of race repugnance, but merely because we realized that she was so very different from the rest of us. When the teacher placed her directly across the aisle from me I regarded her as a sort of curiosity, with her smooth black skin and clean patched clothes. We all thought that she was tremendously stupid, too, for she never spoke, just shook her kinky head slowly, or ventured an occasional, "Ah don't know". Valentine Day came not long after she had been there, and after lunch we all hurried past the big white box decorated with red hearts and bare little cupids, to "mail" our valentines. How excited we all were! Not one boy or girl had a perfect spelling paper, and the arithmethic class was a complete failure. After Arabella Bond, the smartest little girl in the room swore that a hundred into a hundred was nothing the teacher gave up and announced that we would open the box. Off came the lid, and the fun began. Across the aisle Fannie Belle's limpid black eyes were shining, and she leaned eagerly forward on her desk. The room was in an uproar; such rippings and slittings of envelopes, such laughter, shouts and excited inquiries. One after one the white envelopes were given out. Everybody had skippd up the alsle at least three or four times — everyone but Fannie Belle. Suddenly I looked up from gloating over my little hoard and saw her, sitting there with a heartbroken little droop about her shoulders and her black eyes sunk in tears. I felt so sorry for her. Hastily I chose the biggest, laciest valentine of all, and another of less importance, and slipped them over to Fannie Belle's desk. She eyed them shyly, hesitated, fingered them eagerly, and finally accepted them outright with a bright smile through her tears. After school I caught up with Fannie Belle and we walked together as far as my corner, where I left her to trudge on home, a pathetic little figure with too-big goloshes that made loud clumping sounds, and a shabby blue long coat sizes too small for her that made her legs look ridiculously long and spindley, and left an inch of bare skin at the wrists before her gloves began.

After that we became good friends, and gradually some of the other little girls accepted her, especially Rhoda. Rhoda and I agreed that Fannie Belle was really very nice. She walked home with us every afternoon after school, and when the weather grew sunshiny and warm we used to sit in a row on the front porch steps and talk. Our chief topic of discussion, as I remember it now, was about a book called, "The Secret Garden", which the teacher read to us every Friday afternoon, and for which we could scarcely wait from week to week. It was a most fascinating tale and I remember how Fannie used to tilt her head knowingly and tell what She thought would happen in that slow negro voice. She had a brightly colored imagination and would often exclaim suddenly, "Well, ah bets that when —", and on and on she would go weaving a solution of her own which always involved ghosts and bogies, and even murderers. She also had a supply of stories concerning her own personal experiences, which were as strange and varied as the Arabian Knights, but each and every one of which she swore was "De Truth". And she would raise a lank right arm above her head, and roll her black eyes heavenward to prove it.

As Fannie Belle grew to know everyone better, and was able to single her friends from her enemies she took a definite stand for her rights. Those who shunned her, she ignored; also those who tormented her, unless their tricks became too unbearable, then she would chase them for blocks, her little pigtails flopping, her long dusky legs flying, her hands clenched furiously. If a little girl called her "nigger", she would look at her hatefully and answer, "pooah white trash!"; but if it were a little boy she would fly at him like a wildcat, feet kicking, arms flying wildly, hitting and scratching. While I was in Fannie Belle's company I bore a charmed life. In winter I walked safely home without fear of facewashings, or near-at-hand snowballs. In Spring little boys with wiggling earthworms kept a respectable distance, or crept up on less fortunate little girls. More than once Fannie battled for my sake.

She fought mostly winning combats at that, but if she did not avenge an insult with teeth and nails her glory came when she was appointed Desk Inspector. This was a very responsible position, and it was Fannie Belle's duty to go about the room at the end of each day and examine all the desks to see that they contained no paper, and that all the books were neatly arranged. Desks with excess paper, chewing gum wrappers, tin foil or other likely obstructions were to be reported. Too many reports involved one in grave consequences. Fannie Belle would go up and down the aisles stooping agily to peer into the dark recesses. My desk was often stuffed with papers, the books were crammed in carelessly, but she passed quickly by with a mere glance that seemed to say, "no question about that." But woe be to the small boy who tweaked her kinky braids, mimicked her speech and called her "nigger." She would stoop before his desk, frown, shake her head sadly, then straighten up with a Jeanne d'Arc expression on her face and drawl, "This he-ah desk's jest aw-ful, Miss Gates." Miss Gates would consult her list. "That's the third time for you this month, Johnnie. You'll have to stay until four-thirty Friday." Friday! And Friday's the day of the dime matinee of the "Indians Are Coming". Fan-

nie would go on down the aisle stooping first on one side, then on the other, the picture of Innocence.

So our friendship went on. We almost forgot that she was black while we were white. She was a continual object of worry to Rhoda and me, for she was undeniably stupid in some things. When she was sent to the board for an arithmetic problem, her eyes grew big and the whites would gleam in her fright. She missed half of the spelling words everyday, and persistently misprounounced words in the reading lesson. After school on the porch steps Rhoda and I would try to coach her, but with no avail. After she had gone off down the street one afternoon her brilliant red socks and bright yellow dress fighting for attention, Rhoda and I went into Conference. Just then the woman across the street came over, and as we arose to let her pass up the steps she said in a laughing voice, "Well, *who* is your little colored friend?" Rhoda and I sat down and looked at each other. It must have been the way she said it. After all, to be friends with a little colored girl wasn't just the best thing — . Next day we made excuses not to walk home with Fannie Belle, the first step in a well-defined plan. . . . But we need not have planned so carefully, for the following day Fannie was not at school. A few weeks later I received a scrawled note, signed, "With love, Fannie Belle." Fannie Belle had moved away.

I must be careful to keep my snapshot of Fannie Belle. There she stands in front of the porch steps. The white collar on her starchy gingham dress looks so very white about her dusky face. Her braids looked quite perk that day, didn't they?

—Sara Allison '33

PARK AVENUE

There is a little street in Ben Avon whose name is misleading. Park Avenue is a one-block hump, picoted fancifully on one side by residences of various shapes, but hemmed on the other side by a standard row of attached houses, seventeen of them, if I remember rightly. We lived for ten years in the very center of this hotbed of humanity, "The Row", in the house numbered 228½.

There being little or no traffic on this blind street, the children in The Row frolicked freely in the narrow, open thoroughfare, which was curiously ill-adapted for their play. The afore-mentioned hump heaved itself up irritatingly just where it could divide the street's length nicely in two. Just see with what disorganizing effects! It was no fun roller-skating from the hump down to one end, when such a momentary whiz meant only that you had to peddle painfully back up again should you wish to renew the pleasure. If you dismally suspected that your bosom comrades were playing at the other end of the street, the only way to verify their presence, short of climbing up the hill to see, was to shout over and find out. Even then, the echoes were deceiving.

Our gang of boys developed quite a technique, out of necessity, for baseball-on-the-slant: the pitcher throwing downhill (with the current, so to speak), while the batter fought against tremendous odds. It was a hard pull up to first base, but once in the higher haven of "sec-

ond", the runner could almost have let himself fall on down to home-plate. One boon, however, the street did grant to them: a round, iron manhole near its blind end served as a perfect home-base.

Across the street from us, in the top section of an apartment-house on the hump, lived the Hamm family. Their small son, Jackie, was the favorite play-mate of my brother and myself. He was a tiny, wiry youngster who divided his time between the successive sick-beds whooping-cough, scarlet fever, pink-eye, and chicken-pox; and adventurous escapades contrived with the most thrilling ingenuity. He once dropped the neighbor's cat over his own dizzy porch-railing to the distant ground to see if it would land on its feet. The neighbor-lady, on her lower verandah, seeing her poor pussy rained down evidently from the open heavens, waxed exceeding wroth. For five whole minutes, she sent up futile invectives to the ascendant porch from whence had come her kitty. Jackie soon rewarded her by blowing soap-bubbles which he allowed to float down to distract her bridge. His final answer was in dumping what little liquid remained, off his porch ledge. It curled in drizzling spirals down around the pillars of her porch and settled in opaque pools on the floor. Such were the feats of this terror of Park Avenue.

At night the street-lamp on the height of the hump was a beacon shining surer than all the lower lights. Its steady rays shot out over tree-tops, and urged on any returning late pedestrains who might be climbing from below. Its sentinel brightness burned over the darkening street, alone with the singing locusts, while in the distance reechoed the last long calls of Mrs. Hamm for "Jackeeeee! Jackeeeee!" The street was silent; The Row slept; the light burned onward to a thin dawn.

—Betty Nies '33

FROM NURSERY TO NURSERY

Has anyone ever asked you the kind of book that you liked best? I shall not say the kind that you like best to read. Soon you shall see why. June was not the kind of girl who cared for books to read them. Some few she read and enjoyed, it is true, but that was when she was forced to read a book for its content. She had to become interested then with her nose buried from morn 'till night, or she would woefully find herself reading a single sentence over and over again.

I have heard of booklovers who in the true sense of the word were not booklovers at all. Instead they were fascinated by rows and rows of beautifully bound volumes, which to them signified nothing. They were grand to admire, lovely (dust gatherers) to caress, and just the thing to possess in order to make one's way in the social world.

Still other lovers are so called for their incessant delving into novels, all for the thrill of imagining themselves in the climactic love scene ready to escape with their hero, after he has successfully buried his last '32" in his rival's heart. Not so with June.

June says there is only one book that she can remember ever having read for pure enjoyment. That was her massive volume of Mother Goose rhymes. From the ages of six to fourteen, June read her rhymes

regularly, almost daily. On Sundays she read her favorites, the first of which concerned her little husband. June would sit on the red cushioned stool in her bedroom with her chin in her hands, her elbows glued to the wide-open book, and her eyes a million miles away while she murmured softly to herself:

"I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum,
I bought a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose."

After this June would absent-mindedly gaze at her thumb for a few seconds until she suddenly became aware of the presence of an uninvited guest at whose appearance she resignedly closed her book, and pranced away. A similar situation was relived every day of the week, even on Saturdays when June would take time out for a tiny riddle. "A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, A hundred eyes and never a nose". Today still, at the age of nineteen, June is known to quote, almost unconsciously, some foolish little nursery rhyme that is particularly fitting to her mood. It was always her argument, that in Mother Goose, you could find a poem for every day, regardless of weather or date. There was always something just right.

Beyond possessing this book, June never progressed very far in the literary field. Her wealth, through school, consistedly mainly of text books. You think that strange no doubt. And so did I, until, upon investigation, I found that June could get more out of a page of geometrical figures than her older brother could out of a crossword puzzle, and he was the "town whiz". At almost any time of day June could be heard mumbling the hypotheses and conclusions to herself, solving them without the aid of her book, just for pure satisfaction. She did not like geometry — not a bit, but it pleased her to accomplish something alone that seemed to everyone else to always be so vague and meaningless.

June could not be "downed" at bedtime. As she would close one book, heave a sigh of complete relaxation, and yawn, her mother would sieze the opportunity to remind her that she had been officially sent upstairs a half hour ago. But June always had just one more lesson. This time it was grammar. "*He* is the subject, *threw*, the verb, and *brother* is the direct object. He threw his brother off the bed." Then with a little chuckle, "That one's right."

This finished, June would go all the way to the third floor in search of the Book of Wonders. Someone had asked where the biggest clock in the worlk was situated, and June had appointed herself a committee of one to find out. She always pretended to be exceedingly bored by all this "rigamaroll" which never seemed to get her anywhere. But purely for pride in what she knew she could accomplish, she stuck to it.

Today June lives in the one small room, so aptly appointed for a lonesome school teacher. Her library is still made up of one tiny bookcase, each shelf of which is meagerly supplied with a row of text books. On top, alone and sedate in a layer of dust, sits Old Mother Goose, at one end of which can be seen wee white slips of paper projecting from the worn pages. They are undoubtedly bookmarks, pointing her way to the little husband and the sieve.

—Dorothy Humphrey '32

A GARDEN

A long flat expanse of deep, rich green stretches out behind the house. Bordered on all sides by dark towering poplars, it is shaded all the day, save for perhaps a moment when a glimmer of sunlight, piercing between the trees, catches a drop of dew on the grass, and lingers glistening there awhile. A myriad of low bushes is grouped about the trunks of the tall graceful sentinels: roses, iris, peonae, orange blossom and lilac still green before bursting into bloom. Away down at the corner, a thin stream of water springs and sparkles, and then falls back, murmuring restlessly, into the snowy whiteness of the marble fount.

—CATHERINE COCHRAN '32

JULIA

Julia was not exactly the type of animal one ordinarily makes a pet of. A guinea pig seldom is. From the queer antics of our lone specimen, I suspected her of being half rabbit, half rat; and the combination sounds unpromising. She lost her tail somewhere in the mix-up, too. And where in her do you see any trace of those sociable qualities with which all pets are supposed to be imbued? She was a creature of crisp silences and sudden, impulsive scrambles. Patting her head and stroking her back produced only stealthy sniffs, never a sign of increased contentment. When we lifted her she always clutched fearfully at the empty air, instead of snuggling trustingly into the sustaining arms. Steadfastly disdaining to eat lettuce from our hands, she went to all the trouble of walking around us to her non-commital and impersonal plate. But then, we knew for a fact that she was short-sighted. The Book said so, the book my brother had.

But though Julia was in many senses unsuccessful as a pet, she served a great utilitarian purpose. She was under observation by my brother, a pre-medical student of two months' standing at Pitt. And being under observation, my brother's observation, entailed no small discomforts. It meant she had to be nightly roused from profound slumber by an equally heavy-eyed boy in striped pajamas, who had awakened with a start at her snoring and had decided that her sleeping posture must have been incorrect. Besides these uncomfortable interferences, she was made to undergo perpetual etherizings, and frequent petty operations for blood-tests. The uncertainty of these performances made them fairly exciting, and the preparations were most blood-curdling.

About every other day, when the urge hit my brother, out would come his new set of implements, clinking brassily a warning to taciturn Julia, there immovable in her box. While he got ready, Dick surveyed her with steely calculation, speculating on her possibilities.

"Oh Dick," I would moan, stricken by the clear gaze of the innocent pig, "why don't you let her alone? You've got enough blood now for ten tests. I bet you don't know what you're about, anyway. You've only studied Zoology a couple of weeks, and I know you ought to have more than that before you go exploring any guinea pig."

"But the Book says it's all right, what I'm doing," he would calmly explain.

"What book?"

"Oh, this book I have."

"Oh."

And so he would proceed in the preparation of his patient. As it happened, poor Julia had never recovered from her first fear of us. It was perhaps for that reason that she had formed the incurable habit of diving into dark holes and staying there, head in, rear exposed, ostrich-wise. Dick capitalized on this weakness of hers: he held up before her an old sock, into which she rushed headlong, he then pinning the end shut behind her. Then it was only necessary to snip a few air holes in the toe of the sock near her nose, (unless there were holes there ready-made), and he had ingeniously obtained a scratch-proof, almost jerk-proof patient.

It took only a few dabs of the ether-pad to send Julia off to hobnob momentarily with her ancestors. The bloody processes I cannot dwell upon. Only once I consented to act as assistant, and sat there terrorized by the victim's stray wiggles, dizzy with ether and stiff with pity.

When left to herself, on my blood-thirsty brother's off-days, she was a contented, gentle, little sit-by-the-fire who won us with her meekness. Seldom did she budge from her cozy box to run around Dick's room. Once though, as I was entering the room in the dark, I heard her crying to herself and scrambling about on the bare floor underneath his bed. I backed out in haste for fear of stepping on her, then returned with a flash-light and dumped her, with many pitiful squeaks, into her little box.

But one day when she had lived with us just three short weeks, Dick decided that the laboratories of Pitt were the proper place for Julia's final dissection. He was bored with extracting mere centimeters of blood, and had determined to get to the bottom of things. And so we had to say good-bye to her. She was packed in one of those cylindrical cardboard oyster cartons, which was just tall enough to show her face and front paws over the top. Mutely she sat thus on the breakfast table while we ate. Dick had an 8:30 in military drill, and munched grape-fruit with loud appetite, more concerned about the fit of his R. O. T. C. uniform than over his departing guinea pig. The rest of us, though, ate little and looked much, and gulped out a faint good-bye on the stroke of eight. Dick offered to save Julia's skin for a souvenir, but Mother refused. If leave us she must, we had rather she took her skin along with her to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Doubtless she will find some warm corner there, away from meddling boys. Let us hope her stolid soul is happy there. Perhaps having newly arrived from Pitt will give her some degree of prestige over the ordinary guinea pig in those realms. A Distinguished Service Cross would be too little reward for her hard-earned rest, we feel.

—Betty Nies '33

IN A PET SHOP

"Please, mother, won't you buy me a little duck?" His coaxing oice was smothered against the window pane as Tom gazed longingly t the tiny yellow powder-puffs, cheeping inside the big show window f the pet shop. The store was full of all manner of pets but Tom saw either bird nor pup nor monkey as mother finally consented to go in nd buy a duck.

"Remember, Tom, you'll have to take care of it all by yourself." have too much to do now. Are you honestly sure you will?" said Mother, thinking of the many family pets she had cared for when we hildren had failed to keep our promises.

We had all wandered to the back of the shop to look at a rather arge monkey in a cage. On the side of this cage was a sign which ead, "KEEP OUT OF REACH." The simian did look a bit ferocious nd we children were rather afraid to go very close. He sat on a nice ong bar and turned innumerable somesaults. But Mother was inter-sted in watching a little chow and she unconsciously stepped back just little too near the dramatic cage.

"E-e-e-e-k," screamed Mother as she clutched wildly for her new lue hat which was whirling around in circles in the grasp of that nonkey's little claw of a hand. "E-e-e-e-k" chattered the monkey. She was Mother with a mortifying red bandana, which she had used to tuff the crown of her hat, perched on top of her silver-white hair, and he monkey vainly attempting to get the brilliant blue play-thing inside is cage, finally dropped it to the floor. He then began jumping up and down stiff legged and triumphant with his thumbs tucked saucily in the elt he wore around his wasp-like abdomen. The leer on his face was almost human but it soon changed to a look of terror when the cage careening wildly from his too enthusiastic exertions nearly toppled to the floor.

"Here is your duck, Madam," said the clerk, approaching Mother "and your hat, I believe." The meek little man stooped to pick up the hat and when he handed it to her he couldn't quite suppress a smile of amusement at the flaming red bandana.

With dignity she replaced her hat, and we sedately walked out with Tom supremely happy in the possession of his duck.

—Mary Seaver '34

CITY PIGEONS

These who staidly tread the grimy stone
With cold, pale feet and blizzard hardened toe,
What know they of shadowed lofts where blow
No winds to lift grey wing and pierce thin bone?
So these who meet and mate amid the drone
And clang of iron things have learned all woe.
Upon a granite lintel, twigs they strow
And 'mongst the smoke-stacks teach their fledglings grown
To lift their wings in slow yet careful flight.
These peck their scanty food beneath the stalls
Where venders drop old fruit and bread-crumbs white.
Then, when dark has dulled their eyes, bare walls
Protect their noisy, huddled warmth from sight
Of lean-ribbed cats, and clouds whence lightning falls.

—Marjorie Hopkins '33

THE MINOR BIRD

SPRING 1932

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A Minor Bird

Robert Frost

I have wished a bird would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day;

Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

The fault must partly have been in me.
The bird was not to blame for his key.

And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College for Women

VOL. IV SPRING, 1932 No. 1

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Without Virginia no music had charms to sooth our community Lions—we all admit that. But Virginia, sweet child that she is, does not yet realize the miracle she wrought, the magic wand that she wielded, with a single fluttering sweep of her long black eyelashes.

You see, our Christian Endeavor had decided to organize a choral. Not that we thought we had good voices—none of us have, excepting Marion McClure, who teaches music down at the High School. The choral was simply another of our sudden inspirations. For a long time our C. E. drifts along on a pleasure-bent wave of socials, treasure-hunts, and parties, until suddenly a visiting missionary, or someone who has attended a church conference, reminds us that we ought not to forget those less fortunate than we. In our haste to turn our little ship of state into worthier channels, we drop overboard a proposed skating or swimming party, and sail head-on into a whirlpool of benefit lawn fetes, scrapbooks, and baskets for the poor. It was during one of our social service moods that the choral came into existance.

We had every reason to believe that the new organization would be a success. Our C. E. boasts a large membership, as many as seventy-five when refreshments are served; so at choral rehearsals, with peanut brittle in the offing, we hoped to make up in quantity of voices what we obviously would lack in quality. Marion McClure promised to direct us at her house every Thursday evening; the undertaker would supply enough chairs for the group; and as soon as we had built up a sufficient repertoire, we would begin to make the rounds of the jails, hospitals, and old folks' homes in the vicinity.

The first few rehearsals were nothing short of riotous. Marion broke her baton trying to maintain order, but to no avail: everyone greeted the rehearsal as another rollicking party, with incidental singing. Besides, most of us were not sure whether we sang second soprano or first tenor. Gradually from three-fourths solution of sopranos, there precipitated a small group of harmonizers: a few altos, a smattering of tenors, and only two boys with bass voices but who could not even carry a tune. Marion was desperate. With such an assortment, we had soon destroyed the beauty of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." The sopranos sang fairly well, though on-

ly Marion could warble the high notes; but the growling undertone of part singing was most disturbing.

"Listen, everybody!" Marion shouted above the earnest discords of her choral at one of these rehearsals. "Stop, for goodness sake! That sounds—terrible," she finished weakly, pushing her blond hair back of her ears. The choral burst into a series of nonsensical wisecracks.

"Why, Marion, how could you?" Harry Mayer rebuked her in that insipid falsetto of his. "Don't you love me anymore?—Whoa!" he yelped in alarm, as his long-suffering chair toppled over at last from its two-legged angle. The back row was taking advantage of the intermission to harmonize "Kiss by Kiss;" Bud Hunter was giving a yodeling demonstration, and the room was in an uproar.

"Everybody! Listen!" Marion stamped her foot, and the front row, subdued,—came to her aid with "Pipe down back there! The coach has something on her mind!"

"I might as well tell you now," she began in an impressive school teacher tone, "that the church is expecting us to sing the carols for the Christmas candlelight service. All the other borough churches will be invited,—George, will you sit still a minute!—but we can't possibly sing without more tenors and basses. Don't you fellows know of any—or you girls?"

The room was rocking again with cries of "Sure, Yvonne does!" "How about you, Helen? Why don't you bring Red?" We *do* have an unusual number of Hi School seniors in our C. E. society, hilarious young comedians, who never settle down for a minute. They give Marion cause for laryngitis at rehearsals, but as angelic imps they are priceless.

"I know what!" Harry shouted, "Let's raid the Lion's Club for members."

The local Lion's Club is, in truth, a group of young stags, who meet in the corner drugstore every evening to drink their fill of lemon "cokes" and radio music. Nice fellows, really, who started out a year or so ago to carve their careers, and who will continue in their pursuits when their jobs return. For membership in the Lion's Club is limited to the unemployed. As active members, the boys lounge in the soda booths by the hour, clowning, smoking, and whistling their theme song "Time on My Hands." Almost all of the Lions stroll in to C. E. now and then. Floyd Davis and Henny George have beautiful voices too—Floyd used to belong to the boys choir down at Trinity when he was younger—but to ask them to join our choral was useless. The Lion's Club had voted against the choral, and all the Lions act as one. The thought of these good voices going to waste when we needed tenors and basses so badly was maddening.

"They won't come," Marion sighed, "because they think the choral is too tame. What those boys need is an unusual attraction," and at that moment Marion jumped up jubilant. "I have it!" she cried.

"Yeah?—What?" came the Hi School chorus.

"The attraction. Why didn't I think of her before? Virginia Fullerton is her name, that girl from New Orleans who is visiting Mrs. Metz. She will be at C. E. Sunday night," was all Marion said then, but we understood. We know how our lions turn somersaults for the new-

comers. Didn't they file into C. E. every single Sunday for two months when Ruth Collins first joined? If this Virginia from New Orleans were good-looking enough—

And this Virginia was. "She's a honey" whispered the Hi School crowd that next Sunday evening. But the Lions said nothing. From the side lines they unconsciously rumbled the hymns, while they fixed their gaze upon the petite, sparkling-eyed figure in the black velvet coat, whose dark hair curled about her childlike face. Virginia was the clinging-vine answer to any Lion's prayer, and the Lions fell for her to a man, just as we knew they would.

The rest was easy. Marion let it be known that Virginia was joining the choral. The following Thursday evening found the Lions solemnly sprawled on the undertakers chairs, roaring "O Come, All Ye Faithful" along with the rest of us, tossing coins to decide who would take Virginia home, and fairly standing on their heads to entertain her. And Virginia, as sincere a little clinging vine as was ever our fortune to view without jealousy, called them all "sweet boys" in her husky Southern voice, and loved them all impartially. The Hi School boys envied the brother Lions from a distance, but contented themselves as best they could with theYvonnes and Helens.

Everyone still talks about our candlelight service. Almost fifty of us gathered in the anteroom that night before the service, to wait for the organ signal. "Can't we put on veils?" the Lions whimpered as they draped their sheets about them, and took up their lighted candles. Had you been a spectator in the darkened church that night, you would have been amazed to see the reverent procession of white-robed drugstore cowboys moving slowly up the aisles to the choir loft, caroling their bass and tenor accompaniments to the Christmas hymns. We were all impressed in spite of ourselves.

Virginia, what a Lion tamer you are! HAZEL SNYDER.

SALLY

In the wide, high ballroom with the glittering chandeliers there was sound—a great deal of it. From one corner came the pulsating throb of dance music, with an occasional whining solo from a saxophone or a hoarse burst of "Hi-di-de-i-di." Mingling with the rythm of the music was the insistent shuffling sound which indicates a concourse of people dancing. Above all the other noises could be heard voices—chattering, murmuring, laughing in low bass rumbles or high staccato squeals. Most clearly of all could you hear Sally's voice. Sally was at this moment nestling her blue and gold self more securely into the embrace of a black arm, and as her tiny gold slippers kept pace with the shiny black oxfords of her partner, she talked. All her dimples were showing and her blue eyes were opened wide as she gazed up into the man's face above her.

"So you're a stranger here, Mr. Paulson? I do hope you won't feel that way long. I'd just love to do anything I can to make you feel at home. Please call me Sally—everybody does. And what's your name? Dick? How nice! I just love Dick for a name. I always wanted to know a man named Dick, well, I mean."

With a sudden little dart she pounced on a fraternity pin.

"Oh, you're a Beta! How marvelous! I always thing Beta men are simply wonderful—they always know just how to treat a girl. What College? Cornell? Oh, my yes, I've been to Cornell lots. I think it's the best college in the country—oh, but I really do. I'm not just saying that; I really mean it. I'm not like most girls; I always say just what I think. Do you know many girls in town? Well, that's too bad, but you know me.—Tomorrow night? I'd adore it, but I'm afraid I'm busy. Some other night maybe—"

As her voice trailed off into nothingness, she spied a tall young man with red hair near her, talking to a girl in green.

"Oh, Dick," she smiled, "would you excuse be a minute? I must just speak to Peggy. I'll see you later?"

She looked up into his face and let her hand move slowly down his coat lapel. "Good-bye!"

With a flutter of all her draperies and a flourish of her lace-bordered handkerchief she rushed up to Peggy, whom she kissed.

"Darling, how glad I am to see you! When'd you get back? Did you have a good time?"

The young man began to make gurgling noises in his throat, so Peggy did her duty. "Miss Foster, may I present Mr. Gates?"

Sally let her long lashes sweep her cheeks.

"Er-er," murmured the young man, "do you care to dance, Miss Foster?"

"Oh, I'd adore it," she cooed, "if Peggy doesn't mind. You won't mind just a minute, will you, darling?"

His arm encircled her and she nestled in his grasp, looking up at him with wide-open blue eyes.

"Are you a stranger here, Mr. Gates? I do hope you won't feel that way long. I'd just love to do anything I can to make you feel at home. Please call me Sally—everybody does. And what's your name? Tom? How nice! I've always wanted to know a man named Tom, well, I mean."

With a flutter of chiffon and eyelashes she touched a gold pin.

"Oh, you're an S. A. E.! How marvellous! I always think S. A. E. men are simply wonderful, they always know just how to treat a girl. What college? Dartmouth? Oh, my yes. I've been to Dartmouth lots. I think it's the best college in the country—oh, but I really do. I'm not just saying that; I really mean it. I'm not like most girls; I always say just what I think. Do you know many girls in town beside Peggy? Well, that's too bad, but you know me.—Tomorrow night? I'd adore it, but I'm busy. Some other night maybe—"

As she scanned the floor she saw near her a dark young man talking to a girl in red.

"Oh, Tom, would you excuse me a minute? I have something awfully important to tell Lil." Her hands caressed his shoulder. "Good-bye!"

Not less than three minutes later she was opening her eyes wide as she said to her partner, "Please call me Sally—everybody does."

Dorothy Edsall.

HOMECOMING

The day had been hot, even for the range in early August, and as he rode back down the tree-shaded trail in the golden coolness of early evening, Pres lifted his weary voice in a song of thanksgiving. He was not a gifted singer, not even a moderately good one, in fact, and a day spent in bawling his choicest epithets at recalcitrant steers imparted to his naturally tuneless tones a rasping harshness. A musician or a moralist would have found his choice of a song deplorable, but he chanted it with a sort of triumphant satisfaction that rendered even its preponderant cynicism not unlovely.

"We have no use for the women,
We think they're selfish and proud;
They play a man for his money
And laugh in his face when it's gone.
Oh, bury me out on the prairie,
Throw a bundle of sod over me — —"

He paused in his vocal endeavors to lift his feet from the stirrups and to cross his legs, tailor fashion, on the horse's neck. Far down in the park he could see a man fishing his way up the creek, making swift unstudied casts, as if he really did not care whether the trout succumbed to his wiliness or not. A loud hoarse whistle floated up the slopes. Pres drew in his reins, sitting motionless in the saddle to watch the evening train pull out of Tolland and across the park, out of sight into the pass. When it had gone, he uncrossed his legs and let them dangle an instant, blessedly free, before he dug the spurs gently into the sorrel's flanks and continued down among the red rocks and the trees which were beginning to grow silvery bright in the evening dampness.

He rode in silence now, swaying carelessly, as the sorrel picked her way over the boulders and among the stones. He looped the reins idly over the saddle horn and reached in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. Lighting a match by drawing it quickly along his trouser leg to strike it, he watched it glow a time before he used it and threw it away. He heard the train whistle again, far off now, muffled and tremulous. That was to warn them at the tunnel. In a moment the massive black gate would have risen slowly and only a few faint wisps of grayish smoke would be left to show whither the train had vanished. It reminded him of the time that Emily and he had boarded the morning train at Tolland and had ridden through to the East Gate of the tunnel just because Emily had wanted to see what the inside was like. He grinned to himself, remembering Emily's conscious unconcern and his own dismay when they learned that there was no train West until midnight.

"Well," she had said, plopping herself down on an unopened keg of nails, "we'll just sit and wait for the wagon."

"Yes, but what'll old lady Campbell say, Emily?" he had worried.

"Plenty — — when we get back. Which we may not. You never can tell."

"She didn't even know where we were going."

"She had nothing on us when we started out. Anyhow, she would have wanted to come along. And while the station master might be persuaded to invite two of us to supper — —"

They had ridden back on the Frisco Flyer, but not at midnight. There had been a cloudburst just west of the Divide and no train had come through till morning. Emily had played pinochle with the station master all night while Pres had dozed fitfully on a bench in the dirty, unused little waiting-room. Neither had Mrs. Campbell lived up to his fears and expectations. They had found her prostrated with grief at their supposed demise in the clutches of a mountain lion. The rest of the camp had been deserted. Everyone had gone off to the high country to search for the bodies. He chuckled yet at the memory of George Marsh hurling his hat to the ground and stamping on it in fury when he had returned from the rescue expedition, dusty and tired, to find Emily sitting on the front steps of his restaurant and pool hall, drinking a bottle of pop and talking baseball to a section hand.

That was what had finished Emily with Sunshine. She had been the chief topic of conversation there since the day she had arrived at the Campbell ranch to spend the summer but from the moment when the old lady had come back from the cow camp with the tale of the night's sojourn at East Gate, the whole mountainside had buzzed. Pres himself was regarded as an innocent victim, lured from the paths of propriety by Emily's subtle Eastern wiles. His mother had spent the entire summer fuming at every minute he spent with the girl and warning him that he had "better look sharp or the next thing he knew Mae would give him the air."

He sighed and urged the sorrel to a more ambitious pace. It was growing darker. Mae would begin to worry; she always fussed, too, when he was late to supper. Mae fussed about a good many things, it seemed to Pres. He had not supposed when he married her that she was the fretting kind. Everyone in Sunshine praised her as a good worker and an excellent good manager, but it was beginning to dawn on Pres after six months of marriage that her managing involved a good bit of fussing and bossing. Emily had never fussed about things or bossed either. When she had spent all her money but forty cents and her father had refused to send her more, except for carfare home, she had invested her remaining funds in a pair of dark glasses and a tin cup. Then she had enthroned herself on George Marsh's porch with a large sign pinned to her back, reading "I am blind, deaf and dumb." Thus equipped, she had remained there throughout the afternoon, singing popular songs in a high off-key nasal voice. But when he had spent fifteen cents over the weekly budget for tobacco, Mae had raged half the night and cried herself to sleep.

He started guiltily at the realization that once again he was comparing Mae with Emily. He blamed the train this time. To see the long wavering spirals of smoke trailing from an eastward bound train always made him think of her. He had been cutting hay on the lower ranch the morning she left and so he had not gone with her to the station. Instead she had met him at the corral gate and had ridden part way down the hill with him on his way to work. He had thought her different that morn-

ing, quieter perhaps, though he had sensed that it was something more than quietness — — almost as if she had been stricken dumb in the night. She had not said good-bye, only "Don't worry, I'll be back some day. I'm bound to be." He had kissed her again and she had climbed out of the car and started hiking up the hill, very fast. That was his last memory of her, a slim little figure in a blue silk dress and high-heeled blue slippers, that seemed to him out of place on Emily's feet, as she hurried back to Campbell's to eat her last breakfast on Sunshine Mountain.

It was only after she had been gone more than a year and he had been married to Mae several months that the enormity of his mistake in letting her go had impressed itself upon him. He knew now that Emily had not wanted to go, that she had probably spent the last two weeks hoping almost breathlessly that he would finally wake up and ask her to marry him. Such an idea had never entered his head at the time. She had been so much outside his world that he had not even dreamed of stretching the boundaries of his imagination to include her. In her first letters she had seemed lost and lonely, a fact which their cheery bravado could not so much as partially mask. When he decided to marry Mae he was uncertain as to how to inform Emily of his decision, and so he had avoided answering her last letter at all. That was at Thanksgiving. At Christmas there had been an engraved card with a note on the back telling him of her engagement. When he went into town, he bought a New Year's card to send to her but at the last minute he changed his mind.

He had not heard from her again. Mrs. Campbell had had a brief note asking her for her recipe for sweet pickles. She had sent it and from that day on Sunshine ostensibly relinquished its acquaintance with the existence of Emily Fowler. He himself had seldom thought of her until after he was married to Mae. Then it was only after it became painfully evident that life with his wife was to be no perpetual honeymoon that his fancies had begun to stray. He had no real quarrel with Mae; he realized that she was a good wife to him and he was grateful to her for many things. Most of the time he was genuinely fond of her. But he could not kill the feeling, deep in his heart, that life with Emily would have been a far different experience. Often in summer when he rode the range, he would glance back over his shoulder as if he expected to see her ambling along behind him on old Silver and he would be vaguely disappointed to realize that the glinting yellow hair and quizzical browned face was after all only a memory. Sometimes he stopped short in the middle of his song, when it brought back to him suddenly her eager demanding voice, saying, "What I like is *Casey Jones*. Sing it, Pres. All the verses, too—no leaving out one." Best of all he liked to recall their arguments. He seldom could remember what they were about but he felt a sort of private glee in reconstructing their outcome with Emily leaning back against his shoulder, choking with laughter at him because he had lost his temper. When he lost his temper around Mae, she sailed right in and told him what was what—or cried, which was worse. He had never seen Emily cry. He had seen her seething with rage that had been almost laughable in its intensity, and he had been at Campbell's one night when she had fallen fast asleep at the supper table with her head in a plate of baked beans.

He reflected that she had done everything entirely, with a zest and a disregard of consequences that had sometimes disturbed him, but that had equally amused and secretly delighted him.

He had been unusually contented to-night, riding back to camp. Seeing the train had robbed him of his peace, however, and had banished his song. So he rode soberly across the tracks and through the town, over the park to his camp. He unsaddled the sorrel and hobbled her, slapped her shoulder and went silently into the cabin. A heavy burned smell filled the whole place. He hurried into the kitchen. A frying pan filled with black cinders that had once been potatoes was smoking on the stove. He yanked it from the fire and set it on the table.

"Mae! Oh, Mae!"

No one answered. He went back into the sitting room. It was empty. So was the bedroom. Suddenly he was troubled. It was not like Mae to go off and leave food to burn. She must have been gone some time, too, for those potatoes had been scorching quite a while. He returned to the kitchen and looked about him. The water pail had been taken from the table. He drew a relieved sigh but a moment later a frightful possibility flashed through his mind. Why should she have been all this time getting a pail of water. He ran out of the cabin and down through the garden, trampling tomato plants and spinach in his fearful haste. Once he called her name, but only the last night calls of the birds answered him. At the creek he found her, face downward in the water, the pail at her side. Even in the deepening twilight he could see where the bank had given way under her weight.

"Mae!"

He tried to speak to her, but his throat was suddenly tight and dry. He hurled himself down the bank, stumbling through the mud and slipping on the slimy stones of the creek bottom. He tried to lift her but at first his hands trembled so that he could not raise her. Half staggering, he carried her back to the cabin. Long before he had reached the door he knew that she was dead. He laid her on the bed and knelt to remove her cheap fancy patent leather shoes. There was a quilt folded across the bottom of the bed and he covered her with that, drawing it up around her shoulders as he would if he had come home to find her lying there asleep. He pushed her wet yellow curls back from her freckled forehead. Turning to the door, he called, "Duke, here, Duke!"

A great golden collie lifted himself laboriously from the porch he had been sleeping and followed Pres into the house.

"There, Duke, lie down," Pres ordered him pointing to the floor at the bedside, "Stay there till I come back."

The collie slowly stretched himself out at his post. The man closed the door softly and set off walking across the park for the town.

Elizabeth Lupton.

BUNKY

To most people, Bunky is just another dog—just another black and white animal that jumps around and barks, and plays, and has his masters completely under his thumb, or should I say, his soft-cushioned big toe. But we who have watched Bunky grow, know how lovably and humorously different he really is.

Bunky was not much on first acquaintance, only a roly-poly dog youngster. Six inches around of fluffy white he was with a few tiny black spots, and a spoonful of brown molasses poured over his head and running into one eye. He was presented to us along with his brother and sister, into whom he bumped at every blind, shaky step, nonchalantly ignoring their squeaks and squeals, and between whom we were to make a choice. There was not much hesitation, for Bunky rolled straight into our hearts on his wobbly pink and white legs. The skittish playfulness which at first attracted us ended alarmingly as soon as we departed for home. Our tiny bundle of dog began to whimper and whine piteously, a long, woebegone expression in his clear brown eyes, and so, from the first wail, we spoiled him. He was allowed to sleep upstairs the first lonesome week, and now he is incurable. Even when we built the ideal dog house for him, painted it gray and roofed it with colored shingles, and set it under the pear tree, Mr. Bunker scornfully refused to have a thing to do with it. From the beginning we admitted every wish and surrendered to every whim. And although it was bad psychology to spoil him, I doubt that he would have been any more vivacious and captivating if we had not.

Bunky grew. In all directions and ways, he grew. His wobbly legs no longer propelled him toward us in a crooked, roly way, but carried him in hoppity little steps. The ink spots spread as on blotting paper, and the molasses head grew bigger and sweeter, and his jaw became square and strong, with long whiskers, and a cold, wet nose. His hair was long and curly, a great warm coat of it, so good to have in winter when he played in the snow, but so uncomfortable in spring that we had to have him shorn. What disillusionment was in store for us all when he came home from his week-end at the veterinaries. Even the poor dog himself was woebegone and so ashamed that it took all his courage to approach one of us. He looked like a cross between an oversized rat and a Mexican hairless hound. His pride was sorely wounded, for even his cronies, the big German police dog, the tiny Sealyham and their mongrel followers piled over the hedge no more to visit with Bunky until they recognized a faint fuzz that appeared after a few lonesome weeks.

Now Bunky has reached the maturity of a year and four months. He is a big, sturdy fellow, and very sophisticated for one so young. He began long ago to appreciate the possibilities of his dominion over our hearts, and realize that we just cannot resist his lorn looks and appealing quiverings and tricks. Of course he does all his tricks that are expected of a dog—begs winsomely and shakes hands with a grace that any grande dame might envy, lightly settling his square paw into your coaxing hand.

Naturally, Bunky is a pest sometimes. It is an old canine custom, but never so much as when he begins that one bit of mischief which we all try so hard to prevent. Bunky has a grand penchant for the fast splashy noise that the water makes when the faucet is turned on in the bath tub. Try as we may to keep him away, he slips into the bathroom, and when we least expect it, a frency of barking will cause us all to jump and to look at each other knowingly. Should we pay no attention, the barking will become almost unbearable, but the moment we move to approach, it ceases. We enter to find Bunky bent almost double hanging over the slippery edge of the tub, so eagerly that often he falls right in. We must turn on the water in short spurts, while the dog, fascinated and hypnotized, tries to catch the stinging cascade. But now we take advantage of his absorption to catch him unawares and carry him away to less alarmingly noisy pleasure, such as chasing one of the dirty, almost indistinguishable tennis balls which lie in wait about the house for the unsuspecting and innocent to trip over. I really believe Bunky leaves his playthings in the way on purpose, and derives a diabolic glee from watching man, who is so sedate and superior, stripped of his dignity.

But, true to form, Bunky is not always charming and full of fun, and delightful. Indeed, he has a few very bad habits. One of the worst is his great hospitality and warmth of greeting. The moment anyone so much as peeks around the front wall, Mr. Bunk is at his sentinel post, standing with his feet on the front stair landing, his front paws on the window sill and his inquisitive wet nose making smudges on the just-washed window pane. Should the newcomer be admitted through the front door, Bunky will greet him profusely with a series of great high jumps as high as his shoulders, trying to lick his face, but should the arrival be a delivery boy or a beggar, the dog will hustle around to the back door, sniff about, and as the victim departs, hurry to his post again, and speed the departing one on his way out of sight with such loud barks that I am sure he can be heard a mile away. I am afraid that in case of a burglary, our dog would run up and lick the marauder's hand and lead the way to the dining room.

Since Bunky is so very frisky, we rarely allow him to run free, but when he gets a chance, he escapes and keeps us all in a frency of worry and anxious whistling and calling for several days. Then when we have almost given up all hope of his ever returning, Bunky droops in, black and burry, with only enough strength left in his tired legs to carry him to a quiet corner for a long, long sleep. Bunky has an unutterable devotion for Mother, but he is generous enough to allow us all a portion of his dog-love, and we adore him for that. Although his chin whiskers be always dirty, and his tail too long because we could not bear to have it bitten off, his lashes are long and curly, his eyes deceivingly innocent, and his whole piquant self always lovable and sweet.

Evelyn Bitner.

OLD COOPERATION

Sue Maharg sat at the desk in the room shared with her sister, Jane, mentally writhing in her efforts to evolve an Explication du Texte of Lamartine's *L'Isolement*. Now any one who has ever done an "explication" of a poem knows that a quiet room, concentration, and solitude are certainly desirable, if not essential. All evening Sue had been wishing that she, like Lamartine, might have the tranquil setting of a mountain crest at sunset as a source of inspiration, but any such hopes were in vain. For Jane, who had no studying to do, or at least none she wanted to do, had been puttering about the room ever since dinner—humming nondescript tunes, filing her nails with irritating scrapings of the emory board, running in and out to answer every telephone call, leaving the door just enough ajar that the sound of her voice cooing, "What did you say? Oh Wednesday evening? Why, I'd love to," was plainly audible.

Now every evening it was Jane's custom to undress early, pile the pillows high, and then sink down luxuriously to read the evening paper; then becoming purposely entangled in the intricacies of turning the pages, she would tauntingly crackle every sheet. But on this evening, Sue vowed that she would be spared one annoyance at least, and when Jane made her descent for the newspaper, Sue leaped to the door and quickly turned the key. Soon she could hear Jane coming up the stairs, two at a time, her mules clopping on every other step, and in a minute Jane was expectantly turning the knob to find that the door would not give an inch. "Sue," she called angrily, "Open this door, what do you think you are? Why it's my room just as much as it is your's." Jane rattled the door knob, twisted it back and forth, pounded on the door with her fist, but Sue said nothing. "Sue, are you there? Listen to me. Unlock it, I say." Again she violently twisted the door-knob and even bumped her knees against the door. Inside the room, Sue sat with her fore-fingers stuffed in her ears, vainly trying to shut out the insistent sound of Jane's voice as she mechanically repeated,

> " 'Sur la terre d'exil pourquoi reste-je encore?
> Il n'est rien de commun entre la terre et moi.' "

"Hell," she thought, "I wish there was nothing in common between Jane and me. But she'll get tired and go downstairs any minute now. And besides," she argued with herself, "It's time I had some peace. Let her rave." But to Jane herself she still said nothing.

"Sue Maharg, do you hear me?" Jane's usually low voice was almost at screaming pitch. Finally, Sue deigned to answer, "You needn't think I'm going to unlock that door. Go downstairs and read the paper like any other civilized person in the house."

"All right for you," and Jane gave the door a petulant kick as she went away.

"Ah," breathed Sue, in relief, as she settled down to real study, "I ought to have this finished in fifteen minutes." In the meantime Jane had gone into the bed-room of the mistress of the house, not to receive aid, for a mother of eight children must needs remain neutral in any battle, nor to read the paper there, but to plot Revenge. Her brows were drawn

toward her nose, her mouth set in a stubborn line as she looked at her mother, who was trying hard not to laugh. Suddenly her eye lit upon the Big Ben alarm, whose hands pointed to ten. Picking up the clock, she wound the small key till it would go no further, advanced with cautious steps to the locked door, and then setting off the alarm, placed the clock on the floor where it jangled triumphantly and bounced about with glee, making even the floor boards reverberate with its rejoicing clang. For fully a minute and a half, though it seemed longer to Sue, the alarm wrangled steadily, till at last out of sheer weariness it began to run down and finally stop, only to be tightly wound again by Jane and to scream for another eon of time. Four times Jane rewound the alarm until Sue was ready to give up any attempt to study, for the incessant sound of that jangle nearly drove her mad. And Sue was not the only victim; all the other children, who had gone to bed, were awake and wanting to know where the fire was, and being told the circumstances, had all taken sides. "Don't let her in, Sue," yelled Snookie, "I'm mad at her, too." While little Ella Ruth shrilled out, "I'm betting on Jane." Fourteen year old John, Jane's faithful ally during any fight, came down from the third floor to the scene of battle. Sue could hear him muttering outside the door and caught the words, "Snookie's room—roof—window." These could mean only one thing and Sue hurriedly snapped the lock on the window that over-looked the back porch roof. "I guess that will hold them," she thought and once more bent over her Lamartine. The sloping tin roof rumbled protestingly as Jane and John eased themselves out of Snookie's window, and tip-toed along the edge nearest the house, holding on to each other and trying not to giggle. They reached the locked window and for a moment watched Sue, who, though fully aware of their presence, was studying with rapt diligence. Stealthily they pried at the window frame with their fingers, pushing upward with all their strength. "Gosh," croaked John in his adolescent tones, "She's locked it." This blocking of her plans was too much for Jane, who had thought that she had come to the turning point of the battle, the coup d'etat, as it were. And her temper getting the upper hand, she pounded on the window till the already cracked pane nearly fell out, and her knuckles were raw. "Sue Maharg," she screamed, "Open this window or I'll break the glass." "Aw come on, Jane," called John comfortingly, who had gone back to Snookie's room and was halfway over the window sill. "Sue thinks she has us licked, but we can find something better. Come on!" Jane tramped back like a retreating soldier, denting the tin roof at every step, but when she reached the end of the roof, she found that it lacked about a foot of being under the window. "How did I get out here?" she asked herself, panic-stricken, as she tried reaching one arm over the frame, and at last she understood how Winnie-the-Pooh must have felt when he said, "Oh help, I better go back! Oh bother, I shall have to go on! I can't do either!—Oh help and bother!"

"John, John," called Jane, "Come back and help me!" and she poked her head around the edge of the the window frame, almost losing her balance, as she got one foot over the sill. "Of all the dumb ninnies," sneered John, as he yanked her in, nearly stretching her legs into a split. And although she had ripped the hem in her skirt, and scraped her el-

bow, any injuries were quickly forgotten in that all-powering urge to conquer a locked door.

John thought for a little, a grin of triumph coming over his face, as he slapped Jane on the back, saying, "How's this for an idea? I'll go up and get my drumsticks, then I'll come and do a "forward-march-step" on her door, you set the alarm again, and I'll bet she opens that door in half a minute." Sue heard him guffawing wickedly as he half fell down the third floor steps, but she had no idea that any thing could be so deafening as the incessant racket of drum sticks clattering in a mad tattoo against her door, and the alarm jangling at high pitch in a wild accompaniment. Suddenly, Sue "saw red," as her grandmother used to say, and slamming down her Fench notebook, she lurched for the door, opening it so quickly that John, with his drum sticks poised, and Jane, holding the alarm clock with one hand and winding it with the other, nearly fell into the room. Sue, looking neither to the right nor the left marched disdainfully past them, across the hall and into her mother's room, slamming the door hard. Jane, looking triumphant, although a little shamefaced, set down the alarm clock, which still tinkled at intervals, but John only grinned at his ally, saying, "Old Cooperation, that's me!"

BETTY GRAHAM.

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THE BAKERY SHOP

There is something very engaging about a little bakery shop early in the morning. None of the other shops have ever thought of awakening, at that time, so that the bakery makes quite a little oasis of light and noise in the deserted street. Outside, the show-case window is being washed down beautifully by a fat colored man, who might well be a ginger-bread boy, molasses-y and warm and fresh from the bakery's cookie-pan. He rubs the glass with great swirls of soap, then caresses it gently with a white cloth until the windows glitter in the chilly morning sun-light. Inside, an old woman in a blue mop-cap is cleaning the red-and-white tiled floor, wielding her sudsy, slathering mop with vigor enough to cleanse the sins from Sodom and Gomorrah. The wire shelves around the walls, the rack where yesterday's cakes are displayed, the counter with its top of mottled marble that looks like moldy pastry-dough—all these have been already scrubbed, and smell faintly of laundry soap. But above any odor of soap, mingling with it kindly is the warm, comforting fragrance of baking bread. I can hear them making it in the back of the bake shop, behind the white burlap curtains. I hear the rattle of pans, the trundling of carts across the floor, the kneading of dough on the bread-board with soft, thick thuds. After I have waited long enough to count my change again, and to read all the signs that tell how nut-cake will be special on Wednesday, in comes a clerk from the baking room. She is smiling and putting on a great cloud of white apron, the straps of which she pulls around in front and pins there with a brassy-gold brooch. "Fresh rolls? Cinnamon rolls? Plain rolls?" She swaths my rolls into a sheaf of paper, then rings up the money in the cash register with the merriest jingle imaginable. Then, hugging my spicy-smelling bundle, I go out through the swinging slat

doors, to find the ginger-bread boy finished with his window and sweeping the walk. After the other customers come, I know, the bakery shop will be merely a shop-about-town, only a mite more engaging than the hardware store across the street or the grocery on the next corner. But early in the day a special little floury Penates presides over that bakery shop, to bestow upon the head of the first customer a spicy blessing, and to warm his fingers with a bundle of hot rolls.

—Marjorie Hopkins

EVENING ON THE ISLAND

Evening began at six o'clock on the small wooded island in a turbulent Canadian river. The sunshine still touched the water and the rocks, out with a paler sheen, and the tops of the slim high pines stirred in the first evening breeze. The dinner dishes were already washed, and stacked neatly on the crowded shelves of the tiny pantry, and Mother, Dad, and the Doctor were settled comfortably on the screened-in porch of the green and white cottage. Then Helen and I, dressed for the evening in clean white linen knickers, a fresh blouse, and darned half-socks, would hurry down to sit on the dock and watch the water. Henrietta and Don always came along. Henrietta, the cook, her shining good-natured face looking blacker above a white voile blouse, squated gingerly on the rough boards in fear of splitting her best white linen knickers that were a precarious fit for her expansive bulging hips. Don, the big snowy-haired English bulldog, prowled about through the fallen pine needles, snapping angrily at flitting insects, and now and then dashing headlong into tthe thick undergrowth of fern after a tiny beady-eyed griny, or an elusive chipmonk. Helen and I always sat on the edge of the dock with our feet resting in the tied-up row boat, and pushed it gently back and forth in the water. Sometimes we played checkers, the gay red and black board on the rough planks between us, but more often we just talked, or sang little off tune songs and watched the growing shadows. If the water was still, the images were reflected clearly. Opposite our island, a long half-mile directly across, lay two other islands separated by a picturesque little waterway which flowed to the main river channel. In the evening, the sunset glow stained the giant rocks along their shores with flaming orange and red, and painted the deep crevices with splashing purple. The trees, dense along the shore above the rocks, threw into the water their clear green forms like floating fringed seaweed. We always liked the still evenings best, for white water destroyed these shadows that were like visions of another land, and on calm evenings we heard the shill cries of the gulls, then saw them, black dipping shadows against the rose-gold sky, until they floated gently to the water's surface, white and chaste, to procure food for their evening repast from the bits of floating garbage. Now and then, a water snake pushed its black pointed head above the surface, then darted back into the green depths, a mere writhing shadow. Soon, the sun would be half swallowed by the colored water, and then, quite suddenly would drop beneath the surface, leaving a diffuse rose light that shortly blurred into intense lavendar dusk. From far out in the main channel came faintly the urgent

put-put of an outboard motor, and on one of the islands opposite, a bull frog croaked hoarsely, then an owl answered with plaintive whoo-o-o. The sheen vanished from the surface of the slow-moving water, that seemed now an unfathomable murky blackness. The breeze blew cooler, and the mosquitoes, arriving with the dusk, attached us with a vicious singing joy. "Beat you to the house!" someone of us would call and up the rock path we would go. Don, a mere streak of white, would always win, and wait impatiently by the screen door for the rest of us to come and let him into the porch.

Once on the porch, safe from the eager mosquitoes, we would join in the conversation with our parents, or lying flat on our backs across the width of our two cots pushed together, we would listen to stories they told. Often, however, the chill wind that came with the darkness drove us indoors to sit before the fire. The cottage living room was long and wide with a few colorful rag rugs on the smooth shellaced floor. At one end, a bright fire of pine branches crackled in the huge red-brick chimney place; on a homemade table, in the center of the room, rested an old-fashioned oil lamp that burned with a steady light and illuminated a slender bow, and a sheath of gay-feathered arrows in the farthest corner. A few old wicker chairs stood here and there about the room, and near the fireplace, a little apart from the rest, stood Don's own chair, covered with a dark warm blanket, where he slept with one perk ear ever cocked to catch the slightest sound. There, by the fire side, the conversation went on, or we played cards around the yellow wood table. Although Henrietta played none of our card games, she excelled at checkers, and fought to defend her championship with deliberate care, her round fat chin resting in the almost-white palm of one hand as she pondered her moves. Evening, too, was letter-writing time, especially evening before the supply boat was due, when the room would be filled with a concert of scratching pens accompanied by the heavy breathing of the dog dozing in his padded chair in the warmth of the fire. So, bed-time arrived usually about nine-thirty, and never later than ten, after Helen and I had uncovered a big blueberry pie from the pantry shelf, provided it had not been spirited mysteriously away, as it sometimes was. Then the Doctor, tall and white-haired, would light a thick white candle from the lamp, and bid us all good-night. Mother and Dad would turn into their room, leaving Helen and me to undress in front of the fire, to slip into our pajamas and a warm sweater, and scurry to our cots on the wide, wind-swept porch.

Going to bed was a real pleasure, for snug and warm under our blankets and sweaters, we would lie still, listen to the strange night sounds. From far off across the river came the weird cry of some night bird in the pine trees; and close at hand, the little splash of a fish leaping for a moment above the surface of the water. In the trees all about the cottage were tiny scurryings and occasionally the heavier movement of some larger animal. If the night was windy, we could hear the distant smack of the water against the high rocks along the islands opposite, and nearby, the constant dull thud of the big motor boat bumping against the dock. Sometimes, far over to the North, we caught brief glimpses of the varicolored northern lights, that always brought a feeling of wonder to our

hearts. But the nights we loved best of all were those when the moon hung full in the sky, and threw the jagged tips of the distant pines into black silhouette, when its light stretched across the water in a rippling path of pale gold. Yet, in spite of trees and moon, and the flitting bats brushing against the screening, we could no longer keep our eyes open, or forbear against the fresh, sleep-enticing wind that blew cold on our cheeks and closed our eyes to the night and loveliness.

—Sara Allison

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

It was Saturday, and we were eating lunch. Saturday lunch is always a bit haphazard, and this was no exception. It has been a tradition in our family from time immemorial, that lunch on Saturday shall consist entirely of whatever scraps the ice-chest may provide. Sometimes we do very nicely. Once in a while, after a party or something or other, we fare bountifully. But usually the table is cluttered with a motley assortment of separate little dabs—too much for one person, and not enough for two to divide. In such a situation Grandma and Mother and Nan and I found ourselves when it all began last Saturday.

Nan had eaten her stalk of asparagus and was counting the prunes when the telephone rang. "Save three prunes for the baby!" she called, as she went to answer it.

When she came back she was flushed and excited. "Well—what do you suppose!" she spluttered nervously. "Johnny's bringing his bride for a visit!"

"Pass the butter, please," broke in Grandma. "Who did you say was coming?"

"Johnny—you know, Dave's brother Johnny, the only brother-in-law I've never seen—the one who lives in New York. He was just married last summer, and he's bringing his bride here to visit us."

"Say, this is exciting," said Mother, as she jerked a couple of extra lumps of sugar into Nan's tea. "When will they get here?"

"Sometime next Friday," Nan replied. "You see, it was a telegram, and all it said was that they were leaving for Pittsburgh Thursday night. Johnny is going to telephone us tonight."

"I wonder how long they'll be here?" I asked.

"Well, we'll find that out tonight when he calls. Here, we might as well divide up these prunes." And Nan proceeded to dole out a prune apiece. "They'll probably stay at least over the week-end." As she served me, she observed, "You've a better prune than I have, Gungadin."

"We'll just have to get some new curtains for the parlor." Grandma had finished eating and had turned her chair toward the fire.

"Yes, I think we had better get them," said Mother. "This is just the time to do it, and we certainly can't have Johnny and his wife see the forlorn things that are in there now."

I had never realized before that our parlor curtains looked shabby, but when I saw them through the eyes of Johnny's wife, I knew that they would never do.

"And Tom must fix the leg of that desk chair so that it won't wobble," added Grandma. "Dear knows, she may weigh two hundred pounds, and where would we put her if she wanted to write a letter?"

"Well, and all the window-sills need painting," mused Nan.

"And the floors need waxing," added Mother.

"Well, all I hope is that the plaster doesn't fall," I remarked hopefully.

"We'll want to entertain them some way," suggested Grandma, after a short silence. "Now I always like just informal gatherings where all you do is talk. This thing of having to play cards for a couple of hours seems like a waste of time to me. You could have some people in for dinner some night."

"Well, we could hardly have all the relatives here for dinner, and you wouldn't know what ones to ask. I think an afternoon tea would be better," said Mother.

By two o'clock that afternoon, we had decided to have a tea for the bride on the following Friday. By seven o'clock in the evening, Nan had invited the guests, and Mother was measuring the parlor windows. At nine o'clock Dave answered a long ring on the telephone, and found that Johnny and Peggy would arrive Friday morning and stay until Sunday evening.

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On Monday, Nan went to town and bought a new dress. She "had really needed one for a long time, and if Margaret was going to have a luncheon, well — —." Dave began to think on Monday evening that this was a wonderful time to buy a new suit, and so he left a little earlier the next morning so as to have time just to "look around." Tom met Dave in the barber shop late Tuesday afternoon, and helped him carry home his load of purchases. We all liked the suit he had bought, and marvelled that he could buy neckties so reasonably.

Aunt Molley called Tuesday evening to invite Nan and Dave for dinner Saturday night in honor of the newlyweds, and Uncle Ben left word that Aunt Marie was going to leave Atlantic City a day early, and that the would like to take them to the theater Friday night. Every minute was scheduled now.

"When Johnny comes," was a magic password. Nan painted window-sills, Dave tinkered with the dining-room clock until it stopped entirely, Mother hung the new parlor curtains. At three o'clock Wednesday morning the baby cut her third tooth.

* * * * *

Dave came home early Wednesday afternoon to cut down the old clematis vine from the front porch. Nan and Mother and I were in the kitchen cracking nuts and stoning dates. Grandma was cleaning silver, and carrying on a very happy one-sided conversation with the baby.

"Oh, I would'nt put a thumb in my mouth. No! Spoil your toofns, that's what it would. Yes, you just show them how nice you can play your piano. That's the way! Yes, dearie, I know it's a nice cracker you have—I know it's good. But you eat it yourself. Betty eat the cracker."

Dave came into the kitchen and leaned on the back of Grandma's

chair. His clothes were flecked with bits of leaves, and smelled of wood-smoke. "The front yard looks fine now. You'd be surprised how much there was o' that old vine. I had a regular bonfire out back here." He went to get a drink of water.

Just then the door bell rang and Nan left the kitchen to answer it.

Dave started to chase Betty all over the floor, and nearly tripped Mother as she came from the pantry with a plate of fondant.

"If you can get a tooth all of a sudden, Betsy girl, you may be walking by the time your Uncle Johnny comes. Can you say, 'Jonnny, Betsy? Come on now," pursued Dave, "'Johnny,' 'Johnny,' Betsy."

Betsy gave him a long serious look over her left shoulder. "Bow, wow," she chirped, and darted under the kitchen table. Just then Nan opened the door. She handed a slip of paper to Mother, who was nearest, and motioned her to read it.

"I haven't my glasses here, dear. Read it to us yourself."

But Dave was already looking over her shoulder and read the message aloud. "Impossible to come. Will write today. Very sorry. Johnny."

SARAH R. STEVENSON.

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"THE CAKE MIX-UP"

Mrs. Carmeyer was moving about the kitchen with quick, sure steps, her great bulk shifting lightly and easily. En route from sink to stove she glanced at the shiney blue clock standing on the window-sill, and exclaimed, "My land! if it ain't five o'clock already!" After stirring the apple-sauce, and opening the oven door to peer at a double row of cake tins, she padded across the room, and sat down on a small wooden chair, which creaked dismally as if in last protest before it disappeared from view beneath the advancing billows of blue gingham. Passing one fat red hand over her moist forehead, she pushed back a wisp of her thick grey hair. I declare, she remarked in the general direction of the sleepy grey kitten curled up on a tiny rag rug under the stove. "I don't know what I've been doin' to get so beat out." The kitten opened one eye, and looked at Mrs. Carmeyer, purred softly, twined around, and settled down on her little blue mat again. Mrs. Carmeyer sat for a long interval—her head sinking forward so that chin number two rested on her broad bosom, which was rising and falling gently like the lapping of waves against a dock. The ticking of the clock, the hissing of the kettle, and the steady rhythm o her breathing filled the kitchen with soft sound. Time glided by. The fragrance of the baking cake began to take on a burnt tinge, and finally a thin whisp of smoke began to curl up from the crack of the oven door. Mrs. Carmeyer stirred, and then sat up with a jerk as the acrid odor penetrated to her drowsy brain.

"My land! Those cakes!"—She sprang up with surprising speed, and reached the oven door in two steps. Flinging it open she gazed for a few moments at the row of blackened cakes. She carried the tins over to the sink. After carefully scraping out the burnt cake, and setting the pans to soak, she slowly began to finish the supper chores. First she

spread a blue checked cloth over the immaculately scrubbed kitchen table, and set two places with her second best china. Next she poured out a dish full of steaming apple sauce, and another of warmed-over stew. When all the preparations were complete, she took off her apron and sat down to wait for her husband. At precisely half past six Mr. Carmeyer came in the back door, stopping to wipe his muddy feet carefully on the straw mat outside. He was a big, rosy man, with a deep voice, whose alarming rumble was belied by the twinkle in his small blue eyes. He was so tall that he had to stoop a little to avoid the door-frame, and when he stepped into the room he seemed to fill it entirely with his expanse.

"Hello, momma, what you got for me to eat?" he boomed. "Seems like I smell stew."

"O poppa, I was goin' to make you a pie, but I was too beat out—everything goin' wrong, and all."

"Why, momma, what's the matter?" Mrs. Carmeyer pointed dramatically with one fat finger to the long row of cake tins soaking on the sink-board.

"Don't tell me your cakes turned out poor; not losing your hand at it, are you?" Mrs. Carmeyer, her pride wounded, hastened to explain.

"I ain't ever had cakes rise any better." She paused a little, and then added in a slightly sheepish tone. "I don't know how it happened. I just set down a moment—must have took a little nap. The next thing I knew, the cakes were burning."

Mr. Carmeyer put in "Now ain't that a shame—you were plannin' to enter them at the fair tomorrer, warn't you?" Mrs. Carmeyer's control broke, and her grievances poured forth. "For goin' on fifteen years I've always won one prize for my cakes, and maybe more. I ain't ever missed a fair. I s'pose Miz Peters 'll get the prize"—She bridled a little, and added—"Tis'n't as if she could stand a chance if my cakes were entered. I've always contended she makes her cakes a mite too stiff." Mr. Carmeyer waited patiently until the lamentation ceased, and then he put in—"Why don't you stay home from the church sociable tonight, and bake you some more cakes?"

"Now poppa, you know I can't. I'm in charge of the food, and if I don't get there, won't nobody manage it right. Miz. Jones always stints on the helpin's—and I won't hev them sayin' I don't pervide enough."

Mr. Carmeyer's eyes twinkled as he bent over his plate of steaming stew. The meal was finished in silence. After the dishes had been washed and put away, Mrs. Carmeyer went upstairs to put on her stiff black straw hat, and her new black alpaca coat. When she came down, the gloom had lifted from her plump face, and her usual expression of placid good-nature had returned. She straightened Mr. Carmeyer's tie, inspected his shirt, and dismissed him. He drove the wheezing Ford out of the garage, and solemnly helped Mrs. Carmeyer to squeeze in the front seat. After a few preliminary coughs and sputters, the car rattled off in the direction of the church.

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At eleven-thirty they returned, tired but satisfied—Mr. Carmeyer with the blissful expression of the male who has been well fed, and Mrs.

Carmeyer with the self-satisfied look of the female who has seen her duty, and performed it. They came into the kitchen. Mrs. Carmeyer put the cat out, and set the breakfast table while Mr. Carmeyer moved around, "locking up."

"Now poppa, you go on up to bed," Mrs. Carmeyer called after him. "I've got some chores to finish up, and then I'll come." Mr. Carmeyer's face broke into a broad and understanding grin. He chuckled as he slowly lumbered up the creaking stairs. Seated on the edge of the four-poster bed, he undressed rapidly.

"Them women sure do beat all," he paused to drop one shoe on the hooked rug—"She'd ruther stay up late a-bakin than let Miz Jones do the bossin'." A pause while he fumbled with a shirt button—"Hed to go to the sociable, and boss." With a last chuckle he eased himself down on the bed, and pulled the neat rose and white sun-burst quilt up under his stubbly chin. His rumbling snores began almost immediately, punctuating the stillness at regular intervals.

An hour later the warm fragrance of baking cake wafted up into the bed-room from the kitchen below. It must have penetrated into Mr. Carmeyer's dormant consciousness, for he smiled broadly for a minute or two, and then turned over with a sleepy grunt. The snores continued, on a slightly higher key.

Betsy Dearborn.

MY SAINTED AUNT

As often as she is invoked, no one ever seems to be able to produce a sainted aunt. But I, luckiest of mortals, have as a relative one of those valued and almost extinct persons. In my mind a saint, to deserve the full connotation of the term, should not be married, and an aunt somehow breaks faith when she enters into the holy state of matrimony; in this, as in many other respects, my esteemed female relative has not failed me, because she has been true to any vows of celibacy she may have taken in her youth.

It seems strange to me, as it does to anyone who tries to visualize his forbears in their youth, that Aunt Harriet has ever been anything but my elderly, respectable, maiden kinswoman, but undeniably she must been, because it seems she has had a past, not the lurid and risque adventures one usually calls to mind at the mention of a Past (one look at Aunt Harriet would destroy that illusion), but just a nice, quiet, respectable, unpretentious, slightly pathetic past, written humbly, with no arrogant capitals. There was, we know, a "beau" in the life of our father's only sister, a fact revealed by her brother, not, I fear, too delicately. Where Egbert, her true love, had gone or why he had failed to materialize had always been a matter of hushed conjecture, until one day, in a burst of confidence, Aunt Harriet told me that he had died; that he had gone into a decline, after he had gotten his feet wet, and the result was galloping consumption. It turned out that he had forgotten to wear his rubbers one rainy evening and had not taken care of himself. Somehow by the way this little tale was told, it took on an air of dignity, so that it lost its element of

utter rediculity. After that it seemed almost a rite when she locked her door and the rustle of paper revealed the fact that she was reading for the millionth time the letters that she had saved for so many years, the only reminder of her poor little romance. I have always been ashamed of how I knew what was going on behind the bolted door, and even now I blush to admit that I climbed up one day, at the risk of my foolish neck, to peek into the transom above her door. The sight of her as she sat there rocking her chair serenely, quietly reading a time-worn missive, not only increased the danger to life and limb, but also somewhat deepened my respect for her. The fact that she had kept the letters for forty years quite surpassed my ten-year-old understanding.

Although her age is an uncertain quantity, there is nothing of coyness or coquetry in this lack of revelation on her part. Somehow Aunt Harriet's age is so unobtrusively her own affair that it would seem an inexcusably prying thing to wonder, even privately, how old she really is. One would feel as much at liberty to ask an extremely plump lady her weight as to inquire, ever so politely, as to the length of time my aunt has been gracing this world. It simply would not do, and that ends it.

In another day and age Aunt Harriet would have worn curls, owned a "taffety" dress and tended a cat, such an undeniable spinster is she, but perhaps it is as well she did not, because even without such obvious trappings she typifies the great class of so-called "Old maids." As it is she twists her hair into tight little kinks on kidskin curlers and powders her face with rice powder; her dresses have such a nice fresh swish when she walks around that I have often suspected her of secreting taffeta petticoats under her skirt, for she does wear those at one time indispensable additions to a lady's attire. She really belongs to a time when it was not considered decent to be without long-legged underwear, an unmentionable though essential part of a woman's dress in that gay period, the nineties. Need I describe further than to say that she wears them still as well as long-sleeved and frilly "nighties?" That, I think, portrays her attitude of mind more than anything else, that and the fact that she undresses in the dark.

From such a description one might easily draw the impression that my aunt is one of those insipid lavendar-and-old-lace ladies, or one who disapproves heartily of anything young or funny. That would be an immeasurable wrong to the lady in question, because she has more strength of character than the Rock of Gibralter and more broadness of mind than Saint Peter, himself. For example, to look at her one might think my sainted aunt, with eager-looking rather pointed nose, would revel in gossip, but she does not. That is, she does not repeat such things as happen to come into her keeping. She has developed a wonderful ability to hear shocking things without batting an eye-lash, indeed I often have the feeling that she has become so tolerant that she is not in the least surprised or shocked by various impulsive confidences offered her by her numerous young relatives. Because Aunt Harriet is so absolutely trustworthy in any matter one chooses to confide in her, many people enjoy airing their inmost troubles to an interested and sympathetic post, with as much assurance that it will remain a secret as if she were in truth an inanimate

object. It was she who knew about all the secret love affairs that went on in the neighborhood, and if anyone's mother did not approve, it was a comfort to tell it to Aunt Harriet, and to ask her what she thought about it. And I think that she derived illimitable pleasure from these small confidences, because another of her characteristics, amounting almost to a weakness, is her love of romance which is almost as insatiable as the Elephant Child's far-famed curiosity. Perhaps it brings back her own youth in some mysterious way to hear about Jean Long's secret wedding or Sue Thompson's "boy-friend" who drinks. The fact remains that anyone who is in the throes of a love affair has Aunt Harriet's undying respect and admiration.

I hear you question, after my various and revealing confessions as to my aunt's character, my right to apply the term "sainted." Be that as it may, I claim for her, as she goes along, little and pointed and grey, the distinction of being the unique example, in my acquaintance, of the fast disappearing race of Sainted Aunts.

ELEANOR MCEWAN.

THE LONELY GARDEN

I had strolled up to the old house on the hill in a rather aimless way to pick flowers. Down at the Manor, they had remarked that if I were of the flower kind, it would be worth my while to visit the old deserted house and its garden.—"Just follow the dirt road across the bridge and up the hill—can't miss the house—stands all alone—the old lady who owned it, s'been dead some years now."

My first impression of the house had been one of dismay. There it sagged over the edge of the road, windows sightless and door ajar—small, black, and tired-looking. A slumberous sadness murmured around the corners of the house and through the flowers in the garden. There were no sounds, no disturbances anywhere. Once a crow flapped over the crumbled chimney, but after its flight, the silence seemed almost a tangible thing—I felt as if I were breathing silence.

Leaning over the rickety fence, I studied the garden, and gradually the sense of loneliness which brooded over its flowers became a part of me. It was a riotous jumble of larkspurs interspersed with the thick green of rag weeds. Hollyhocks stood like stalwart outposts by the opposite fence, their blackish-red flowers with the large puffs of yellow pollen nodding stiffly in every breeze. By the door huddled rose bushes, their flowers withered and brown on the stems. And I noticed a shallow pan there too, a very dry one—dry as the dirt in the hard-baked road. My thoughts ventured that it might once have been a place for birds to splash and drink in. Poppies nudged elbows with the daisies by the fence near my feet. Through the middle of the garden, I could dimly trace the remains of a path, but it was so choked now with patches of tall grass and weeds that its presence appeared almost a figment of the imagination. Large gold-banded black bees buzzed from larkspur to larkspur; now and then a ruby-throated humming bird, the sheen of its tiny green body dazzling in the sun, whirred from the rose bushes to the larkspurs and back. Perhaps

it had a nest in the rose-bushes. A bettle suddenly scuttled from beneath a stone to the thick grass by the road.

Yes, I had trudged up the hill to this house and garden plainly to pick flowers, but after gazing at its simple beauty with its mournful air of neglect, I found that I could not touch one of them. I had an uncanny sensation that *she* would see and feel hurt. Every flower had once been planted with such care and thoughtfulness—they were not mine to take.

The air smelled so sweet and clean and fresh. Having just come from the city, I still caught myself every once in a while reveling in the country smells. And as I leaned there over the fence, half-awake, half-dreaming, listening to the occasional whirrs of the humming-bird, the easy droning of a bee, the slight murmurs in the trees behind, I beheld an old lady with soft curly gray hair, a delicate little lady with twinkling brown eyes and a merry mouth stoop over the pan by the door and pour water into it until it was filled and overflowing. Then without disturbing a single petal, she passed quietly through the flowers, bending now to look at a flower or to snip off a troublesome bug, and straightening now her small thin back to glance at the rose-bushes. "Oh, those roses should have been picked long ago," she worried. "It never does to leave them to wither away." Gingerly she cut off the roses with a pair of scissors which appeared from nowhere, all the while fretting to herself—"should have someone here all the time." With the fall of the last rose, she looked about her weed-choked garden wistfully—her voice was like the whisper of a wind—"My own garden, you are so lonely without me." And like a wraith, she faded into the arms of the weary old house. The flowers bowed ever so softly and the trees rustled ever so gently, "Someone lives here yet; someone lives here yet—"

BEATRICE ANDREWS.

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PAX VOBISCUM

The Head of the House insisted for one whole week that peace and quiet after meals were the only things that would improve his disposition and shattered nerves. He startled us by talking very learnedly on the effects of fatigue, fatigue curves and their relation to the amount of work one might accomplish. It sounded to me as if he had been reading my "Fundamentals of Psychology" in his off moments, but Mother maintained that it must have been a free catalogue on "Success" or "The Tired Business Man." Father drew vivid pictures of the way in which he might drop off at any moment suffering from a nervous breakdown, unless he began to cultivate an attitude of ease and quiet. Both Mother and I thought that less sauerkraut and sausage for lunch would bring about the same effect, but we hesitated to venture our remarks openly. Unfortunately, we had been unaware that Father was suffering from shattered nerves, but after hearing his tale of woe every night for a week we finally suggested that he stretch out on the couch to see how ease and quiet would affect him. Mother and I tiptoed in and out through the swinging door to the kitchen and with a good deal of restraint managed not to call out to

one another in our usual fashion. We whispered as we went through the doorway and once Mother was so indiscreet as to laugh, when I attempted to show her with a grape fruit skin and the garbage can how a good basketball player makes baskets. We had cleared the dining room table and piled up the pink and white china in the kitchen sink without waking Father once. We could hear his loud rumbling snore as we lowered our shining metal dishpan into the sink, quietly refraining from hurling it in as we usually did. Mother dropped little beads of soap into the pan and turned on the hot water with a sigh as if to say, "We won't be so awfully long now." Suddenly, from the cellar there issued forth great "gallumphing" sounds, as if some mysterious giant in the cellar had caught the whooping cough. Mother looked at me startled and we gleefully whispered, "The hot water heater—it's stuck." We let the water run on and the coughing and sputterings from the depths of the cellar continued. We could hear Father heaving up from the couch and tramping to the kitchen. As he stalked by us he was muttering something about women and their ideas of peace and quiet. The hot water heater ceased its coughing and choking as suddenly as it had begun and Father with the air of a true martyr to the cause plodded back to the living room couch to try to recover his longed for peace and quiet. Eventually, with many half suppressed giggles and equally many "shush-ings" we managed to finish the dishes. I wanted to break a dish or two, or at least throw a pan down the cellar stairs, but Mother insisted in no uncertain terms that it would be tempting fate too much and that the martyr might go on a rampage.

After a long consultation, Mother and I decided to retreat to my room to work, so that Father could find complete ease and quiet in the deserted living room. Mother was letting down the hems in my dresses and I was trying to discover why Virgil thought yellow horses were better than white ones, when a loud clatter and banging burst forth from the general vicinity of the back porch. We were both startled for we knew only too well that it was not the hot water heater again. The noise increased until it sounded as if someone were pushing a lawn roller up and down the roof. We heard Father bang out to the back porch and roar in loud angry tones, "Dynamite, get away from that garbage can! Here, Dinah, here. Nice dog. Get the heck in here and go down in the cellar where you belong—" His voice trailed off in low grumblings as he firmly escorted Dynamite to his kennel in the cellar. Dinah dolefully wailed out his goodnight song for at least fifteen minutes after he had been shoved into bed. The couch in the living room groaned ominously as the goodnight song kept up, until even Dinah became a little dubious about these perpetual grumblings and finally condescended to go to sleep. Mother and I tried not to laugh, but it seemed too perfect to have Dinah and the hot water heater in league against Father and his quest for ease and quiet.

It was just at this point that our neighbors decided to get out and shovel snow, calling loudly to one another and scraping their coal shovels up and down their respective walks. They banged their shovels against the telegraph pole and the curb stone seemingly with much delight. Some of the more ambitious ones and those with excessively neat wives turned their coal shovels up side down and scrunched and scrapped with the sharp

edge along the sidewalk. Father and his frayed nerves stood the noise as long as possible and then the nerves and Father began to climb up stairs to bed. As he passed my bedroom he loudly declared that people who shovel snow in the middle of the night ought to be shot. Mother merely smiled and said goodnight. When the Head of the House seemed out of ear shot I said in a stage whisper to Mother, "Pax vobiscum!" Father was still lingering near the door and being somewhat startled by this outburst of Latin, poked his head around the corner of the door and snorted, "I don't like the sound of *that*. It had all the marks of a nasty crack." I started to explain, but Mother hastily drowned out my words with a loud and rather frosty, "Goodnight," and Father, taking the hint, beat a hasty retreat to his own room still in search of that elusive peace and quiet.

SARA STEVENSON.

A BACKYARD

Kitty was small and gray, and so dirty that I knew he belonged to the Wilson's—all their cats are gray—and dirty. I tucked him under my arm and went down the weedy path to their back yard. This is a sloping bit of ground, long and rather wide. In the lower corner is a large, dingy, black barn. A screened-in plot beside it is the chicken coop. Tufts of gray-white feathers cling to the sagging wire, and the black earth inside is littered with corn and half-eaten scraps. An unkempt garden occupies the space between the house and barn. On the right, a number of leaning poles support the straggling bean-plants, and the wilting tomato-plants hang lopsidedly on their wooden crosses. On the left side, rising amid little red radishes and faded-green lettuce, a crooked quince tree sags heavily against the high board fence. Little, grayish-brown sparrows sometimes alight on the fence, only to be chased away by a playful kitten. Mrs. Wilson, a large woman in a rumpled old apron, stands by the hour on the back-porch and looks out over the yard, never heeding the skimmed milk that runs from the over-turned saucer at her feet, and trickles down the cracks in the boards.

—MARGARET GOLDBERG

A MOTOR DEBUT

Flossie had been a normal little girl who wore clumsy, steel braces on her teeth, always got sick on the street car, fell downstairs when company came; and invariably got what she wanted. But now Flossie was going to high school; the ugly braces were removed and in their train, two modest little wisdom teeth appeared, and now Flossie chewed gum on the street car, glanced sideways at gawking boys and forgot completely to get sick. But Flossie was considering seriously the idea of giving up street cars. It was much smarter to drive a car of your own these days; it added so much to one's social prestige and then it marked publicly and definitely

the end of one's childhood. It was so much fun to sit carelessly at the wheel of the big family car with one arm resting on the door frame below the open window and the other grasping firmly the big, round steering wheel while one foot pressed the gas and the other the brake. And oh yes, there was the clutch to press when one shifted gears. Yes, Flossie had tried it over and over when Papa had had an occasional indulgent mood and let Flossie take the wheel awhile. It was so collegiate to go driving along, to wave gayly at the most select of the high school set, or to gather the gang into the spacious seats and drive out someplace for eats. Somehow the whole world respected the driver of an automobile.

A week after her sixteenth birthday, Flossie realized that the time had come to make her motor debut. "You know, Mamma," she ventured, "I could take you to meetings and places, if I just had a license an' so many of the kids have 'em now, why I'm the only one in "Bugology" class that doesn't have one, and Mom, I'd be a real good driver."

Mamma was tolerant if not encouraging and promised to seek an early interview with papa on the subject, although she was sure that Flossie did not realize the responsibility and danger of such a step. The interview came that evening and Flossie could hear its progress from her room where she was supposed to be deep in the throes of algebra. Mamma was victorious and after several intensive lessons on backing and turning and shifting and several extensive periods of study with a despicable little blue rule book, Flossie began to look forward to taking her test. To be perfectly frank with herself, Flossie was a little "scared," for the idea of a big "cop" in the seat beside her with hostile eyes fastened on her every movement was a bit terrifying, but maybe he would be a young "cop" and young "cops" weren't so bad. She had seen one on a street car once with broad shoulders and curly black hair and had even considered flirting with him, had she not reached her stop too soon.

When the day came for the test, Flossie sat up in the driver's seat with Papa beside her and together they departed for the Testing Station. Flossie started out slowly, blew her horn to show her caution, passed a car to show her courage, and cruised along at the respectable rate of thirty miles an hour. But half way on her journey, Flossie decided to steal a glance at herself in the mirror for Papa was dreaming absently and after all, the cop *might* be young. But Flossie must have gazed too long at her pretty reflection for the car swerved crazily, hit the curb, ran upon it for several feet and dropped with a jolt to the cobbled street again, narrowly missing a gaunt old tele pole and arousing the twittering shouts of several adolescent males as well as the ire of Papa. Flossie's high spirits were flattened several inches, and her red cheeks were darkened several shades as she drew up to the curb and stopped with a jerk which nearly threw poor Papa into the arms of a waiting policeman standing before the Testing Station.

After some terrifying questions in which poor Flossie was forced to confess her weight and sex before a line of armed policemen, and to read some forgotten letters of the alphabet which danced giddily on the opposite wall of the room, Flossie was commanded to go to her car. Papa was

left on the side-lines to watch the performance and Flossie was conscious of a huge, powerful cop shambling along behind her. As he got into the car after her, sinking low into the upholstery of the seat and far into the springs, Flossie noticed that he was not young, that his face and figure bespoke the trials of a wife and children, and that his countenance betrayed neither interest nor pity for youthful aspirants to the motor world, especially young females like herself. "Start the car," he shouted at poor Flossie, who jumped so high that her ribs jammed the steering wheel. Hastily Flossie pushed the starter but it did not catch. Again she tried, this time more determined, but the stubborn engine remained dead; once more she pushed the startter, a desperate look on her drawn little face. She could imagine that she saw Papa's worried countenance in the distance, but the car simply refused to start. "You'd better turn on the ignition," advised a gruff voice beside her. Inspired by this timely suggestion, Flossie was able to coax a puffing response from the coughing engine. It must have been her trembling foot which sent the car jerking forward in sputtering spasms which shook the frame of the massive cop and flung him toward the windshield, throwing a jumble of false teeth from his gaping jaws in a heap on the floor. At this point, Flossie was completely unnerved. She choked the car and prepared to start all over again while an exasperated policeman was engaged in inserting the recovered ivories into his empty jaw. Determined to redeem herself or perish in the attempt, Flossie pushed the starter and soon had the engine racing gayly and something in its steady purr soothed her turbulent soul, for Flossie loved her car, as a jockey loves his horse or a sailor his craft. Flossie progressed for some few yards in low, then changed noisily to second and had gone but a few feet in high when, arriving at an intersection, her companion commanded her to turn right. Immediately Flossie forgot which was right, turned felt, mounted the curb and descended again, but the jolt sent the maltreated cop to hit the ceiling of the car, dinging his royal head-gear to such an extent that he forgot that Flossie was a lady and gave way to brief selections of profanity. Before Flossie could grasp the situation fully, her friend of the police department commanded her to turn around. Now Flossie had often turned a car before, but no manner or means could have persuaded the cop of the fact after Flossie's feeble efforts—she went forward when backward was the proper direction, she choked when choking was decidedly the wrong thing to do, she pressed the gas when the brake was the thing to be pressed. To add to her deeply troubled state of mind, Flossie was conscious of a long line of cars being held in abeyance on either side, while their passengers grinned rudely at her antics or cursed lustily at her stupidity. At last the nose of the engine was pointed in the right direction and the two disheveled occupants arrived at their starting place. Flossie stopped the car, turned off the engine, then glanced at her companion who was scribbling something on her permit. With a royal flourish, he handed the telltale bit of cardboard to her and as Flossie read it she decided that this policeman possessed a heart as well as an ill-fitting set of false teeth and as Flossie drove home, a wiser young lady, she carried a license as well as proud Papa beside her.

—Margaret Eisaman

A BACK YARD

The long, uneven grass in the small back-yard was whipped flat under a ripping gale from the northeast. A thick row of rusty zinnias crackled, and snapped their pithy stems against the low pack-porch. In a large pen at the far end of the yard, a pair of shrunken hounds gazed haggardly at the house, their black noses screwed into the meshes of the wire fencing. Beside them a small washing flapped frozen on the line. In the middle danced a man's long white suit of woolen underwear which the wind had billowed out until it seemed almost inhabited. It hung frozen in that ludicrous, swollen posture, its inflated legs jigging solemnly as the wind whistled through. —Betty Nies

SUNDAY EVENING

For me Sunday evening has a restful tranquility that no other evening possesses. There are no lessons, no great dashes to be off to the theater before the curtain rises, and the ordinary hustle of other nights is lost. Instead a quiet calm spreads its wings comfortably about, and even the huge log fire burns lazily. It is a time consecrated to memories, and pleasant reverie, a time to listen to familiar old songs, and to read the favorite tales of yore. It is a time when little is said, but much thought, when the present becomes lost in a misty haze, and the past and future assume a great fascination. Even the books that line the library walls seem to have caught this prevailing mood of rest, for their leather bindings and tooled gold borders take on a quiet, but not solemn aspect. The cretonnes that look so gay and bright in the morning sunlight now look hazy, and soft, and the roses in their tapering silver vase spread their sweet aroma into every happy corner. It is then that we have a sense of oneness—a strange feeling of union with some higher power who lifts us out of the reality of the every day into the land of Sunday Night.

Nancy Jane Longenecker.

IN THE SPRING

The bell shrilled sharply. Patsy jumped, she always did when a bell rang, even if she knew, as she did to-night, that it was going to ring. Little thrills of excitement tickled the palms of her hands and one big thrill began doing wild dances around in her heart. Whenever Dick came or called her that crazy Thing began dancing like that. The vibrations from it made her fingers tremble and her voice come in throaty gasps. She was surprised—she always was to think that Dick made her feel like that. She had decided 'it' must mean that she loved Dick. As she hurried downstairs to open the door, she called aloud, partly to see if her voice really would quivver again, and partly to let the family know it was Dick. Dad always needed a little time to get his slippers on.

"I'll answer. It's Dick." It was ridiculous she thought the way her voice deepened and caught on that word 'Dick'. "Such sentimentality," she muttered in an unconvincingly mocking tone.

Her voice was brightly full and deep again as she greeted Dick.

"Hullo there. How are you?" she managed a surprising amount of interest considering that she had learned he was fine just an hour ago, by phone.

Dick seized both her hands. "Just great—how are you?—dearest." The last word was whispered but that only added to its intensity. Without waiting for the answer he hurried on, her hands still in his.

"Let's go for a ride, Pats! I've something *extra* to tell you."

"Why, Dick, what is it? You look as if you were positively popping with excitement," Patsy's blue eyes widened.

"I am," Dick affirmed and pretended a grave solemnity that a broad wink completely ruined.

"I'll get my coat and be with you in a minute. Go right in the living room," Pat called as she hurried upstairs. At the top, she twirled on one toe and reached her room in two short, bouncy skips. "Ohh—maybe The Time has come!" she whispered to herself. Then deliberately pinching her arm she said fiercely, but still in a whisper, "Now, Patricia Morgan, you know it's practically certain *nothing* could happen until two years after college. Don't go getting *silly!*"

As she pulled a black felt hat over her curly auburn hair, Patricia remembered that night—ages ago it seemed but it was only three years—when they were juniors in college, she and Dick had decided they would be married, when the Time came. The Time, always capitalized in Pat's mind, meant some distant, but not too distant, date when Dick had his engineer's degree and a good job. Dick had said that night, Pat could remember the steady earnestness of his tone, "I shall not ask you till I am able *really* to take care of you, but, for me, it's an engagement from now on, dearest." Patsy had let him kiss her but insisted they call it just an 'understanding' so that if 'anybody' wanted to change his mind, he could.

"And nobody has changed his mind—yet. And we've both been working a year. Maybe, but I thought it would take two years, at least." Pat gave her nose a last dab with the puff and made a face at her reflection, "You'll never know what has happened if you stay up here all evening!"

"Have a cigar, Dick," she heard her father say, as she entered the room.

"Thank you, I will, Mr. Morgan," the eager excitement of Dick's voice was subdued to a respectful deepness.

"We're going for a little ride, Mother," explained Pat. "Bye."

As soon as they were settled in Dick's old orange and black roadster, Pat questioned him in short, jumpy tones. "Whatever has happened, Dick? You look like—Oh, tell me!" She tugged at the sleeve of his coat.

"Don't annoy the driver, young lady," Dick said sternly, then laughed his low, eager chuckle. Patsy knew, though she couldn't see, that the two half dimples at the corners of his mouth were coming and going, that his shock of brown hair was all awry because he had pushed his fingers through it, and that his warm brown eyes were serious behind their gayness.

She liked riding along there beside him. The headlights made a comfortable spot of light, always just ahead of them. Occasionally they turned

a bush or a telephone pole into a stark, frightened-looking ghost that stood in the light but a second, then darted back into the blackness. She wished they could catch up to that spot of brightness, always just ahead of them. It was like waiting for the Time, trailing that spot of golden brightness; but maybe it was cosier where they were. She wanted to know if—. Suddenly she burst forth, "Well, how far are you going to take me, Dick Curtis, before you tell me the news?"

"Oh, to Never, Never Land, the Garden of Eden, or the Bay of Bemine!" Dick answered, his voice teasingly calm. He had stopped the car and turned to Pat, suddenly all seriousness. He fingered a loose button on his coat, then caught her hand. "Pat do you remember when we found out we loved each other, I said as soon as I had—was able—oh, you remember!"

Pat whispered, "Mmm—?"

"Well," Dick looked steadily into the blue eyes raised to his, "I am to have a perfect top-notcher of a job." He stopped as Pat's hand squirmed in his. She caught her under lip between her teeth and sighed with a sharp intake of breath.

"Dearest, Pat, will you, oh, will you, please, marry me?" Dick said it firmly but with a softness that made each word a caress. Then more quickly he whispered, "I—we—I want you so, and you do love me, don't you Pat? I—Oh, Pat!" He kissed her hand. Pat could feel his hands trembling against hers.

She caught her breath, her throat ached, she wanted to cry. When she started to speak, a sob came instead.

Dick took her in his arms, "Why, dearest, don't cry. What? Didn't I?" His voice was softly deep, it enfolded her in its warm, comforting depths.

"Oh, Dick, it's just something so wonderful, so important. Are you—Are we really *sure* about, about loving each other and are you absolutely sure I am the girl you want?" Pat spoke slowly as if groping for the right word, the right expression. Her eyes were almost black and her chin quivered. As she talked she studied her hands and only glanced up at Dick once.

"Darling, you *know* you are the only girly I ever have or ever will love. If *you* aren't sure, that is different, but please, don't take too long to decide, try me out, dear, I'm not so awful, really."

"Of course, you're not. But what do we really know about one another? We've only seen each other when we are all dressed up—with our party manners on 'n everything. When we're—if we marry, we would see each other first thing in the morning. I always look a perfect fright, first thing in the morning—you'd probably hate me. I get irritable sometimes, too and—" Dick made it impossible for her to talk for a time.

"Why, you little silly, do you think after three years I don't know you? Haven't I told you every time I see you, I love you more? Don't you think you know *me* well enough, is that the trouble?" Dick's voice was accusing, a little hurt. He was silent or a long minute, then, "Won't you, couldn't you just believe in me, in us making a go of it?" he pleaded.

"Yes—but," Pat began.

Dick snapped his fingers, "that for your buts!" He grinned like a

small boy begging for the second piece of pie, "Please, say yes and no buts!"

"But," Pat persisted, "Marriage is awfully important and practically forever—anyway I want mine forever and we ought to be really sure. We ought to—experiment somehow, like in psychology, to see if we'd really like seeing each other every day or if we could do without seeing each other at all." Suddenly she clapped her hands, "I know, let's have a date every night for a week. Of course, it won't be just like being married."

"No, not exactly," Dick smiled at Pat's earnestness.

"Then, we won't see each other for a week, or maybe we better say a month and we'll find out if we miss each other—or if we can enjoy ourselves just as well," Pat's voice was a little mournful but very determined —the kind of a voice one uses to convince people something is for their own good, no matter how disagreeable it seems.

"I think a week would be plenty," Dick said slowly. He wanted to call her a silly little goose and rush her off to a minister, but he loved her enough to give her what she wanted since it was only two weeks. "I guess you won't want to wear a ring till the trial and error experiment is over?" He asked her with the faintest suggestion of a chuckle.

Pat was half indignant, half pleased, "Really, Dick, I'm serious. We are not very old to decide such a big thing just off the bat. We ought to be careful. I would rather wait—about the ring." She felt a little lonely, a little too noble on the way home, like the apostle who understood all and could explain it to no one. Dick didn't talk much, beyond a few details about the promised position. Pat tried to be casual and bright but she wished—Dick might have begged a little. He had agreed right away—almost right away. Maybe he had only asked her as a duty, because they'd been going together so long. Why hadn't he forced her to say yes? A tear slid down her nose and tickled as it landed on her chin. She giggled.

"What's the joke," Dick asked, his voice a little sharp.

"Oh, nothing," Patsy lied.

"Oh, sweet,—" Dick began then with a curl of his lip, "I may speak to you as usual while the experiment progresses?"

"Surely, Dick, if you want to," Pat said stiffly. She wished *she* didn't always have to be the sensible, practical one. If he was going to have that injured air all week, the experiment would never succeed. Something inside Pat whispered, "Aha, so you want it to succeed! You are just a little hypocrite, wanting to be fussed over." Pat muttered, "No!" indignantly.

"What?" Dick asked.

"Nothing, let's talk about something else," Pat cried, shrugging her shoulders and wiggling as if she wanted to jump out of herself.

* * * *

The week of dates had been entirely successful. They had gone to a movie and a concert, they had walked and rode and they had talked, but not about marriage nor even love. Pat had rather wanted to, but when Dick did not, she had felt timid about starting. He had been nice, considerate, but dreadfully cool, Pat thought.

Once he had said, "Well, am I acting like a husband?"

Pat had only answered, "I don't know, are you?"

Dick had snapped, "No," squeezed her arm until it hurt, and then changed the subject.

Pat had rather supposed he would spend the week making love to her, but he hadn't and she had not wanted to explain her idea of what the experiment would be like. If he did not *want* to she supposed it might be proof that their marriage would not work. Anyway, she guessed it was more realistic, more like real married life, if he were only polite to her. Friday night he had asked her, quite abruptly what happened next, after the two-week experiment. "Why we'll *know,* that's all." Pat had stammered.

"You'll know, I hope," he had said and left before she had been able to ask "know what?" He had not even kissed her when he left that night.

The week had slipped by quickly. Dick had only said, "See you lately," when he went away on the Saturday night that ended that part of the experiment. It was Tuesday of the week-without-dates. Pat had gone to bed early, explaining to the family that she was going to read awhile, away from the noisy radio.

She had not turned a page for a long time. She was wondering—Had Dick really understood she was doing it for their own good? Lots of girls wouldn't have waited a minute, with such a dear boy as Dick. The girl, in this story, for instance, had introduced her fiance to her best friend and it looked very much as if the fiance loved the best friend now and it had only been a week since they had met. Pat flung the book to the bottom of the bed. "Dick has got more sense—" she thought "—and he loves me too much, too." She whispered the last, to reassure herself. She remembered little things he had said to her. That time they had gone window-shopping together he had said all *he* could see in the windows was a reflection of her. The two weeks she had been away, last summer, he had written that there had been a lump in his throat ever since he had left her at the station. But if he met a stunning girl this week—Jean Stewart had told Pat he was 'adorable!' after she had met him. Other girls might just tell it to him, directly. Dick was sensible, but any boy would be thrilled if a pretty girl told him he was adorable, especially if his real girl had almost turned down his perfectly lovely proposal.

Downstairs the telephone rang. Patsy jumped out of bed and reached for her kimona. Her heart was jumping, skipping, roaring; she held her breath and tried to hear her father's voice saying, "Yes, Dick, I'll call her." Instead she heard, "O. K. Jackson, I'll look into that complaint in the morning. Yes—"

Pat slipped out of the kimona and got back into bed. She made a face at the pillow to keep from crying. "I just thought it might be Dick, because—because I was thinking of him and oh, I wanted him to call," she mumbled to herself, ending with a little moan.

In a second she was out of bed again getting paper from her desk, sniffing jerkily as she muttered, "Nobody is going to have my Dick. I want him myself. I don't know why he ever let me start this crazy thing."

* * * *

The letters crossed in the mails the next day. One was a pale blue envelope containing a single sheet of paper. It said:

"Please, Dick, I want to see you, *dreadfully*. Yours, Pat."

The other was a square, white envelope addressed in handwriting hat made an excited whirl start in Pat's throat. The envelope felt limp ınd ever so meagerly thin in her hands. She tried to tear the corner. "He's ;one away and he's sorry but he could not wait while I—I decided to—to ıave him," she thought. She bit her lip fiercely to stop its trembling and ooked quickly at the post mark. "Well, he hasn't gone yet," she muttered ınd poked at the stiff envelope with a hair pin. The sheet of white foolscap :rinkled sharply as Pat pulled it out. It was rough and reminded Pat of Dick's coat—the way it felt against her cheek. She hesitated with the folded sheet in her hand. She could see the heavy black strokes of the hort message through the thin paper. One place his pen had gone through ınd left a little black-bordered gash. "He's found out already that he does ıot really want me and he is saying good-bye, now, before it is too late!" he wailed to herself. The paper trembled a little as Pat, with a sharp in-ake of breath, unfolded it to read:

"Throwing the trial week over-board. I am coming to-night. Dick."

Pat crushed the letter to her, squeezing it hard with both hands. It rackled with joyful little explosions that echoed the glad thumps in her ıeart as she half-whispered, "He *does* want me. He *does* want me.

—Betty Ramsay.

———o———

SONNET TO LESBIA

(Translated from Catullus.)

How many kisses, Lesbia, you inquire,
Would more than satisfy my heart's desire?
As multitudinous as the grains of sand
That cover Libya's pathless desert cove,
Which near Cyrene on the Afric strand
Between the oracle of mighty Jove
And Battus' sacred sepulchre is seen;
As myriad as the stars that sparkle, when
The night is silent, tranquil, and serene,
And watch and wink at secret loves of men;
So many kisses—an infinite amount—
For mad Catullus' would suffice,
Which prying busy-bodies could not count,
Nor censure nor bewitch with ill device.

—Edith McBane

WOMEN DOCTORS

A meeting of women doctors results in the dissection of character as well as of anatomy. The female doctors keep up a steady stream of gossip about their patients from the opening of the monthly meetings until the last goodbye has been said at midnight. Mother, called Dr. Sue by the rest of the clan, had the Women's Homeopathic Medical Society meeting at our house last week. The ladies came, one by one, in their cars which they drive around blithely at all hours of the night. At each arrival, a loud welcome of "Well, if here isn't Dr. Anna (or Dr. May or perhaps Dr. Milly). We have just been talking of Mrs. Walker; you know that wealthy woman whom I treated for Bronchitis?" Then, while one would explain what had gone before, the rest would talk more of the haughty Mrs. Walker. There was never a lull in the talk, nor was there ever only one person speaking at a time. While Dr. Anna expostulated, "I never saw such a woman for clothes, she wears exactly two garments under that green chiffon dress of hers, and she weighs at least one hundred and sixty pounds." At the other end of the room, Dr. Milly is saying positively, "Mrs. Walker is one of the most careless persons I've ever examined. She uses safety pins for everything," while Dr. Sara in her corner of the room is saying what a very delightful individual Mrs. Walker is. It finally developes that Mrs. Walker is a dignified, careless, likable, terrible flirt and gentlewoman, who is active in social work and never helps humanity. It was eleven o'clock before Mrs. Walker had been examined and cross-examined by the tongues of her doctors, one of whom she went to for colds, another for osteopathic work, another for babies, and still one more for advice about her husband's diet. When tea was served there was only a gap in the conversation long enough for each doctor to get a taste of what she was eating. Dr. Shepherd swallowed a piece of cake quickly and blurted out, "Oh, have any of you heard of Miss Jones lately?" At the mention of the name, Jones, each member of the society put down her cup and began to give the latest bit of scandal she had heard. Dr. Farr told of Miss Jones' hair which she was treating for dandruff, "She said she had been to a hairdresser's, but that the treatments had not helped. I'm giving her those new electric treatments." While the information was being imparted, Dr. Sue put in her word, "She is the 'puniest' thing I have ever seen. Her legs are no rounder than toothpicks, and she came to me to get thin. She said she was afraid of losing her 'boy-friend' if she didn't keep attractive." "Attractive," exploded Dr. Anna, "why that girl's nose is enough to keep everybody away. It's the hookiest thing I ever saw. And that mouth of hers is always so covered with lip-stick that it actually protrudes a half an inch." By leaps and bounds, poor Miss Jones is thrown from one side of the room to the other, at each bounce getting a harder bump than the last. Suddenly Dr. May remembers that she had a child in the hospital that must be seen before morning. Half an hour or so later, the eight promoters of medicine started to say good-night. Another half hour passed before each one was safely in her car and had the engine started. Women doctors delight in comparing notes on their patients.

MARY WOOLDRIDGE.

HEALUM JONES—SURGEON OF DYNAMICS

"Well! Well,—look at that sign!"

"That's a new one on me! Who ever heard of a Surgeon of Dynamics? And would you get on to his name, phew, Healum Jones! sounds like a cross between a New Thoughtist and a Christian Scientist, don't it? But hang me wife! If we can ever scrape up an ache or pain between us that feels bad enough and seems unintelligible enough to warrant it,—me for taking it to Dynamic Surgeon Jones."

It did sound peculiar, that freshly painted sign which graced a very clean, neat looking cottage. We had come across it in one of our after dinner rambles in which the wife tried to loosen up her rheumatic knees, and I tried to get sleepy enough to forget my indigestion. Both of us were seeking to acquire that fatigue that would woo slumber upon our return to the little suburban home we had worked so hard to obtain. Now it was really ours, despite my stomach and her knees.

Surgeon of Dynamics! Still thinking of it as I went to bed, I toppled off to sleep and dreamt I had lost my old-time enemy, indigestion, at the hands of Surgeon Jones, who, before my very eyes, had cut me open, removed my stomach, and, after rearranging its contents, had put it back with all the pain left out. Just as I was thanking him for his marvelous feat of surgery, I woke to find my wife sitting up in bed rubbing her knees and grumbling at me for waking her out of a sound sleep by yelling, "Hurrah for Surgeon Jones." Nor was she the more composed when I told her that my pain had vanished, and I had related the marvelous operation that had been performed.

As a matter of fact, my dream had taken so great a hold upon my mind that I suffered no pain in my stomach all the next week. But I suffered such unmerciful razzing from my wife for my remarkable powers of hallucination, that I swore a solemn "never again" on the subject of sharing dreams. Gradually I began to see her viewpoint and realized how ridiculous it was to have my indigestion cured by a dream. I was not surprised, therefore, a few mornings later to wake in the agony of returning pain one hundred per cent strong. My stomach had ceased to dream and was awake again.

I lay there quietly, suffering in silence lest I wake my wife and her knees, when the gradually lightening room, the growing noise outside, and then the striking of a clock startled me into the realization that it was late. I hastily got up, as best my awful pain would allow and calling her, went down to make the kitchen fire. She failed to follow, however, in the course of a few moments. Suddenly I heard such strange noises from the floor above that I hastened back to find her dancing round and round the room. Her eyes were sparkling and she laughed as I had not heard her laugh in years. She stopped when she saw me and looking half ashamed, yet full of mirth, she told me of her dream. Surgeon Jones had caught her as she lay asleep, cut open both her knees, and from them had removed the source of her pain. It was my turn to laugh, but somehow with such terrific pain, I could not even smile; only groaned and said, "My stomach's awful bad."

We tried all remedies we knew and finally when night had come and still the pain was there, I hobbled down the road with my wife's kind help, determined to seek the surgeon's aid. When we reached the street where we had seen the little white cottage, all seemed so different. We walked over every street in the district. No surgeon's sign was to be found. We inquired at several houses, but people only shook their heads and laughed. This enraged me so that I forgot my pain, and we had retraced most of our steps homeward, lamenting over the fact that we could not find the surgeon's house, before I realized that my pain was gone. I cried aloud for joy, and tossed my hat high in the air shouting, "Hurrah! the surgeon has gone, and he took both my stomach and your knees."

—Dorothy Humphrey

THE TONGUE SPEAKS

In the twilight of a close August day, rotund Mrs. Price sat with her daughters on their wide front porch. Her daughters were two, and they were dressed, one in her blue, the other in her orchid after-dinner finery. The entire population of the closely-built neighborhood seemed likewise to be on their respective nearby porches, rocking quietly, grateful for the cool dusk. But the day's heat had in no wise subdued Mrs. Price.

"We're all going to see Greeta Garbo tomorrow. Where is that? Zat at the Penn, Sweetie, bunch?" she trumpeted at her younger daughter.

"Sure, the Penn, mama."

"She plays in 'The Constant Sinner,' don't she? I donno, maybe that's not it, though."

The doubts of Mrs. Price permeated the neighborhood. She wiped her pink forehead and the back of her neck with a clean handkerchief, and took a fresh start.

"Oh Sweetie, run down to the drug store and get us a pint of vanilla, don't you want to? No, here comes Jimmy, better get a quart. A quart's better anyway. Maybe Jimmy likes chocolate. Come on up, Jimmy, we're just going to have some ice-cream. Come on up, you know you want some, and Sweetie's going to get it."

"No, guess I can't stop right now, Mrs. Price," evaded the young man passing, upon whom Sweetie's eyes lingered in disappointment.

"Well, I can go down to the drug store with you, if that's the way you're going," cried Sweetie. "Is it? Hurry up and give me the money, Mama. *Hurry.*"

And off she scuttled after Jimmy; her mother's voice followed her down the street in a rising shriek.

"Only a pint, Sweetie! Just get a pint! If Jimmy won't come, don't get more than a pint!"

"Mama," sighed the older daughter, "don't you ever think *anything* that you don't let out?"

Betty Nies.

HEART BREAKER

Towards the end of a hot afternoon in the middle of July, Robert, (Lanky) Hunter, half-sat and half-lay in a big soft chair in the dim cool living room of his home. He held a small paper backed notebook in both hands above him, gazing seriously up at it from his lowly position on the small of his back. On the top of his sleek black head rested a small circular cap of brilliant green, two or three shades brighter than the sleeveless sweater he wore over a mussed white shirt. Lanky's feet, tremendous in black and white rubber-soled shoes, were crossed at the end of his long legs, a full yard from the foot of the chair, and above the shoes, the bare space between them and the unfastened bottoms of his plus-four knickers was partially covered by a pair of faded blue half-socks. Lanky continued to survey the scribled book, mumbling to himself.

"Lorna Belle Baker, Magnolia 6201. Good old Lorna, what a girl! But she gave me a dirty deal last April over that Prom date, and I wouldn't call her if she were the last girl in town. Not this boy! Just because Hank Peters is a freshman in college now and joined a fraternity—and she wouldn't even look at him before. Ho—well! Let's see. Helen Marie, Magnolia — — aw shucks, I'm going to lay off her, dating these eighth-graders doesn't pay in the long run. Here's that Yvonne some-body-or-other, but aw heck, she was too slinky-looking, made me feel kind of young."

Lanky turned a soiled blue-lined page, and brushed back his hair with the green dink.

"Doggone," he muttered, "this dance tonight is going to be more trouble than it's worth. Guess I should have got a date before this, but of course that doesn't make any real difference except that I can't decide right off who to call."

In the center of the page Lanky's eye picked out a name written and underlined in red ink. He sat upright in the chair, snapped his fingers and tucking the book into his hip pocket, he shambled out into the hall, sat down by the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Sweetheart," Lanky said to the operator, "What's that? Do I love you? Oh! 'Number please?'" Lanky mimiced her in a high falsetto. "Well, honey, if it isn't too much trouble give me Ashford 9918." Lanky strummed on the table, as he waited, and surveyed himself at a close-up in the mirror above the table where he sat.

"Hello, hello honey—what? Oh, I beg your pardon Mrs. Wild, is Bunny at home? Please. Hello there Bunny-love, how's everything in the wide, wide world with you? Who is it? Baby, what do you mean, who is it? Well, if you don't really know it's your great big boy friend, Lanky Hunter. Still love me as much as ever, Bunny? You'd practically forgotten I existed? Go—on, sweetheart, you can't mean that! Well, say, how about renewing the acquaintance tonight? Busy? Well, want to break it for a real date? O. K. if that's the way you feel about it. Just a lost opportunity for you, that's all. So long."

Lanky, undaunted, dug into the hip pocket, and again consulted the list. The top of the third page began. "Mary Brown—emergency

only—Magnolia 8998." It was followed by, "Sally Jane Wall—Pep and how!"

"Guess I'll try Sally Jane," he decided, "she's a little too fat, but she is a lot of fun." In another minute Lanky was speaking softly and coyly into the ear of Sally Jane at the other end of the wire.

"Still love me as much as ever, Sally Jane? Sure? That's great, Baby, well say, how about proving it by going to the dance at the Bats Club tonight? You have a date? Well I'll be darned! Aw shucks, Sally Jane, I didn't mean it that way—I—well of all the doggoned nerve, hanging up on a guy."

Lanky sat persistently at the 'phone for ten minutes hearing refusals to the Bats Club dance. Hanging up on a sweet and sorrowful. "I'm so sorry, Lanky," Lanky saw Butch Greer coming up the walk toward the screened front door.

"Hi Butch," he yelled, "come on in!"

"Hi Lanky, what have you been doing over here? I tried to call you three times, wanted to know if you're going to be able to get your car for tonight. Dad's using ours, and I thought maybe you could take us up to the dance. Say, who are you dating tonight, Lanky?"

Lanky eyed Butch's fat red cheeks and laughed carelessly. "Sorry you couldn't get me, Butch, Mother's been at the old 'phone for an hour calling up some club women or something. To tell you the truth, Butch, I don't have a date yet. Intended to call someone this morning, then I went swimming and just got in a half hour ago, and then mother's been burning up the 'phone. I was just going to call now."

"Who are you going to take?" Butch asked, and lowered his plump figure onto a straight-backed chair. "Someone pretty up and coming I suppose."

"Well, I just thought I'd call Mary Brown. You know, Butch, it's a shame that girl doesn't get around more, why I met her down street the other day and no foolin', she's doggone nice—honestly—she has swell eyes, dark and deep, they sort of grow on you. Let's see, her number's Magnol—"

"Wait a minute, Lanky. No use calling Mary, she has a date."

"Go-on, nobody dates her! Who's she going with?"

"Wait and see, Lanky, you'll be surprised. Well, I've got to go. If you can get the car, let me know, will you, Lanky?"

"Sure thing," Lanky yelled after Butch's retreating figure.

"Oh, say." Butch stopped, and called back, "if you can't get a date, maybe Mary can get you someone, and we can still have a double."

Lanky looked from Butch to the telephone, and swore mightily.

SARA ALLISON.

THE CAT AND THE DOG

On the blue and white checked seat of the kitchen chair sat Polly, our kitten, with white paws encircled by a smooth grey-striped tail. Her grey back showed broad and round as she stretched her little head, and with clear yellow eyes glanced about at the cream colored walls, the white enameled stove, and the table in the center of the room. She was purring loudly when Pal rose from a reclining position under the table and stretched his short, stubby legs. As the dog brushed past her chair, Polly still purring, lifted one soft white paw lightly and buried it in the long brown hairs of Pal's narrow back. Then she jumped off the chair, and balancing on the cross-bars under the seat, she made quick darting movements toward the dog's head. Pal lay again long and narrow on the floor, and only a sudden scratch on the nose made him raise his paw slowly. Polly waved her paw before Pal's half-closed eyes. Then she crouched, and wiggling her back, her eyes bright and round, she leaped lightly on Pal's soft neck. The next moment, Polly was sliding over the varnished linoleum floor, and coming to a halt before the back door, she lay on her back and with her front paws grabbed Pal around the neck. The dog twisted his head out of her grasp and turned to the water basin. The kitten retreated to one corner of the room. Crouching, her eyes following the waving motion of Pal's tail, her back wiggling, she at once bounced forward tackling Pal's curly extremity. The dog whirled about, and Polly was swiftly chased through the open door into the pantry.

SYNNOVE HAUGHOM.

TO A DOOR STOP

It was a funny little cat
All black with big green eyes.
All day beside my door it sat
Unmindful of my sighs.

I poured some orange pekoe tea
Into a china cup.
ME-OW, I heard, and turned to see
My door stop, wrong side up.

JEAN BLAIR.

"QUI MANGE EN ROUTE," OF THE PEAR

"I have had no lunch, and I must go to Mary Stuart's house to study French with her at four o'clock," I wail to my friend. "and French is one language you can't study on an empty stomach; now German—"

"Why don't you stop in the drug-store and get a bite of something?" advises the friend vaguely.

"I shall not stop in the drug-store for a bite of anything," I protest with righteous vehemence. "No sooner do I sit down at the table than

they try to sell me a Grand Canyon sundae, which I have neither the courage to refuse ordering, nor the stomach to eat."

My friend tacitly concludes that I am a diet-fiend. "You might stop at a fruit store and get a bit of fruit to eat along the way," she suggests more warily.

My friend is assured that a little fruit will be quite the ticket; we bid one another adieu, and I hie me to the nearest fruit-store. It is a miserable little building, out-posted by great piles of wooden crates and deserted wire chicken-coops. The screen door looks as though whole generations of grocery-boys had butted into its screening with a box full of groceries on their way in and out.

"What kinds of fruit have you?" I inquire of the big, blowzy Italian who comes sliding up to wait on me. It is rather a silly question, because you know that all the fruit in the place is clearly exposed in the window. Nevertheless, the fruit-man tactfully flatters my feelings by pretending that he is not quite sure what he has himself, and, going over to the window, he looks audibly.

"Let me see, da huckleberrio, da pineapple, da banane, da pear."

"Those pears?"

"Yes, Mam."

I am pointing to a box of pears whose quality, as to size, is only a little lower than that of the watermelon. They are lumpy, yellowish-green, with little pale, clear spots on their skins. Really, they are altogether too large for undivided consumption, yet they look ravishingly delicious; and, really, I can neither summarily dismiss the polite fruit-man, nor buy a basket of huckleberrio or da banane.

"How much are they?" I inquire, beginning to hope that they will be a monstrous price—a quarter at least, so that I may be justified in refusing to purchase any.

"Seven cents apiece," the fruit man assures me confidentially and proudly. "Ver' good, they are."

What can I do? "I'll take one. Please give me one not too ripe," I beg, for he is handling one of the pears with hands that I am sure have not touched soap since the pears were mere blossoms.

"Ah, dis pear not too ripe, not too green, just right," the fruit man confirms his judgment by thumbing the already fondled pear and then popping it into a small paper bag. I pay him, and march out of the store with my purchase balanced on top of my French grammar. I shall eat it, I think contentedly, while I walk along the street, beneath the dying leaves that overhang the sidewalk, while the fresh, sunny autumn breeze refreshes my weariness.

The first thing, of course, is to take off my gloves; I take them off and tuck them in my note book. Then I open the little bag and begin to pull out the pear. Stars, what a pear! It is so vulgarly large, and such a queer shape, too, like a dwarf that has grown too fat. I realize, too, that the pavement is over-flowing with people, that the street is alive with automobiles, that the houses are transparent with windows. Really, I cannot pull out that entire monster of a pear and put it to my lips in public. Surreptitiously, I try to break off the top. It is no use; it is a very solid

pear, and I succeed only in breaking the skin a trifle, and setting free a tantalizing odor of pear—an odor that makes you think ridiculously, at one and the same time, of Keat's "Ode to Autumn," and of a Hallowe'en pumpkin-lantern. Is there nowhere that I can go to eat my pear, or a least get rid of it? No. If I were a wealthy and eccentric goddess of autumn, trailing along the highways in an orange velvet gown, with a girdle of grape-leaves, a flowing purple cape, and a sheaf of cornstalks under one arm, I should not look inappropriate nibbling at an over-grown pear. But for a conventional-looking young woman in oxfords and a tweed coat to indulge her appetite thus—I cannot do it.

I might throw that pear away—drop it into the gutter or the nearest ash-can. I might, more sanely, give it to some poor little newsboy at the corner. Upon longer reflexion, I realize that the little newsboy might hesitate to accept it, under the impression that a religious tract is to accompany it. And as for throwing good food away into the gutter, the very thought makes me feel that my Scotch ancestors are uneasily turning in their graves. What I need is one of those private little parks that one reads about in English novels; they open right off from the middle of the busiest streets, you remember, and consist of flag-stone walks—worn, but clean—of a few sycamores, and an ancient sun-dial or a bird-bath.

"The lovers slipped into the little enclosure (oh yes, their chief virtue was a brick wall, unscalable by the prying eyes of the populace) and George put his arm fondly about the gentle and beautiful girl at his side; they were alone, save for an old gentleman who was sitting on a low stone bench and eating peppermints out of a snuffy-brown paper bag. 'Darling' he bagan—"

Ah, I have great need of such a little park; I am in love with a pear.

All this time I am walking along, hungry as only one walking in the Autumn air can be, but incapable of taking one bite from the pear that exudes its ripe pungency beneath my very nose. It is then that I make a decision as to my pear. If I can not eat it myself, I shall give it to Mary Stuart as a gift, trying to feel comforted by the rather unsatisfactory thought that it is more blessed to give than to eat.

My latest resolution holds; I arrive at Mary's door, and I hold forth my brown paper covered gift in both hands.

"Mary, I saw these pears outside a fruit store just by chance," I lie, "and I simply could not resist buying one, although I'm not awfully fond of pears myself. Won't you take it?"

Mary thanks me politely. "I'll put it here in the fruit dish," she says. "Isn't it lovely to look at?"

No sooner has she said these words than a little blizzard of apprehensive chills creeps up my back-bone. Such an unlucky fool as I am! For while Mary is quite an epicurean as to lobster, truffles, and sweetbreads, she is possessed, I remember, of a perfect horror of pears.

—Marjorie Hopkins

A PASTRONOMICAL CONCEIT

With mist on his cloak,
And a laugh in his eye,
And silver-haired shepherd
Keeps watch o'er the sky—
Whist, 'tis the moon!

With fleece spun of cloud-dust,
With eyes dark and shy,
A million wee lambkins
Are wandr'ing the sky—
Whist, they are stars!

They drink of the night-dews,
They feed on the wind;
And the shepherd protects them
Till night is behind—
Lo, then, his love!

At first gray of dawning
He gathers them in
And folds them a bed
Where the oceans begin—
Lo, then, their rest!

—Marjorie Hopkins

—o—

FLIGHT

The fairies are gone, we shall see them no more
With their pearl-pointed horns and their secret, dark lore—
Oh, who else can weave cob-webs to tinkle like glass,
And wipe off the rain from the long summer grass?

Pixies elves and leprechauns,
Gnomes, trolls, and sprites,
They've fled our woods, our streams, our fawns,
With all their little sad old songs,
And all their tiny household goods
Wrapped up in bits of mouse-skin thongs!

Some went to sail the Milky Way,
In boats of broken walnut shells,
And flags of silk from far Bombay
That sailors lost in thundery gales
What time the ducks were fair as swans,
And beasts could dance, and men grew tails.

Some went to dwell behind the moon,
And there waxed pale and cold with dew,
And lost their resiness full soon
With digging, digging hard green cheese
To feed their long-eared, hairy selves
And all their hives of silver bees.

And some have fled to mystic caves
Where once old gods had laughed and sung.
And hide away as thieves and knaves
Who stole those first sun's beams that fell
Across the new-born seas of earth
To mold a golden fairy bell.

But the fairies are gone, and we'll see them no more
With their pearl-pointed horns and their secret, dark lore—
Oh, who else will weave cob-webs to tinkle like glass,
And wipe off the rain from the long summer grass?

Marjorie Hopkins.

THE MINOR BIRD

SPRING 1933

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THE MINOR BIRD

Pennsylvania College for Women

OL. V SPRING, 1933 No. 1

Pear Blossoms

Not a hare, not a mole, but whose delicate ear
Tracks the wind to its home in the cold of the year;
And I have heard grass, and the sea in a shell—
But who could have heard, or hearing could tell
Of the fragile crescendo of melody wrought
In the blooming of these where before we found nought
But a bough that was shrivelled, and naked, and dead?
Arpeggios trailing in crystalline thread
As the blossoms grew whiter, grew petalled and cupped;
Chords that swung upward, then finished abrupt
When the roundness was done—every note was unheard
Save by ears that have listened when unicorns herd
In the meadows at night, or when falling stars cry,
Or when snow sounds like bird-wings, confused in the sky.

MARJORIE HOPKINS.

Evanescence

The house had always kept the ghost of its windmill towering grayly side it, still creaking in a tearing March gale, or wheeling lazily in the ite sunshine of long August days in that little country town. When u drove toward the house from the village, the great wraith stood always istily beside it, until, in the excitement of turning up the pine-hedged iveway, you forgot the windmill's transparent gauntness.

But now, everything around the lovely lawn: the sweet-pea trellis; the und, spreading plot of close-growing Wandering Jew; the wild strawber-s in the orchard; the asparagus-bed with its exquisite pale feathers; the ntly rotting little summerhouse; even the rough green barn, seemed act-l extensions of the ground itself, its very own members. That boarded-scar on the lawn where they had taken the windmill down had always en a vivid reminder of that stately, important worker—the garden's ampu-ted limb, as it were, by which the place had been for decades haunted.

But now, the spread country house was alive with all its ghosts. Was e place recalling them in slow, precious array, now that it was going to be ld?—flashes of its history revealing the intimacies that most of its corners w held their own memories around?

If you decided—say, in the late afternoon, when a declining sun had nished the giant oak at the front gate to spread its shadow out over the

white road, and gloom the yard no longer—if you should decide then to mak a slow, dreaming circuit of the house, out the back door (say), and aroun front, and back again—your mind was soon emptied of everything but th great glamorous atmosphere of this settled place. The lilacs were not forty years' guardians of the pantry-windows for nothing. The deep, dark leaf bed of lilies-of-the-valley had not been grown by the damp, undergroun creepings of a summer or two. So many ducks had padded over the lo sill of the poultry-house that though you had perhaps forgotten the preci number of Trixie's brood, and lost track of that fearsome tribe of cousir to the lame-footed fighter, the place was still teeming rich with memories c the others.

At the back-porch steps, shall we say, you decide to go left, and lea the orchard and the "dressed-up" part of the lawn until last. Ghosts ri like smoke from the ground the instant your eyes face the wide-planke side of the barn. Near its fanning rhubarb hedge sit, in you mind's ey the rusting set of brass pans, graduated in size, to which the cook, Nin thrice daily summoned innumerable cats to their noisy dinners.

"Kit, Kit, Kit, Kyit, Kyit!" Isn't she still going to call them? N tomorrow? Not ever, any more?

You stroll past, and enter the barn. There are the great cracks in tl floor that the peeps' tiny legs always fell through as they teetered abou leaving them struggling yellow balls arranged in helpless rows along tl planks' edge, like solidified foam from egg-nog, splashed on the rough woo

Most of the barn's old inanimate possessions had been cleared out fi years ago to make room for the new sedan, and the hollowed work-benc now held only oil-cans. But outside, the sweet-peas on their hidden fran nod sunbonnet heads in the sunny distance as you look out through the barn wide door, and start toward them. A dried-up well-hole near them h smooth, sunken, greasy sides, as though the receding waters had sucked i ward with their departure and were still holding tight. There was tl narrow stone crevice in the walled path to the duckhouse, where the sil kitten had got caught twice, and had her fur scraped off in the pulling-ou Sweet-Williams scalloped around the base of two apple trees; raspber bushes straggled over the hottest, shadeless slopes where picking was har est; then on to the Dorothy Perkins rambler that in the spring sproute th tiniest, perfect buds with swirled mouths like O's. But the slanting lift-u entrance to the cellar—surely there was snow upon it still—and three chil ren sliding down it, legs scissored around each others' stomachs 'way u where their heavy leggings ended. Or were these same children—a boy a two girls—bowed Indians under the evergreen hedge that grew hollow i side, and arched darkly without? Each summer had seen them routi wishful birds from the barky vines on the summer-house roof: never nest was built there. And the old green tables and chairs out back, on th orchard edge, where evening meals outdoors are vivid still.

The place was all shouting. Its ghosts moved, and made sound. Th old windmill, grayly visible in lulled memory, was not nearly so insistent the new sights that will not be much longer. We'll leave the orchard f another day. We'll have to; the voices in the afternoon are too clamorou Its heavy-leafed trees, its long grass and their daisies, are at their best in th morning light.

Betty Nies.

In Love

I am in love. The full significance of this discovery has impressed itself upon me by degrees. For months I have had glimmers of suspicion, yet until recently I have never been sure. For my state of being in love bears precious little resemblance to the tempest of emotions described by novelist and popular song writer. It is not even what I had long hoped for and expected. From my early delvings into the romances of D'Artagnan, of Launcelot and Tristan, not to mention my gleanings from the films of the swashbuckling Fairbanks and the suave Valentino, I had gathered that being in love was a condition of delicious turmoil—ecstatic bliss disturbed only now and then by the bitter throes of jealousy. And it was my conception, supported by subsequent reading and movie patronage, that this state of mind was as far removed from the banalities of daily life as fairies are from those who do not believe in them. One's heart and soul was rapt away, I thought, into some mystic Neverland or Elysium. It was also my firm belief that when I should be about twenty years old and should fall in love, suddenly and miraculously I should change from a drab little grub of a person with no especial distinction to a gorgeous butterfly endowed with all the social graces, and possessed of a sparkling wit.

But none of these things is a part of my being in love. I am not constantly whipped about from the heights of rapture to the depths of despair. Job, everything is much as it had been. I have experienced nothing startlingly out of the ordinary. The difference lies in the fact that I am aware of a more frequent, a more acute sense of oneness with the universe than I had known heretofore. The earth is more buoyant under my feet. The wind, the sky, the trees seem only a vaster and more perfect expression of myself. But this, you say, is not love. There is the same sensation upon hearing a Beethoven symphony, upon reading an exquisite poem, upon breathing deeply after rain. But love, I have found, is all of a piece with these things and if you are well-acquainted with this peculiar feeling, it will not be long until you, too, will make the discovery. Another phase of this new attitude is that in finding one person as delightful as I could have imagined, I have found other persons absorbingly interesting. There is something mysterious, something unfathomable about every one of them—a something that promises beauty if it could ever be tapped. Conscious of that same transcendent something in myself, I know a broader understanding and sympathy toward others. Not only has the world and its human occupants taken on a deeper meaning, but work has become a purpose. Though there has been and always will be joy in achievement, work itself is now its own reward.

Contrary to my juvenile notion, love is not a special "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" emotion. It is a warm steady glow—practical— like an old rain-blow sweater to which I was once devoted. And though it doesn't prevent me from getting the "blues" or growing irritated or hungry, it does prevent my thinking. "Oh, what's the use!" Love is just a homely, everyday sort of sentiment with the distinction that doubt and fear have given way before a growing wonder and faith.

I have not, by virtue of being in love, blossomed into a beauty. I have gained no profound wisdom, nor have I developed a noble disposition. I am still a grub with but occasional stirrings in my cocoon. However, I no longer find my lot regretful, for after all, is not the life of the grub infinitely longer and more secure than that of the full-fledged butterfly?

But these things are only incidental—merely aspects of being in lo They are by no means my reasons for knowing so definitely. I say I am love because never before have I been so complete. It is as though I h found the rest of me. In "his" company I am as free and as comfortable I am when alone. This content is due not only to the fact that we find t same things interesting, the same things beautiful, the same things fun but because our very differences and dissensions mingle and blend like c umns of smoke—and together make a new pattern. With the challenge "his" ideas, thoughts are born like the slow unfolding of flowers. At su times I stir in my cocoon of commonplaceness.

Unlike the love of film and fiction, there is no vestige of jealousy in passion—not that there is no cause for jealousy, at least as much cause ordinarily suffices to rouse the green-eyed monster. But human beings a hopelessly isolated. No one ever really knows what is in the mind of anoth And since I respect absolutely "his" aloneness, "his" right to be a personali jealousy would be well-nigh impossible. Because we are both, then, so sentially apart from all others, and from each other, what he may do c not hurt me permanently. For what happens to me need not affect me. Wh happens within me is all that matters. This philosophy has banished adolescent fear of being jilted. There is of course always that possibili But it is no longer a dreaded one. Should I cease to be favored and sho "his" fancy turn upon another, I must necessarily be content. For if eit of us has failed to satisfy, then it is well that we part. In that circumstan everything is not gone. There are still unlimited delights in the world to joy. And though in the first pain of hurt pride, I shall doubtless find it d ficult to see them, I cannot truly forget that they are there.

Being in love is so secret a thing. It is so much more than I am a to express. It may be that so delicate an emotion is fleeting, ephemeral. I in that event, I have not lost, for,

"Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor thief purloin . . . . . ."

RUTH MAXWELL.

Secrets

Come, tell me Sweet, what you have found
Here in the air or in the ground?
Is it a whisper from the south wind so fair,
Or a long lacey leaflet of maiden's hair?
Do you hear the prattle of the Babes-in-the-woods,
Or sly little field mice nuzzling over their foods?
Does the earth hum a song to you, does the sky paint a dream,
Do dainty elves whisper of some moonlight scheme?
Come with me, Tiny,—sit here on this mound,
Now tell me Sweet, what have you found?

BERENICE BEAMER.

The Youngest Emerges

The O'Connors were scorned by the elite of Northton. Not because ey were uninteresting or dull, for they were an altogether fascinating mily, but they were so definitely Irish, and in a New England town as old d as select as Northton, anything so Irish as O'Connor was certain of en derision. There were some, it is true, who secretely admired the O'Conrs, and the unconventional happy-go-lucky life they led in the old Cunningm place, and still a very few who openly adored them. Among these latter re Isabel Carr, and her younger sister Ginny. Isabel told everyone in her en and defiant way that, poor or not, they were the grandest people she'd er known, and the handsomest; but then, the young Carrs could afford to p their fingers in the noses of everyone in Northton, for theirs was the lest and the wealthiest of all the old and wealthy families in town.

That the O'Connors were handsome was correct indeed, even when apd to the women of the family, for not only Mrs. O'Connor, but her two ghters were images of some modern Atlanta, long and lithe; the two s were tall, and powerfully built, and graceful; and then there was Kit. No one ever thought much about Kitten, except to say, "Oh you know, 's the youngest of the O'Connor tribe, a skinny little thing."

Kitten O'Connor was acutely aware of all her deficiencies the night of ny Carr's dance, as she brushed her short black hair in front of the sser mirror in her bedroom over the hall. Kitten suddenly put the brush vn, and leaning her elbows on the dresser top looked at herself in the ror, carefully. "Yes," she said softly to herself, "I am homely, ugly, in t. Yes, it is true, the ugly duckling of the family—" At least that was at she'd overheard Mrs. Winn say from behind a magazine rack in the gstore the other day. Still examining herself in the mirror she suddenly ned. "Ugly duckling," she whispered, "Maybe some day you'll be a utiful swan." When she grinned that way a little imp rose up from ewhere and shone from her face, and her blue eyes held starry points heir centers, and a wee dimple, unseen except at such close range quirked he corner of her mouth. She was still grinning at herself in the mirror, chin in her two hands when Aileen came merrily in.

"Well, punkin', what are you doing? Giving yourself the close-up ?"

Kitten turned around and laughed outright at Aileen, and swung over it beside her on the bed. Aileen was Kitten's favorite in the family. was her ideal, slim and cool-looking, golden hair and really blue eyes. en's eyes were an indefinite grey-blue.

"No, I'm getting dressed to go over to Ginny Carr's dance."

"Oh, so this is the night of the Great Event, when the youngest of the onnors crashes the gates of society." Aileen laughed.

"Gee," troubled Kitten, "I'm so thrilled, I'm crazy to go, and yet, I'm ed and I don't want to go. Ginny had an awful time getting me invited, besides, I'm such an awkward creature."

"Don't you worry, little one, your legs do seem a bit longer at present is quite necessary, but just forget them and you'll have a good time."

"Perhaps" Kitten shook her head doubtfully, "Oh, I don't know, only see I'm not like you and Pat and the boys, I'm just, well—just an ugly ding."

"Why, darling!" Aileen put her arms around Kitten's thin, bare litt shoulders, "where ever did you get such a silly idea, why you're like an elf Aileen tossed Kitten's curly dark hair, "why, you're just good enough eat."

"Oh Aileen, I know that you're just trying to make me feel better, b I'm so—inadequate somehow, so sort of hung together."

Aileen ignored this and asked, "Who's taking you to the dance, Kitten

"No one, you see Ginny's mother doesn't believe in young people goi about in pairs. She thinks they should "just have good times all together Kitten mimiced Mrs. Carr's precise speech, "but you can't do that, ever one'll pair off after we get there, and, oh, I'll probably come home in t Carr's limousine." Kitten laughed drolly in spite of herself. "But the isn't any use starting this way. I've got to work up some pep!" With th she jumped up, and danced a little clog step in the center of the room, th ran over to the cupboard and took out a hanger shrouded in white musl from which she extracted a stiff pink taffeta frock.

Aileen eyed the pink confection with undisguised horror. "Saint Pete child!" she exclaimed, "you're not going to wear that!"

Kitten held the hanger at arm's length and looked hard at the dress.

"It doesn't look quite right, does it?" she asked. "Of course it's most two years old, but I've only worn it twice. It's practically new."

"New," groaned Aileen, "Oh help! Come here, punkin'."

They stood back to back in front of the dresser mirror.

"You are a lot thinner than I, but we'll sew you into it," said Aileen.

"Sew me into what?" inquired Kitten.

Aileen yelled back from the hall outside, "My white satin, darling, h everything!"

A few minutes before nine Aileen ran down the stairs and caught Sa the first of the O'Connor offspring just as he was starting out of the fr door.

"Just a second, Sammy, you are taking Kitten over to Ginny Car party."

"Well, it's the first I've heard of it. Why didn't somebody tell m I'm late for my date now. Is she ready?" Sam growled.

"Be a sport, Sammy, and give the little cabbage a break. Here she now, be good to her for a change."

Sam looked up the stairway and said, "Well what the deuce, I thou this was a children's party."

For Kitten was coming slowly down the stairs holding tightly to railing. Her long legs were completely hidden beneath the swinging fo of the satin gown.

"Darling," cried Aileen, "don't look so paralyzed!"

"Say sis," Sam grinned, "where have you been hiding yourself, y look great! Turn around and let Big Brother see you."

Kitten revolved slowly on the toe of one scarlet slipper, the thin, h rhinestone heels sparkling in the lamplight.

"Aileen did it," Kitten told him, "How do I really look? I feel sort naked."

"The back is low," agreed Aileen, "for a child your age, but don't f get you are out to charm the male populace!"

"You'll knock them dead," Sam declared emphatically, tucking her into ileen's short scarlet wrap, "let's go!"

Kitten kissed Aileen goodbye, and murmured, "Thanks awfully, and I'll everything you told me."

"So long, Kitten," Aileen watched them go down the walk, and then lled, "Kit! get control of your ankles! You're wobbling."

"It's these heels, they are the highest I've ever worn, but I'll be all ght." Then Sam stowed her into the car and they were gone.

Kitten came out of Ginny Carr's perfect bedroom in a glow of appre-nding happiness. "Funny what clothes do to you," she thought, for she as filled with a calm assurance that she had never before possessed. She ew she was good looking. She walked slowly to the head of the broad, iny stairway, and hesitated at the top, feeling like someone in a picture. elow, in the great long living room was filled with gay young people dancing d sitting about in laughing groups. When Kitten saw that several of them w her there, she started slowly to descend. The glances she perceived were miring ones. She lifted her head a bit higher, then suddenly one of the llows called out, "What ho! look at Kitty!" And that same instant, one the treacherous ankles wobbled and turned completely over. As she rched forward, Kitten clutched uselessly at the railing in a frantic attempt save herself, seemed to hang in mid air for a single awful instant, then nt hurtling and bumping down the stairway, to pitch headlong on the re floor at the bottom. She sat up instantly, and unconsciously pulled the g white dress down around her ankles, then seized her head in her two nds. It was spining and pounding furiously, but above its noises she heard meone laugh and say "dramatic entrance—nice!", and something about rying to show off." She put one hand over her eyes, and heard someone k, "Are you hurt?", a nice masculine voice, and then many hands patted d thumped her, and felt her arms and legs for broken bones, and many ices wanted to know if she could speak. Somehow, Kitten opened her es, and managed her elfish grin. "Yes," she said, "I believe so. Wasn't perfect? I couldn't have done better if I'd practiced for a week!"

Everyone laughed in evident relief. So she wasn't killed, the silly little ng.

Suddenly, Kitten was aware of a firm black-coated arm around her ist. Somehow she felt terribly surprised to see it there, and looked up to ile at the strange young man who knelt beside her, holding her. "I guess l better get up," she told him.

"Sure you're all right?"

The stranger, who had nice brown eyes smiled sympathetically and lped her to limp over to the sofa. For a little while they were surrounded young people offering drinks of water, handkerchiefs, compacts, and line, rushed from the medicine chest. Mrs. Carr brushed Kitten's hair gerly back from her forehead and said she trusted there would be no ill ects. Then the orchestra began to play, everyone began to dance and ickly forgot about the little girl in the scarlet and white, who felt too ised and spiritually crushed to dance. Everyone, that is, but the strange ung man who insisted that he preferred conversation to dancing anytime.

It was a little over a year later, on a warm July afternoon that Kitten Connor went into the drugstore to buy a magazine for her beloved Aileen,

who lay at home convalescing from an appendix operation. As she stood behind the tall rack trying to choose from its varied array, Kitten suddenly heard her own name mentioned by someone at a table nearby. Peeking between the shelves of the rack, she saw Mrs. Winn, fat and complacent, over a sundae. Kitten, angry, listened hard.

"It seems so strange," Mrs. Winn was saying to her companion, "that Kitten O'Connor should be the first of those girls to get married. — — Why yes, in September, you hadn't heard? — — Why of course she is, she'll only be nineteen next month," Mrs. Winn's voice sounded provoked, "but they do say she seems old for her age since she's been goin with this Gregory-person and of course, you know he is heir to millions, and no doubt they want to rush it through! — — "Indeed yes," continued Mrs. Winn, unaware of the furious young woman approaching from behind the magazine rack, "a prominent New York family. She met him at the Carr's, you know. It is rather an odd story, they say she fell down the stairs, and he was perfectly enchanted with her. Rather awkward, I should think, but then, she always was the queerest little thing!"

SARA ALLISON.

Sparrows

Some birds laugh, and some birds sit
Mourning mates throughout the night;
But sparrows show an urchin wit
No other bird possesses quite.

For now when trees are freshly green,
When spring comes washed in milk and wine,
And touring robins prink and preen
And boast of all their travels fine—

Provincial sparrows also strut
And smirk, behind a scraggly wing,
"My dear, while you saw Calicut,
Folks had a chance to hear *us* sing!"

MARJORIE HOPKINS.

An Errant Canine

"Jock, are you going to run away again?" asked my mother, in a tone half scolding, half-sorrowful. Jock sat and peered up at her through beetling black eyebrows, his big brown eyes fixed mournfully on her face, and his dusky, pointy ears flattened sheepishly against the large shaggy head that always looks too heavy for his body.

"Yes, you know that you've been a bad dog. Don't we feed you, and make a fuss over you, and give you a good home? Don't we play ball with you and take you for walks, and treat you just like one of the family?" Mother paused for breath, and Jock, still gazing intently at her, acknowledged the truth of all this by protuding his pink tongue, ever so little, and licking, with ever so small a sweep, his black mouth, like a small child that can't help lick-

ng his chops, although he knows he shouldn't, at the sight of a huge platter of ice cream.

This scene takes place quite often at our house. I come home from school and find, in a house that has been dogless for a week or more, a repentant Scottie ambling toward me, crooked tail wagging. For Jock is a wandering dog. He has a friend, if not a sweetheart, in every port. By birth Philadelphian, he has resided in Pittsburgh for about three years; and although, being a dog, he has to travel under his own power, he has covered quite an extensive range of territory. Jock does not look like the sort of dog who might be a globe-trotter. He is long and low with thick, rough iron-gray coat, and short, shaggy pegs for legs. Nevertheless, he is known by practically everyone within a radius of several miles. Our telephone number is on his collar, and the same people have called us up about him so many times, that now we often have long conversations with them.

Usually, if someone inquires how Jock is, we have to answer that he isn't home; he left sometime last week.

"He's probably down at Tech—at the Skibo Inn," the speaker continues, indifferent and unworried.

"Well," volunteers my father, "I ran into Mr. Jennings today, and he said that Jock had been visiting them for several days. They couldn't get rid of him. He left yesterday, though."

"Maybe he's still somewhere on Fifth Avenue, then," remarks my mother, more to make conversation than to express any real supposition.

"Maybe so." I add, apathetically, "As likely as not he's over visiting our old house." It took Jock several months to become reconciled to returning to a new neighborhood and house, and often he visited his old home.

When Christmas arrived last year our roaming Scotchman was not at home, and so we had no presents for him. Much to our surprise, about five o'clock on Christmas day there was a sharp bark at the front door. We rushed to open it, and in bounded the prodigal son.

"Brrrrr Woof!" he greeted us, and frisked about on his stumpy legs as merry as the traditional lamb. His big, dark eyes, usually solemn, were mischievous and sparkling. And, best of all, some wonderful person had given him a bath. The white streak on his chest was snowy, and our hands kept their color after patting him. What a happy, united family we were that night!

The next day Jock had departed hence.

A week passed. It was early New Year's morning. Everyone had gone to bed except me. A sharp bark, an abrupt wuuuf! sounded at the door. I opened it, and out of the coldness pranced a long inky mass of lively canine.

"Brrrr Woof!" said that wicked scoundrel, pattering down the hall.

"Jock, be quiet, for heaven's sake!" cried I in a stage whisper. "Have you no regard for the rights and comforts of others?"

"Brrrr Woof!" answered Master Jock impudently, as he jumped up in front of me, standing on his hind legs and waving his funny, short fore-legs in tiny jerks, an invitation to play and be merry. I finally succeeded in calming his exuberant spirits enough to persuade him to retire cellar-bed-wards.

This time he stayed with us for three days.

A week or so later, mother was called to the 'phone.

"Yes, we have a little black Scottie. No, he's not here now. Where? Morewood Gardens? You can't get him to go away? All right, I'll come get him. Yes, right away. Goodbye."

Mother grabbed hat and coat and was practically running out the door, when I, being curious as to this unseemly haste over a mere telephone call about Jock, hailed her.

"What's the hurry?" I asked, "Is our animal dead?"

"No!" panted mother, slamming the door.

In half an hour mother and a dejected-looking Jock arrived. The unhappy culprit glanced at us in a mildly reproachful way, then padded into a corner, his worn-down nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sank down as though he had all the troubles of dogdom on his shoulders. Looking like a dim blot in the shadow of the corner, with huge head and black bump of a nose resting on stubby outstretched fore-paws barely distinguishable, he observed mother and me with sorrowful eyes.

"We'll have to keep you chained now, young man," mother stated grimly. Jock rolled his eyes, showing their whites, and focused his gaze on an object far away from us.

"It seems," mother explained to me, "that he's got a lady friend, a Scottie, down at the Morewood Gardens. He goes down there and sits under her window and barks to her. And she answers. Everyone in that part of the building is complaining. I had a long talk with Mrs. Jones. She says Jock has been down there most of the time for the past week."

And so now, when I come home from school, an ebony button and two shiny eyes gleam from the dark depths of the little doghouse on the back porch. The a large, squarish, old-man face with thick bushy whiskers and furry pricked up ears, emerges, followed by a matted, grayish-black body that terminates in an upright, oscillating, bent stick of a tail.

"Brrrr Woof!" this greets me, as it stretches, straining forward, on condensed forelegs, head raised, snout toward the sky; then shifting the other way, head pulled slowly in, paws pushing the ground so that the rear humps

"Brrrr Woof!" it reiterates, lowering hind quarters to the ground, bright eyes watching me. "Brrrr Woof!" Master Jock knows I will release him from his bonds and take him into the house with me.

KATHARINE DANGERFIELD.

Collectively Speaking

There are three calamities which I sincerely hope will never befall our happy home—an earthquake, a fire, or a moving. Since earthquakes are practically unknown in this part of the country, I can readily calm that fear. And fires—well, we do carry fire insurance, and things for which one carries insurance just aren't likely to happen. But a moving—ominous word!—that did happen once. How well I remember our first night in the new house when Jack was to graduate from high school and couldn't find his shoes when a mover nonchalantly spilled our collection of five jig-saw puzzles in one awful, heterogeneous jumble; and when I, seven years old and very tired at the end of the longest day of my life, climbed up the stairs to a bedroom that proffered in stolid insolence one unassembled bed and six washstands! Yes, it has happened once! Once we suffered the agony of packing up our possessions and then finding space for them to be stored away in the new house. But we must never endure that ordeal again. People who have such a passion for collecting as we have should arrange to have a cc

eniently remote ancestor presented with a large baronial mansion and estate
England on the condition that he will it to his successors as long as the
st should live. If we had contrived this good fortune in our family, I am
re that by the present day the storehouses on the estate would have far out-
adowed the baronial mansion.

Whether psychologists would define collecting as an instinct, a tendency,
a habit, in our case it has descended to the level of the subconscious and
s become a simple reflex. For generations our family has been accumulat-
g. Things that were laid away or merely discarded seventy years ago have
come priceless. We have in our possession the newspapers, so musty and
own and wonderful, which tell in headlines scarcely a quarter of an inch
gh that President Lincoln was assassinated. Old text-books, with their
mpous title-pages, their outlandish pictures, and the scribbled comments of
youthful great-uncle; picture albums—the bulky one bound in purple bro-
de, the little leather-covered one that sheds brown dust in your hands; the
ge from G. Washington's account book which we found among my great-
nt's possessions, and which contain such homely items as a tailor's bill and
e cost of having his clothes washed. We are proud of treasures like these—
e love them. Periodically we talk of offering the newspapers and the
ashington document to the museum. Everyone is agreed that there they
uld be much more efficiently cared for and preserved. Once common
nse and the patriotic spirit got the better of Mother, and gathering together
few treasures, she made a solitary expedition to Carnegie Library. She
ocked gently once on the door marked "Director of Historical Research."
ere was no reply. Mother stood her ground in trepidation, and counted
n. Then, hugging her treasures to her with tumultuous joy, she scuttled
wn the marble corridor and around the nearest corner. She had done her
ty, she had tried. And all proposed philanthropic trips to the museum
ce that time have for one reason or another been found impossible.

Our interest in collecting has not always created such valuable assets,
r have its efforts always enjoyed such prolonged respect. My older sister
e succumbed at the normal age to the passion for collecting samples. For
eriod of several months odd-shaped little packages jutted curiously from
mail-box. Letters, addressed in Bee's own firm scrawl, which smelled
lavender sachet or lemon icing would await a feverish disclosure. Any
gazine one happened to pick up would flap wanly, revealing neat oblong
isions in its latter pages. Bee's samples remain, but their numbers have
n sadly depleted. Whenever anyone needed tooth paste or cold cream,
e's samples became suddenly useful. The efforts of my sister, Ray, to
serve something for posterity were scarcely more successful. Although
scorned to play with dolls, Ray determined at the age of ten that a doll
a fitting object to leave to one's descendants. Accordingly she set aside
rown-haired, rosy-cheeked baby doll with its appropriate clothes. Un-
tunately, I frustrated the admirable plan. In my four-year-old infatua-
for the doll, I carried her off to a playmate's house where a headlong fall
n the cement pavement completely incapacitated her for posterity.

Perhaps Jack is the one of our family who most exemplifies the capacity
collecting, accompanied by a decided methodical bent. I should hate to
nt his neckties, all arranged in order of ascending worth on a three-armed
k. When Mother cleaned his dresser drawers last week, she found forty-
e pairs of socks, half of them, no doubt, unfit for wear. "Then why do

you keep them?" any sensible person would ask. But Jack would calmly reply, "If I threw away one pair of socks, some day I'd be wanting just that pair." Until the last church rummage sale made its yearly forage in our store-room, a toy clothes basket always sat serenely in the dusty silence of the wordrobe. It was full of marbles—countless "commies" and alluring "glassies"—authoritative witnesses to the fact that Jack must have played marbles "for keeps" once in a while, in spite of his Presbyterian upbringing. Perhaps the extreme instance of Jack's collecting acumen was brought to light in a housecleaning campaign a few years ago. Bits of oddly assorted wireless equipment—nuts, bolts, frayed strips of rubber tape—were discovered in a small oblong box that was neatly tied with a string and labeled in careful printing: "Practically Useless."

Naturally I have not remained immune to my family's propensity for collecting. I inherited my sister's stock of samples, and succeeded in adding Johnson's baby-powder and Mary T. Golden's hair-dye. My cupboard is full of old notebooks and papers and report cards. I am continually pressing flowers, and continually wondering where the pressed flowers came from. Two boxes in my cedar chest contain mementoes of glorious occasions—programs, bridge tallies, favors, newspaper clippings—all placed there because I could not bear to throw them away, and because I intended some day to put them all in a memory book. I am not sure that my collecting has been successful, but I enjoy it. My jumbled assemblages are mementoes of people, and places, and occasions which I have enjoyed and which I should not like to forget.

Since we have been accumulating objects for years and years, it is doubtful whether we shall ever cease. Already the tendency is manifesting itself in the newest generation. My little niece can be seen any sunny morning carefully filling the pockets of her red suit with pebbles from our neighbor's driveway. Each spring and fall in the future our storeroom will be cleaned and re-arranged as compactly as possible to make room for the newest accretions. Probably we are very silly people, letting ourselves become burdened with much that is more than practically useless. Stubborn, foolish, indolent—you may call us all of these. But if a cyclone should one day whisk off our third floor, store-room and all, and deposit it in the nearest vacant lot, the next day would find us erecting a temporary shelter over our vagrant loves.

SARAH R. STEVENSON.

A Characteristic Room

The deaconess's room was small with spotless white plaster walls. The narrow window with its green shade was hung with plain dotted-swiss curtains and the wooden bed in the one corner of the room was covered with a white crinkled spread. At the foot of the bed were two straight backed chairs and opposite was an old fashioned wash-stand holding a china wash bowl, pitcher, and soap dish. On the rack above the wash-stand three pairs of black cotton stockings had been hung to dry. The top of the polished oak dresser was bare except for a pin-cushion and a large Bible with a brown wrapping-paper cover. Over the brick mantel hung a steel engraving of "The Last Supper" in a carved walnut frame.

VIRGINIA WATKINS.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart were in a state of bumptious selfcomplacency, or their oldest daughter, Jane, had just announced that on the night of the 'itt-Army game she was to be a hostess at the Ball given in honor of the adet corps. "Of course," Jane hastened to quench the glow of pride in her arents' eyes, "It really doen't mean so much, I'm just a mere one out of ree hundred, but it's sort of thrilling when you stop to think that the enre corps of kaydets will be there."

"Why, I should say so," breathed Mrs. Rhinehart happily, while Mr. hinehart gave his one-sided smile that always meant approval, adding in a asing tone,

"May I ask why you say kaydets, with such heavy accent on the first llable?"

"Why, it's just done, that's all," said Jane airily. "They say that's what e kaydets call themselves. I think it's terribly cute." Then launching her mpaign, "And Mother, naturally you and Dad must realize that I'll have have a new formal. My satin is in an awful mess."

"Well I don't think it's fair," interrupted Evelyn, four years younger an Jane, but whose air of high school sophistication made her appear on en equality. "Here Jack Barlow gave me a bid to the Hi-Y dance, and I've st got to have a new dress."

"You could wear my aquamarine crepe," Jane suggested magnanimously. nd it's nothing to be sneezed at, either," she defended her property with nost maternal zeal.

"All right then," agreed Evelyn, subsiding gracefully, already fancying rself a captivating vision in blue green. And so the matter was settled.

Not till the very afternoon of the Pitt-Army game did Jane's glorious l gown, delayed at the store for vital alterations, arrive. Although it was e to drive to the stadium, and the family was impatiently waiting, Jane pped long enough to take the dress from its folds of tissue and to hang it efully on the best velvet hanger in her wardrobe. Then peeking in the l drawer of the shoe box at the red slippers, whose shiny yellow soles atted to their newness, and bestowing a loving glance on the long, white ves which lay beside them, Jane closed and locked the wardrobe, thrusting key into her purse. Insistent honking came from the car outside and Jane v down the stairs, hurriedly dabbing at her nose as she went out the door her waiting family. "You've very nearly made us late, young lady," adnished Mr. Rhinehart, as he started the car.

"Yeh, and we'll be lucky if we find a spot to park," this from young n, while Evelyn looked disgusted.

"It's just like you, Jane, to keep us all waiting."

"Oh let me alone," screamed Jane from her corner of the back seat. is rainy day is enough to drive anyone insane. What does it matter if are late, just so we see the kaydets."

"Yeh?" sneered John. "That's all you dumb girls think about—men in form. You wouldn't know a good football game when you see it." But e did not deign to answer.

The game that afternoon, to speak in sports writer parlance, was decid- a walk-away for Pitt, and as the foggy drizzle grew thicker, the Rhine- s could barely discern the blue-gray of the massed cadets from the rest he stadium. They returned home that evening cold and disgruntled, ex-

cept Jane, who was full of mirthful eagerness. "I don't see how I can ea anything," she remarked as the family sat down to dinner. "Besides, it's six thirty now and all the hostesses are supposed to be at Heinz House a eight o'clock."

Mr. Rhinehart asked the blessing, and then declared firmly, "Never theless, my dear young lady, you are to eat, Army Ball or no Army Ball." And that was that. Conversation quickly turned to football and the visit ing cadets, while everyone was filled with an overwhelming desire to talk a once.

"Now if Army had played a more defensive game — — "

"I tell you, it was the forward pass that helped Pitt today — —"

"I wouldn't say Pitt had a better team — —"

"Say, didn't it give you a thrill when the Kaydets got all lined up — —

"Yeh, but that's just when it began to pour down rain — —"

"Did you hear that baby xylophone in the Army band?"

"I like the way the Kaydets sing — —"

Knowing that her presence would not be missed in all this babble, Jan mouthed to Virginia the cook, who was giggling in the pantry doorway the confused prattle of the Rhineharts, that she did not want any desser and slipped unnoticed from the table.

"Let's see," Jane was thinking as she went up the stairs two at a tim "If that taxi is arriving at eight o'clock, that gives me exactly one hour. She turned on the water in the tub, laid out her frothy nothings, placed he make-up in readiness and then went to the ward-robe to get out her dress an shoes. It was locked. Jane had a bad moment and then remembered wit relief that the key was in her purse. Going over to the dressing table, whe she had flung the bag before dinner, she gave her arched eyebrows a car ful glance in the mirror, and smiled at her reflection, meanwhile careless feeling about the handbag for the key. Suddenly the self-satisfied smirk c her face changed to one of horror-stricken fright and she dumped the co tents of the purse on the table, only to find that the key was not there. "C God," Jane prayed, "This couldn't happen to me. No, God, not to me She turned on the ceiling lights of the room and groped about on the floo even looking under the bed, but no shining key rewarded her search. "I b that thing's somewhere in the Pitt stadium," she moaned, "I'll have to t them down stairs so they can help me, and Dad will notice that I've left t table." Going out into the hall, Jane heard the water gushing in the bat room with that triumphant sound which always denotes a full tub. She pull up the drain, turned off the water and clattered down to the dining room.

"Dad," she whispered in her father's ear, "Dad — —"

"Why aren't you in your place?" her parent demanded, and then seei Jane's evident distress, he leaned his head sympathetically, "What is it?"

"Dad, listen, the taxi's coming at eight o'clock so I can be down at P by eight fifteen, and I've lost the key to my wordrobe."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Of all the fool tricks! Why did you lock it the first place?"

"Oh I don't know," Jane was nearly in tears, "Just the sense of secu ity, I guess." The whole table was aroused by now, even to the young child, who kept asking in a high nasal key,

"Mother, what did Jane lose? Did she lose her money? Did she, mot er?" Offers of assistance and suggestions came from all sides.

"Did you try all the keys upstairs?"

"It's a quarter after seven now, Jane."

"Bet you could jimmy the lock."

"No, none of that," Mr. Rhinehart interposed. "We'll call a locksmith ." Calmly laying down his napkin, he arose from the table and strode of the dining room, adding from the doorway, "There's no need for any e of you to come upstairs — —"

"Ah, Dad — —"

"Hush!—Sylvia," he ordered Mrs. Rhinehart tersely, in what she knew his office voice, "you call a locksmith, tell him to get over here as quick- s he knows how, and then come up to help me," and forthwith he resolute- limbed the stairs to Jane's room. Meanwhile Jane had yanked out the r keys of every room on the second floor, and was frantically trying each with little success, when Mr. Rhinehart entered.

"Here, Jane, let me at that door."

"But none of these will work, Dad," Jane desisted, but at the glowering in her father's eye, she handed him the keys with no further argument, pt to say, "That one on top is from the bathroom door."

"What bent this key?" inquired Mr. Rhinehart as he twisted and turned out in the lock, "Well, it's not the one anyway. Where are these others n?"

"Oh, various doors here in the upstairs," Jane did not commit herself. t I've tried them all once, you're simply wasting time — —"

"That will do. — And don't just stand there," Mr. Rhinehart snapped, temper rising in proportion to each successive failure. "Go see how r mother is doing on the telephone and get me a screw driver." And as scuttled away she heard him mutter something that sounded like No d at All on that Girl, and Confound such Foolishness.

From the downstairs hall Mrs. Rhinehart was chattering glibly to the le in the dining room, "I never knew locksmiths to be so difficult, this is the fourth one I've called — —" "Oh Hello, is this J. W. Ritzel, the smith? I know this is probably after hours and rather inconvenient, but daughter here has locked her wardrobe and is to be one of the hostesses e Army Ball tonight."

"Mother!" screamed Jane, "Don't tell him the life history — — get to point!" Mrs. Rhinehart, as usual, was unperturbed.

"You say you can come? Well, the address is 1311 Chesterton Avenue, you must be here within fifteen minutes — — All right, thank you, good- y." "He'll be here in fifteen minutes, Jane," Mrs. Rhinehart shouted to second floor, "Go take your bath and stop worrying." Jane muttered ething about not being able to trust locksmiths or taxidrivers and slammed the bathroom.

By this time, dinner being over, everyone had arrived at the scene of n where Mr. Rhinehart, his coat off, and the perspiration standing out is brow, was still vainly trying keys and threatening to apply the screw er. "How soon is that locksmith coming?" he turned to his wife.

"In fifteen minutes."

"Couldn't you get him to come any sooner?"

"No, I — —"

"Dad," interrupted fourteen-year-old John, "here's a key ring I found n my drawer that has about twenty keys on it. Let me try my private ction, will yuh?"

"Let's have them," said Mr. Rhinehart, ignoring his son's request, and

swelling with the importance of being the official key angler as he essay each one of the twenty. Mrs. Rhinehart, as always provoked by her hu band's officious manner in time of difficulty, was standing by the desk lan examining the key from the bathroom door.

"Look at this," she spoke confidentially to Evelyn, who was as bored she at Mr. Rhinehart's efforts. "Your father needn't think he's the only o that can solve a locked door. This is the key from the bathroom door a it's bent, but there's something familiar about it. Let's get a hammer a straighten it. I believe it's the identical key to Jane's wardrobe." The t of them giggling scrambled down the backstairs, quickly found the hamm in the top drawer of the cupboard, and while Evelyn pounded, her moth gingerly held the key on the table. "There we are!" cried Mrs. Rhineh triumphantly, as the soft metal of the key obligingly straightened, and thro ing down the hammer they rushed back up the stairs to Jane's room. "He George, let me at that door. I want to try something."

"Can't I do it?" asked Mr. Rhinehart, looking injured.

"No, I'd rather do it myself. It's just an experiment." The childr who had crowded about the wardrobe door gave way before the exultant lig in their mother's eye, and Mr. Rhinehart had no choice but to do likewi Thrusting the key into the lock, Mrs. Rhinehart gave it a deft twist, turn the knob of the door and behold—it opened.

"Well, I'll be — — " Mr. Rhinehart suddenly remembered the childr "Whatever made you think that bathroom key would work, Sylvia?" asked, not a little disgruntled.

"Oh, just intuition, I suppose," said Mrs. Rhinehart modestly. T youngest was the first to recover from the shock of the opened wardrobe.

"Jane, Jane!! — — I saw your red dress," she cried, running to t bathroom and opening the door.

"Hey, get out," protested Jane from an aura of bath powder, "Can't y see I've nothing on?"

"But Jane," the youngest was unabashed, "The dress—your wardrobe it's opened—Mother did it!"

"What!" Jane screamed unbelievingly, throwing on her coolie coat a dashing into her room. Yes, there was her red dress, none the worse for enforced hiding, and her gloves, her shoes—everything. "How much ti have I till eight o'clock?" she asked exitedly.

"Exactly five minutes," declared Mr. Rhinehart, looking at his wat "Hustle now. And Jane," he couldn't resist the opportune moment, althou by now Jane was halfway to the bathroom, "If you are ever so foolish as lock that wardrobe again — —"

Just then the doorbell rang and all the Rhineharts looked foolishly one another. "There's the locksmith," giggled Evelyn, skipping down steps towards the door, "What'll I say?" she called back.

"Tell him you're terribly sorry, but you're afraid he's mistaken house number," shouted Mrs. Rhinehart.

"Say nothing of the kind," Mr. Rhinehart was firm, "I'll come do and attend to him." But he had no sooner started down the stairs wh Evelyn called in a was-*that*-all voice,

"It's only the taxi-driver; better tell Jane to get a move on." The ne

; relayed to Jane, who, with everyone's assistance was somehow poured) the red gown, and soon was clopping down the steps, looking as John l, like some movie queen.

"You're the nerts, honest," he said. "You'll make a Kaydet sure."

"I just feel like I'm half put together," Jane was saying as she drew on gloves and headed for the door. "Well, 'bye, and I'm sorry I caused so ch fuss."

Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart sank down into their chairs, exhausted. "It's ny that locksmith doesn't show up," sighed Mrs. Rhinehart, as she took he Saturday Evening Post.

"I don't expect he ever will," said Mr. Rhinehart, puffing on his cigar.

And he never did.

BETTY GRAHAM.

Afternoon Tea

It is the Community Club tea. You arrive late, the program has already ted. You squeeze into a sofa that is a shade too low and a shade too wide. have a stiff unbalanced feeling as you settle back and your heels rise a off the floor. Covert glances at fellow members find them examining you n tip to toe. You feel yourself getting warmer, you wonder if your slip owing. The lady at the piano makes a final resounding flourish. There flutter of applause. The lady begins again. Everyone resumes her blank e into space. You look at the pillow by your arm. You count the frayed ads on the corner. Forty-six. You count them again. Forty-six. You at your neighbor. She is staring hard at the chair rungs in front of her. count the threads again. The lady at the piano stops. Everyone looks tled. They clap. The lady at the piano leaves the piano and another lady ears to give a reading. It is about a modern husband and wife quarrel- The lady seems very good. Everyone sits up. Everyone looks at the . You laugh when the others laugh and chortle when everyone else is t. When the lady finishes, there is a buzz of comment and loud clapping, she does not come back. You turn to your neighbor. You talk about lady. You wonder if it is really going to rain. You ask if you missed h of the program. You talk about the lady. Tea arrives, lovely fancy lwiches are passed. You take a fat one, a rolled asparagus one. Your hbor does the same. You discover you both have had a passion for rolled ragus sandwiches practically since infancy. The neighbor seems very . A haughty lady condescendingly passes the sandwiches again. You l, you take another asparagus one. The haughty lady looks more dis- ful. You are relieved, your neighbor has also taken another one. Later confesses her desire for just one more luscious sandwich. You agree. talk about *Cavalcade,* about Noel Coward's style. You talk about sand- es. The haughty lady returns. She eyes you scornfully. She offers sandwiches again, this time with undisguised contempt. You look at sandwiches. You look at the haughty lady. You murmur, "No, thank " in your most emphatic tone. Your neighbor does the same. You look ch other despairingly. You both get up. You go to the check room. see a little sign, "Sandwiches to order, 50c a dozen." You look at your hbor. You both give your orders.

HELEN BIRMINGHAM.

Chance

Malcolm Campbell sets a new automobile speed record at Dayt a Beach; a surgeon makes a delicate brain operation—chance! And I dia a telephone number which I hope is correct, although the directory is at h d for confirmation. They sue at the throne of fortune for fame and hun n welfare—I for the mere thrill of a guess. They gamble on death—I o a five cent coin. Yet the habit of chance in everyday things many times bri s Atropos' shears near the thread of our lives. Wealth and excitement l e the gamester; fame beckons the adventurer; necessity prompts the scient ; but many of us for unwarranted haste, or lack of thoroughness, or ridda e of bother, stake little or all, and are smug about our winnings, tolerant f our disappointments, but horror-struck at the catastrophes.

The motorist in front of whose car I dart, might be Providence hers f pulling the brake, were the man a female of statuesque proportions in a wl e robe and wreath crown. I glance triumphantly at his glaring countena e as if to say, "I won," and shake the dice for another throw. Against t e they fall. He moves inexorably, but I disregard his warnings, choos g rather to chance arriving on time, if the corner lights are favorably gre n, no slow-moving vehicle retard progress, or breakdown actually stop it. Wh the same daring I brave threatening clouds, dismiss the weather-forecast s rainy predictions with a smile, and, setting my wager on the sun's appear g, leave umbrella and caution at home. Even the budget I so carefully c - sify is merely a means of checking my luck. I place in neat columns cert n figures representing what I should spend for various items; then actuall I spend as impulse prompts me, a bargain here, an extravagance there, cha e everywhere, and the fascinating monthly test of balancing prudence aga t a gamble.

Chance is a short-cut from certainty, leading over unfamiliar by-w s with "maybes" in the path like stones, and twists and turns that someti s end in "blind alleys." The pleasant, even though deprecatory, thing ab t chance is its disobedience to rules and precedents that surround man like e very atmosphere and were once the subjects of young girls' embroidery w k. "Haste makes waste" admonishes an old sampler made by my grandmot ; and there is, of course, the fable of the turtle who won a race against a h e, but chance is impatient with such things. "Let's hurry," it invites. Be g synonymous with adventure, it opens doors marked "private" and affects t to understand warning signs, answering raised eyebrows with impud t bravado. It is an unskilled experimenter, pouring chemicals into a test t e to see what will happen, like a child with a chemical play-set imitating e scientist in his laboratory.

The train whistles hurry! hurry! Just the shrill call first, lying al g the air like an arrow—echoing, rising and falling. Hurry! the rails si ; the air rumbles. Then the round-faced engine, with little puffs of sm e from its jaws and a geyser of smoke from its head, rushes forward. e motorist pushes his foot down on the gas lever; there is only a short sp e to the crossing. Can he make it? The wheel spins; the little ball jumps d clicks over the numbers. Lucky? Perhaps. Through three branches cuts e sun's hot breath, untempered by any breeze; the leaves hang like pan g tongues; the parched dry smell of the dusty road rises in a smothering n t, enveloping the weary hikers, whose glare-tired eyes are spot-illusio d.

here's a creek!" The narrow, shallow-bottomed stream zigzags across a bble field to the road and follows along in a rock-strewn gully. Hands are pped to gather the cool water to thirsty lips. It is clean? Is it safe? ell—the tossed coin spins in the air and drops, and chance reads the swer. Against the window panes rain pelts, flung by the wind that shakes tree branches and marshals the clouds in scurrying masses across the y. One laughs at caution. Then fever, and a wracking cough, and a crisis. rtune shuffles the cards again, and chance is still one of the players.

We may not gamble at games, or hazard the stock market's wavering le, or bet on the horse races; but there is always the chance that the handle the pan on the fire may not be hot, that the gas leak is not serious, that little plants are really mushrooms, and that the ice will not break. Ev- day chance—irresponsible, daring, playing the game for the game's sake, h little or no motive for recklessness. It has not the dignity of the chance mpted by scientific research, exploration, or necessity; nor the ambition t bids for fame. Just ragged, lazy, everyday chance, an amiable play- ow, a tempting companion, careless and mischievous—like the kind of per- a well-trained individual should not associate with—but does.

EDNA VENABLE.

Mr. Bee Interposes

It was a horribly hot day—a perfect "broiler," as Brother John said, ing the day sound like a young chicken instead of just a thing to be lived ough until evening came and you could go to the dance. And then, ctly after lunch, Mrs. Washcombe called; from her room, Elaine heard door-bell ring just as she had shaken out all her little brown curls to them a good brushing before she lay down in her slip for a nap. She w it was Mrs. Washcombe (for nobody else, even at their wildest mo- ts would have made a visit to a country cottage at such an unearthly r), and she would have run down to the door just as she was, if Mother not called up to her not to bother, she would go. But Mrs. Washcombe ldn't have minded Elaine coming to the door like that. She would have hed as anybody else would have done, even though she was the kind that the stubs of theater tickets in a scrap-book, and read "Leaves of Grass" d to herself when every body else was out of the house.

"Darling child!" she would have chirped, "You look like a primrose dip- in new milk!" And she would have meant it, gusher though she was. Elaine would have skipped up the stairs again, leaving her young little h and Mrs. Washcombe's question—"How is your darling precious ment?"—behind her in the hall.

For Elaine couldn't bear to talk of Clement; it made her too-too-in- le-even to think of him. She wasn't quite sure just what ineffable t, but she laid down the hair-brush on the towel-covered top of her sing table with a firm little spang that made ineffable quite the right l. Then she threw herself on the bed, one stockinged foot on the rail e bottom, and closed her eyes.

She mustn't think of Clement—goodness, if she only could stop thinking im for a minute—for then her heart began to thud with happiness, in- of pulsing quietly and trying to keep her cool, like a good little thing. only thing that saved her from too much happiness was that queer name s—Clement! Clement for a six-foot young man with muscles as big as

lemons in his arms! The utter delicious ridiculousness of it all would tic her unexpectedly.

"What are you laughing at, child?" her mother would say.

"Oh, at that bird on the lawn, I guess." And then she would go off in fresh gales.

She wondered now if Mrs. Washcombe and Mother were talking ab it her—how Clement's family had taken another cottage up the road, and l v they were going to get married about Christmas-time, as soon as Clem t got established in his father's warehouse business, and how she was gc g to have Marcia for a bridesmaid—poor Marcia, who always cried over r algebra, and whose dresses always would sag down in the front and u n the back. Elaine could hear their voices vibrate in a soft hum through e thin floor-boards. At the other side of the house, brother John was cutt g the grass. The mower stopped now and then, as though it were a fu y huge beetle that had to rest and refresh itself with a stray rose-brush or t . The heat had brought a sweet, powerful odor out of the syringas; El e could have kissed it, as she could have kissed all the world—those darl g, tireless thrushes in the eaves, the pink and yellow morning-glories in r wall-paper, and that dear old jack-in-the-box of a gardener who came to ll vegetables. Ah, she couldn't sleep, with such a world—such a hot wc d, but such a nice one too. Besides, she had to mend her white organdie or the dance.

"Child, you'll have to sleep and store up strength for the winter," M r-er had been saying all summer. "You'll have a strenuous time getting re y to be married."

Getting ready to be married! Say rather getting ready to live in a w ld saturated with Clement.

Bother! All the white thread in her little sweet-grass basket was g e, and she would have to get some more out of the Priscilla in the dining-rc n. She ran downstairs in her stocking feet, noiselessly. The Priscilla stood e-side the red and white deToile portiers that separated the living room f m the dining room, and she could hear Mrs. Washcombe and her Mother t k-ing while she pulled off thread from the spool.

"Really, you have no idea what immense trouble they've had," l s. Washcombe was whispering. All her s's sounded like blowing over the p of an empty pill-bottle. "You know, people thought it would be the i al marriage; you never saw a prettier pair together, and they certainly k w each other well."

"Why, they were chums for years," whispered Mother.

"They've not been chums since they were married, I can tell you t. She bought things until they nearly went into a hole, and then whe he took away her charge-account, she had things charged on her mother's ll, and then he had to pay Mrs. White! You can imagine what a scene ey had about it."

Mother made a noise in her throat as though indeed she could ima ie.

"But he was as bad in his way," Mrs. Washcombe pursued. "He b an it all by getting sullen when she talked to him; and he left the soap ir he water and knocked the ashes out of his pipe against her new Sheraton —

Blindly, Elaine spun off great lengths of thread from the spool.

"And golf every day in the week —"

"—All you can say is, that it isn't the first time it happened, or things."

Elaine tip-toed up the stair again, limply, shaken. "It isn't the first ne it's happened." The words were cruel dark stones dropping into the ar well of her happiness. Of course they didn't know she could be listen-, or they never would have said a word. They would have thought she s too young to know that such things could happen—not to people in vels, but to "nice people"—to her mother's own friends. But she was go- to be married! How dreadful to think of Clement's getting sullen and lovely leaving her to play golf; and herself growing shrewish, grasping, h soft white furs that she had bought with her husband's last dollar, and h a hard, scheming face!

Elaine laid her fore-arms across the top of her dresser, and gazed in glass, between the letters of Clement that were stuck in the edge. From ow still hummed the voices, and the small clock on her desk ticked on un-lingly. The lawn-mower clattered again, but ominously now. She stared ner burning, white little face, at the pale rose crescent of her mouth, at the ning, startled look in her eyes . . . . Perhaps before even five years were sed Clement and she would have quarreled bitterly—over a broken dish a piece of Sheraton; or,

"Clement," she would ask, "have you taken the ashes out of the fur-e?"

No answer.

"Clement, have you —"

Clement would growl over his bag of golf-clubs as he slammed out. And ore ten years were passed they might be living in a dungeon of hate!

But she must have courage now. She must write a letter to Clement, ging him to come and see her at once, and then she would tell him gently, tly, how impossible it would be for them to marry, how it would be better them to be miserable for a little while than wretched forever. He would believe her at first: he would tell her how their love was different from love that had gone before it. But she would know so much better than She would be wise and firm—"We love each other too much to risk be-married."—In the end he would storm off home, and leave for Africa next day. And she would send back all her engagement presents, and go with Eleanor to do settlement work in Chicago, pasteurizing millions of les of milk or something for the slum-babies. "She is as good as she is utiful," people would say.

Elaine sat down at her desk and tragically extracted a sheet of pearl-y note-paper from its box. She wrote with a sweeping gesture; grief had le her a part of the wideness of the universe. And with a blob of pink c she sealed the edges together, disdaining the unemotional stolidity of an elope. In the strawberry bed at the bottom of the garden little Tim mer was weeding. Elaine called out the window to him, then threw down letter.

"Take it to Mr. Clement Rogers at the next cottage," she whispered rsely. "Please hurry."

Tim Bormer fled, primed with the nickel she threw down on top of the r. From her closet she took out a last summer's dress, a hateful dark voile, smocked in pink, and called by the family the Wrath of Jove. She it on, and swept back all her curls into a little tassel at the nape of her k. She had told Clement she would meet him under the oak on the lawn, if she could get out of the house without Mother seing her . . . But ther called after her as she reached the front door. She was coming in

from the kitchen with the tea-tray in her hands, and looking so hopeful Elaine could not bear to look at her.

"Elaine, aren't you going to rest, dear?"

"I couldn't sleep, it was so dreadfully hot." How hard to pretend yawn when you felt like weeping instead!

"I know," Mother sighed. "It won't be any more comfortable outsi though. Keep in the shade and don't run. Why are you wearing that c rag of a dress? Is it the only thing you have clean?"

Poor Mother! "I thought it would be cool," Elaine explained limp She slammed the screen door behind her and fled across the lawn to t stump of oak with the slatted wooden bench beside it. A fitting place f lovers' parting —

"Hallo!" called out John. He had leaned the lawn-mower against t side of the house, where it looked very uncomfortable indeed, and was drin ing lemonade out of an apple-butter crock. "How about you sailing t clipper around a space, Sis?"

Elaine sank down on the bench. "Not to-day," she said gently. It w a great wonder that he couldn't see, couldn't sense, what a crisis she was g ing through. If Clement would only come, and they could get it over quic ly. A great black crow flew over-head, croaking "Come! Come! Com Come!" all his way across the blue arc of the sky.

"Whew, gettin' soft!" said John, and rolled the apple-butter crock und the bench. Elaine picked off a peony bud from the border and folded it her handkerchief.

At last Clement came, sauntering up the road, whistling—whistlin But he didn't know yet-couldn't know what she must tell him. He must ha been swimming, for his taffy-colored hair was all ruffled and damp like t feathers of a little turkey-cock, and his bright blue shirt had just been p on.

"Hi!" he grinned at her.

"I'm so glad, you came," said Elaine, earnestly. She stood up, letti her crumpled handkerchief fall. He picked it up and restored it to her—t didn't feel the bud of the peony; ah, no more could he feel her heart.

He was fumbling in the pockets of his white flannel trousers.

"Hi! Come forth, presto!" he chirruped. A little package done up waxed paper came out of his pocket. "There," he showed it to her. "T girls made some fudge from a new recipe last night, and thought you mig like to try some."

"Oh! Put it down on the bench," said Elaine a little crossly. "A come on down by the stream; I have something to tell you—something i portant." Couldn't he see how distraught she was?

"Stream!" mocked Clement. "I always thought it was a creek. You ways called it the creek before, and I've just been swimming in it, so I kn it's the creek."

Disdaining to answer him, she led him down to the edge of the strea Tiny yellow ground-butter-cups grew there among the shale. The point sharp shadows from the maple trees were everywhere; you almost thought was their falling into the water that made it tinkle . . .

"Now tell Clem all about it—good old Clem!"

"Oh, it was just that I was thinking," began Elaine. Clement! Ha you thought at all about —"

"About what?" asked Clement blankly.

How could she tell him, how could she shatter his—his innocence? She lt her throat grow dry and her hands cold. "I was thinking how it would e after we were married, you know. How."

"Oh! Ow!" Burst out Clement suddenly. Elaine started. Clement ached down and gave his knee a great slap. "Damn bee! Sorry; but gosh hat a sting that geezer has! Mud bee, I guess." He shook his trouser leg xcitedly. "Here he comes! Squashed him flat as a pan-cake. Why, aren't ou the heartless critter, laughing at a fellow when he gets stung!"

For Elaine was laughing—laughing till her shoulders shock and her ck felt weak. How ridiculous to try to break an engagement with some- e who was being stung by a bee! How ridiculous, above all, to pretend at their love was the same as anybody else's love!

"Clement," she said with mock solemnity as soon as she could speak gain, "do you think you'll ever get sullen?"

"Hope not," said Clement carelessly. He was burying the bee under fern leaf. "Right now I'm planning to kiss you for laughing at me."

"Then catch me—quick!" And she ran off through the sharp little adows, laughing, laughing joyously, and the Wrath of Jove getting full of panish needles. Clement ran after her, laughing too . . .

MARJORIE HOPKINS.

Violet

Breaking a leg is a silly affair at best, and when complications set in, quiring an indefinite hospital sojourn with one leg held impudently aloft a vast mechanical contrivance, life begins to lose some of its savor. Ex- tence was becoming rapidly more flat, stale and unprofitable until the day was moved into the room on the fourth floor, and Violet entered my life.

If, at those words, you have created for yourself a vision of golden- ired, starched white purity, the angel of nursing who was to soothe away l my pains and ennui, then I regret that I shall have to disillusion you. iolet had none of these attributes. She was a black-haired, gum-chewing roduct of the Strip, whose duty it was to perform maid-service for the urth floor of E wing of the Scott Memorial Hospital.

I can never forget my first sight of her. It was exactly nineteen and a lf minutes to six on a sultry July evening. Well I knew the time, for I d been awaiting my five-thirty supper for an hour, and it was now ten d a half minutes late. Fuming to the best of my limited ability, I wished at I had never moved to the fourth floor, if it meant such disruption of y routined existence. Suddenly, outside my door, I heard a nasal voice nging "All of Me" (where, oh where, was the accustomed saintly quiet of hospital?). My door flew open, to admit a tiny scrap of a figure in a green iform. With hardly a glance at me, the girl swept the array of glasses om the bedside table, swung the table toward me with a few deft screws, d plumped a tray down on it.

Then "My God, what it is to work!" said she and passed out of the om in the same whirlwind fashion. From the hall I could hear more music, ken up just at the point where she had stopped on entering my room, "Take y arms, I have no use for them."

I gasped. Then, my appetite getting the better of my astonishment, looked at the tray. What had once been a snowy napkin was now decorate with scallops of tomato soup. Sighing, I picked up my spoon.

When the nurse came in that night to give me a rub, I asked, "What the name of the maid on this floor?"

She laughed. "Oh, Violet! Have you met her already? She's a card!"

"Tell me about her," I begged.

"No, I won't spoil her for you," answered my particular species o ministering angel, "you'll find out about her soon enough from her own lips don't worry."

For the first time since I entered the hospital, when I went to sleep tha night, I had something to look forward to, and I was able to report to Mis Bronson next morning that I had had a good night. With more eagernes than usual, I anticipated my breakfast tray, and speculated to myself on th musical selection which would accompany it. I had not long to wait. T the accompaniment of "You're the One I Care For," my breakfast an Violet entered.

I hurried to revise the mental picture I had formed hastily the nigh before. Short black hair, cut in a Dutch bob, straight dark brows almos meeting over surprising blue eyes, high cheek-bones and a firm chin—tha much I had managed to notice the night before. What I had failed to notic was that the depth of experience in the eyes was belied by the childlike sensi tiveness of the mouth. Her bare arms were as thin as sticks, but her whol body gave the impression of taut vigor.

"Good morning, Violet," I greeted her. "How are you this morning?"

"Lousy," was her laconic reply. "Life is just one damn thing after another. You fight for an hour to keep from going to bed at night, then the next morning you'd rather be killed than get up. Lousy life this," was her parting comment as she left the room.

Thus was I introduced to Violet, and every day our friendship grew. Besides carrying trays, her duties included the filling of water pitchers, the arranging of flowers, and the distributing of linen. It was only during the "redding up" of my room that we had enough time to become confidential. Usually she appeared on a wave of sentimental song, stayed just long enough to express disappobation of something or other, and then vanished. But dur ing the morning sessions I began to learn something of her past and her hopes for the future.

"When I'm married, I'm going to have everything in the house covered with glass, so all you have to do is wipe it off," said she, with a last swish of the cloth over the glass-covered table. "But my mom says I'll never get married, so I might just as well get such high-hat ideas out of my head."

"How old are you, Violet?" I asked, expecting to hear her say, "Sixteen."

"Twenty-four," she answered with a hint of defiance. "I been working here four years."

"What did you do before that?"

"Oh, I worked around places. I worked in a V-and-X for two years, but I talked back to the manager one day, and I got the sack. Then I was maid in a swell house on Fifth Avenue, but that didn't last long. They caught me in the butler's room one night and out I went—on my ear. Then I slung hash in Johnstown, and I been other places too."

"How did you happen to come here?"

A hard glint came into her eyes. "Just came, that's all. Bye. See you night," and she was gone.

Everyone liked Violet. Miss Bronson said that she worked hard enough r three, and her heart was as kind as her conversation was spicy. Extra ork she never minded, and she would always do the jobs that no one else ould do. Of course, she always complained, in vivid phraseology, all the ne she was working, but the nurses knew enough not to accept her be-anings at their face value.

Her opinions of the other patients in the corridor had a flavor of their n.

"I could choke that guy across the hall," she announced one morning. ust because he's a doctor, he thinks the whole damn hospital is run for his nefit. My God, I'd like to tell him what I think of people who have so tle business of their own that they spend all their time minding other peo-e's."

"There's a dame," she reported of my next-door neighbor. "There's t a thing wrong with her that a good floor-scrubbing wouldn't cure, but ery time that poor shrimp of a husband of hers comes to see her, she hines and moans like she was about to die. She's got nothing to yap about. Vait till she's gone through what I —" but she bolted from the room with-t finishing the sentence.

One day I asked her about her family.

"My old man's dead—T. B. They took him to the state hospital, but ey couldn't do nothing. He was Irish, and a swell guy when he wasn't inking. My mom? She's Polish, don't talk English very good. They're n of us kids. Mickey's older than me; he's a cop. His district's over on e North Side, and he makes enough cash to keep the whole family. The st of 'em are all younger than me—two of 'em are through school and the st still going. Mary's a cripple—mom dropped her when she was a kid, d she's in bed all the time. We used to have a swell time when the old an was alive." She sighed, then straightened up and gave her cloth a nal flourish. "Guess I'll have to move my carcass or old starch-cap will e on my neck. I'll be seeing you!"

One morning she came flying into the room, head high, red splotches aining her cheeks. She was fairly panting.

"Violet," I cried, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, that old hell-cat! I could kill her!" She turned on me with steel-lue defiance in her eyes. "I never told you why I come here, did I? Well, had a kid, see, and I was took so bad they had to bring me to the hospital -here. The kid died. And the dear, kind souls from the social agency got e a job here, and here I been ever since. God! Most of the nurses like me, ost of 'em never knew how I came here, but old starch-cap knows. She as bawling me out just now for flirting with the doc across the hall, as if I ould, and she had the nerve to call me a 'social menace'. Christ, I'd like to ocial menace her! Thinks she's so high and mighty. What if I did have kid without being married? It wasn't the first time it's been known, either. Oh, hell, what's the use?"

That was the last time I saw Violet. When she didn't appear at dinner questioned Miss Bronson. I must confess that I was afraid that she might ave done something foolish.

Miss Bronson smiled ruefully. "Miss Jacobs reported her for im-

pertinence, and she's been sent down to work in the kitchens. Tough luck—we'll miss that girl!"

And I missed her too. I went home the next week, and I've never heard of Violet since.

I think that I shouldn't mind breaking another leg, if it would mean meeting Violet again.

DOROTHY EDSALL.

Marcella's Party

The club house ball room had been cleared for Marcella's party, so that only a row of straight chairs stood at the end of the room opposite the orchestra's platform, and a group of stuffed chairs and sofa clustered on a thick rug before the fireplace. Marcella's mother and father had left their sofa as soon as the party had been started, so when the orchestra arose after a few dances and retired to the terrace, leaving its instruments untended on its chairs, the twenty-four children were left in scattered groups about the floor. Everyone turned to Marcella.

"Let's sit down," the young hostess decided, and was off, leading the mad dash toward the row of straight chairs.

There were only twelve chairs and the boys stood up, awkwardly polite; all except Billy Merril who was only ten and tired from dancing, and had arrived first. Helen stood up with the boys. Someone tried to push Billy off from behind, but his chair skidded forward on the slippery floor. Then somehow the game started. The boys pushed the girl's chairs back and forth, sometimes even against one another. Billy was left alone in the middle of the floor and Helen near the wall. She walked over to the fireplace, skirting the dance floor, and sat on the sofa with her back to the rest of the room.

Now and then she turned from her concentrated staring at the flames to watch the exitement. The white stockinged legs stuck the little, black patent leather slippers straight ahead as bumpers, or kicked at the other legs they passed. The boys' feet slipped and skidded when they turned or tried to stop. Billy was helping to push Marcella now. Her chair fairly flew among the others.

Marcella's father came in to watch the party and sat down beside Helen.

"Good evening, my dear. Are you tired already?"

"No."

"Don't you like to play with the other children?"

Helen twisted her folded hands tight together. "It's all right," she said, "but I'd rather watch the fire here." She leaned forward and stared at it intently. "The flames make pictures, don't they?" she ventured.

"Yes, they do." Marcella's father was quiet for a while. Then he tried again. "How are your mother and father, Helen? All well?"

"Yes."

"Well, you must give them my regards, won't you."

"Yes."

"That's right. Be sure to remember me to them," he repeated heartily.

"Yes, thank you."

Marcella's father looked at Helen uneasily. "Excuse me a moment, please." He got up and went out to the hall. Helen was left alone again,

taring at the fire. She blinked and leaned back carefully so that she could watch the others out of the corner of her eye. Marcella flashed by again in er red dress, her yellow curls flopping. Billy was screaming like a train whistle. No one noticed Helen. She twisted the black velvet ribbons of her lue party dress into damp knots.

Marcella's father returned to her, this time with his tall, awkward son, kinny. "Do you know my son John?" he asked, pushing him forward.

"How do you do?" asked Helen politely.

"Hello Helen. Come on."

Skinny grinned at her. He was older than the other children. With o more ado he found a straight chair for Helen.

"Whoops, here we come," he shouted.

Helen stuck her feet straight out in front of her and her black patent ather slippers crashed into Marcella, hard.

HARRIET L. STEPHENSON.

Escape

Her tired eyes, with soothing lids lowered, see only red spots bouncing p and down. Aching, burning eyes, which for three weeks have seen only wed faces and blazing light, seek escape from it all. Her ears, long ac- ustomed to the blare of trumpets, the martial beat of the drum, the minor nes of the clarinet, hear not. Nor does she notice the hum of the crowd r the "ref's" whistle. Her forehead is shining. Perhaps it is the heat. he leans against her support and turns her head wearily, automatically using it to rest on her stalwarts shoulder. Can she detect the faint aroma f boiling coffee? It smells warm and strong. Her gay, flowered, beach- ajamas are suprisingly limp in spite of all their spotlessness. Their long, ide flares about her ankles reveal now and then soft brown leather bedroom ippers, slippers that curve down and bulge over the heel. A pom-pom ith fraying ends rests on one of these kid "comfies." Her feet are moving owly with lagging pace, unconsciously and continuously; her heels have o youth, no spring, no vitality. She is going nowhere. A prod in her side wakens her, startled, for she has been dreaming of walking down soft, sod, arden paths in the moonlight. It is a gentle prod. Her slumbers have ade her too much of a burden for her swarthy. She looks at him and niles wanly: "Little Pearlie's feeling fine, kid. We've gotta win, an' we're in' to, hon'. Thanks for lettin' me catch forty winks." And the mara- oners dance on.

KATRINA UTNE.

Epitaph

On the night of my first dance, I remember, I was engrossed in the ythm of the music, the glitter of the crystal chandeliers, the elegance of e evening gowns, and the gayety of the laughter—completely absorbed in e fascinating world of sound, light, movement and color swirling about e—when suddenly the flat voice of my partner cut rudely into my reverie.

"You don't seem to have much of a line," he remarked, not sarcastically, al most pleasantly, merely trying to start a conversation. Inwardly, I fumed a his brutal frankness; outwardly, I retained my composure. "Kindred spirit have no need of speech," I retorted banteringly and hypocritically, full aware of a positive aversion to any communion with his spirit.

At the time, I thought the youth as dull and prosaic as obviously he con sidered me. However, I have since revised my estimate of his perspicacity My former opinion failed to do justice to his astonishing power of penetra tion. Perhaps he spoke wiser than he knew. At any rate, I now perceiv that his casual verdict evinced a sort of final appropriateness, an ultimate pro priety. His trenchant epigram epitomized a personality. In fact, it migh fittingly serve, I have concluded, as my epitaph: "She never had much of line."

Unfortunately, I cannot deny the justice of this criticism. In spite of score of years of practice, I have never really learned to talk. On this poin I would not be misunderstood. I am not afflicted with any impediment o speech. My vocal apparatus functions properly; my enunciation is tolerabl distinct. In ordinary communication I have moderate success, although eve here, I dare say, I often appear to follow the indolent motto: "Do not tak part in a conversation as long as there are two other people to carry it on." I have even upon occasion attempted public speaking without utter failure All these reactions are no more than normal and to be taken for granted Nevertheless, I have not really learned to talk. At least, I cannot expres the feelings which are the most vital part of my existence. At the mos poignantly sweet moments of my life I am inarticulate. The vocabulary o my soul is appallingly inadequate.

I have followed the romantic orange-sand road, winding through vas citrus groves from which emanated the fragrance of orange blossoms, to th summit of Iron Mountain. I wandered rapturously about the Bird Sanc tuary, stopping breathless before the purity of a glade of lilies, or the per fection of a single rose. I watched the scarlet flamingoes stretch their grace ful necks or tuck them sleepily under their wings. From the mountain to I looked down upon numerous bright blue lakes sprinkled over the landscap below. I sat on the grassy slope drenched with sunshine and gazed up at Bol Tower with its brilliant faience windows of gold and coral and blue—blu which exactly matched the clear bright sky. I dropped my eyes to the softly blurred, faint pink shadow of the Tower in the reflection pool. I heard th music of the carillon flowing out from the Singing Tower, an ecstasy o ethereal melody, like the heavenly song of angels. My soul was exalted my spirit soared free of earth. My heart expanded to encompass the divin melody and hold it fast forever. But my voice was silent.

I have seen Magnolia Gardens in the springtime, ablaze with the fir of azaleas. I stood before a pool of black water into which knarled ol cypresses thrust their bulbous roots. Masses of azaleas, crimson and coral lilac and white, bent over the brink and were reflected in the inky depths Silently I gazed for a long time and prayed that their wistful beauty migh be seared into my very brain, there to remain always, a cherished memory I roamed for hours through an endless maze of flowery walls. Above tow ered giant magnolia trees festooned with streamers of gray Spanish moss I felt the soft sea-breeze, wafting the perfume of a myriad blooms. A mock ing bird trilled unseen. I walked reverently down an aisle of flaming blos

ms, thinking to myself, "Step lightly, for surely this is holy ground which n produce such miracles." But my lips were still.

I have lived in a world of super-beings and have not expressed to them y adoration. I cannot rush up to my friend and exclaim, "You are wonder- il! You are everything that I should like to be—my ideal girl!" Or to nother, "You are brilliant! How I admire your keen mind, your clever it!" Or to a third, "You are noble! You are strong and courageous in a ruggle against heavy odds!" It simply is not done. My words would und absurd and insincere. An occasional compliment on an achievement eserving praise, a brief congratulation on an honor recently received— ese are easy to exchange. But to tell these super-mortals of my inmost elings toward them—that is impossible. Can they read my love in my es, my smile, the pressure of my hand? Or will they never know? Shall always live in the same world, talking and laughing and working with them, t separated from them as if by a thin sheet of glass, without ever actually uching or knowing them, or they me?

The finest things that I have known in art, nature, and humanity, alike ve failed to loose my tongue. I have only "kept all these things and pon- red them in my heart." I have opened my soul to receive, and have given thing, expressed nothing, contributed nothing. The judgment of the world nnot be otherwise than "She never had much of a line."

Yet it is better to have seen and heard and felt, though mute, than to ve been blind and deaf and insensible altogether. At least I have felt truly d deeply, although no one has known. I should like in some way to leave record of that capacity for emotion, for which the sententious pronounce- ent of my blunt-spoken companion does not give me credit. But, alas, en when venturing to compose my own epitaph, not being endowed with e poet's gift of expression, I am incapable of embodying my thought in graceful rhyme; being an inarticulate soul, I can write only the simple but finitely more charitable words, "She did appreciate."

EDITH MCBANE.

Music Lesson

Sigrid reached up to straighten the huge wide-ribboned bow on the p of her head, pushing it up her thin flaxen hair. Only twelve the prev- us spring, she had not outgrown taffeta ribbons. In front of the ceiling- gh glass doors draped with heavy wine-colored brocade, her frail bony dy seemed tiny and out of place. She looked through the filmy tulle panels the four-story building across the street. Its stucco, the color of wet ay, was the same as the house in which they lived and like all the other uses in the vicinity of Rudesheimer Platz. The hedge at the top of the oping lawn was still dark green, but on the gray terrace crinkled a few dry y leaves of a deep red with spots of yellow and green. Suddenly she turned bout and glanced at the piano which hugged the wall near the window. On were placed books of music, and beside the round stool stood a chair.

How foolish! thought she, to have your instructor come to your home. nd still it was not her real home, just a flat they had rented temporarily. ll the furnishings witnessed the stiff pre-war formality of German taste. wo highbacked narrow chairs, black and richly carved, touched the wall on ach side of the double doors leading to the dining room. A massive ebony

bookcase with dark painted glass faced a low fat sofa with correspondin armchairs covered with dull greenish gobelin of uncertain pattern. In th far corner of the room was a high porcelain stove, brownish green. A rosary, which seemed to serve no useful purpose, decorated the wall besid it. Near the window an enormous desk filled a large square. Only abov the piano was there a touch of Norway, her native land. A water-color sea scape with white-capped light blue waves, yellow sand, and dry reeds, it brightness enhanced by the background of darkish green. . . .

Would this Kalinovski be like the other Germans she had come in con tact with during her short stay in Berlin? Jolly, extremely courteous, slight ly bitter about the war? Sigrid tried to picture him. Perhaps a skinny fel low with long bushy hair . . . accomplished musicians had usually a mane He must be dark . . . a friend of the family had christened him the "playin devil . . . "

From the hall echoed harsh gutteral sounds. Funny she had not hear the bell ring! The door opened, and her mother, followed by a man of aver age height, young and dark, came toward her.

"Herr Kalinovski," introduced Mother.

"Guten Tag, Herr Kalinovski," Sigrid courtesied.

"Guten Tag," he snapped.

"I am sure you will get along famously," added Mother.

The door closed behind them. Sigrid wished it could have remaine ajar. It gave her desolate feeling to be left alone with this foreigner He certainly did not radiate friendliness. Striding toward the piano h picked up some music and glanced through it. She noticed that his blac hair was neither long nor curly, and that his sparkling eyes had coal-lik pupils. He pointed at some exercises.

"Have you played these?"

Sigrid nodded. Then examining another book, he chanced on "Gran Valse Brilliante."

"Play this," he said, slamming the music on to the stand.

With her heart galloping, Sigrid sat down on the revolving stool. Di he really mean that piece? Sigrid wondered . . . During her short and shal low musical career, she had always regarded this waltz with a certain awe hoping that some day she might attempt to play it.

"Go ahead! What are you waiting for?" called the voice beside her.

Putting her fingers on the keys she ventured the first line falteringly Something seemed to inhibit her movements, and she read the music slowly Trembling, she stopped and let her hands fall in her lap.

"Why don't you go on? Start over again!" ordered Herr Kalinovski

Sigrid tried to recollect the German for dare. Durfen . . . yes, it must be durfen, and she blurted out:

"Ich durfe nicht!"

"Nicht durfe, *darf!*" corrected her teacher loudly, and twisting the corners of his mouth into a sarcastic grin, he sneered in a low voice.

"Continue! I am not going to bite you!"

She started from the beginning. Something made her go on. Perhaps it was her mother's often repeated wish to make one of her children a good musician that made her brave this bitter-tongued German.

"Faster, faster, don't be so slow with your left hand! More life!" shouted Kalinovski in her ear.

Then pushing her fingers off the keys, he played the waltz with all elegance and feeling of a born musician. Finished, he pushed the chair back and strode to the window. Sigrid watched his clasped hands and bent neck. Hastily she turned to the piano and tried to concentrate on Chopin. The notes were a blur. The black and white keys mingled to form a continuous band of gray. Clear only was the alternating current of hot and cold that ran through her body. One moment her cheeks glowed, the next minute she was shuddering. Her fingers, stiff and numb, felt as though the blood had stopped flowing. Would this half hour just begun, ever end? . . .

Sigrid was suddenly aware of mumbling sounds from the window.

"Donnerwetter!"

He whirled about thundering:

"Menschens Kind! Why in the world don't you play? *Play! Play!*"

He threw his arms above his head, swung about, and continued to stare out of the window.

Sigrid shuddered. If she had only had the courage to run out of the room! No, she must stay. She must not act like a coward. Frantically she raised her hands to the piano, and as though intoxicated she interpreted vaguely the music of the "Grande Valse Brilliante." By striking only the initial note in each bass measure she kept her left hand from lagging behind the right, and at the same time deprived the waltz of all its sprightliness. She did not profit through mistakes, but struck the same false key over and over again. Ignoring dots, she struck staccato notes forcefully, even prolonged them. The last chord, hardly audible, had the doleful quality of a funeral march.

"Play it again!" commanded Kalinovski.

Automatically Sigrid obeyed. As under a hypnotic spell, she went on and on without being ordered. Three times she stumbled over the piano keys, fingers slowly murdering every tone of the graceful waltz.

"Genug!" interrupted her instructor. Sigrid stopped. Her hands were clammy and her head buzzed. She wondered why the man had suddenly changed his mind. Turning about she regarded him, her face pale and contorted. He was holding a silver watch. As though he had sensed her glance, he shot a fiery look at her and pointed a long thin finger on the music.

"Be able to play the piece without mistakes when I see you next time. *Without mistakes!*"

And he shook his finger before her face as though he would like to strike her. Still shouting at the top of his voice, he went on:

"And practice some exercises. Auf Wiedersehen!"

Sigrid gasped. Speechless, she watched him make for the door. When she had seen the last of Herr Kalinovski's black suit, she rose slowly, rushed across the room and flung the dining room door open. By the window sat her mother, her youthful face bent over a needlework.

"Mother, he said 'Auf Wiedersehen'. But I am not, I am not going to see him again!"

And throwing herself on the divan, face buried in the cushions, she sobbed:

"I . . I can't, I . . I can't! Oh . . Mother, I just c . . can't go through . . with it again . . . "

She felt a hand gently brushing her hair, and her mother's low voi almost gay, sounded clearly above her:

"It is all right, Sigrid, I heard him. Stop crying now, everything w be all right."

Sigrid rose abruptly. Rubbing her wet eyes with her hands, she look at her mother. Puzzled, she exclaimed:

"Do you really mean it? That I shan't have to see Kalinovski again

Her mother nodded. Sigrid smiled through her tears. "Oh, Moth you are wonderful!"

SYNNOVE HAUGHOM.

Tides

I sat one afternoon beside the sea
Watching the waves, the foam plumed cavalry,
Each approach the conquest of the shore,
The vanquished land retreating more and more.
The waves attacked repeatedly in bands
Of hurrying soldiers riding up the sands;
They pressed the battle to my very feet,
The coward beach did nothing but retreat.
At last, when but a narrow, sandy bar
The fleeing beach consented to make war
And turned. The waters, tumbling backward, fled,
Leaving beside the sea the white plumed dead.

HARRIET L. STEPHENSON.

June Night

Silently I crept out of the house, fearful almost, that I might break th rich heavy stillness of the warm night. I kicked off my shoes and felt th cool thrilling touch of wet grass upon my bare feet. The lights from neighbor's windows threw jagged, dusty white shafts of light zigzaggin across the garden, touching a spike of gladiolus swaying and quivering in th faint breeze, and tracing big pointed black shadows on the grass. A shar pungent sweetness from a lemon-lily, blended with the spicy odor of we moss floated to me from the garden. I followed a fire fly, making his roun by the even blinking of his tiny gold light. A car zoomed up the drive way and its powerful bulbs extinguished the fire flie's lantern. For one brie second the garden was flooded with a thick mist of white light. Darknes again. And with it a plushy silence broken only now and then by the rythmi patter of a cricket or a faint peel of laughter drifting from some open win dow.

JEAN MCLALLAN.

Impressions of Spring

Spring came in the rain one night,
And gold was in his hair,
His eyes were blue as the bluest sky,
And the flash of his smile was fair.

He wore a suit of fresh, bright green
That was shiny and sleek from the rain,
And he showed me the dandelion spear
That he'd hewed for himself in the lane.

He was only a baby in size and age,
But his manly ways were quaint,
"I'm quite an artist by trade, you know,
And I'm sadly in need of paint."

So I gave him brushes and pots of paint,
And a place in my tree to sleep,
He thanked me kindly and blew me a kiss,
Then vanished from sight with a leap.

I found him next morning, perched in his tree,
Where he thought he wouldn't be seen.
But I saw him tweaking the leaf-buds out,
And painting each one of them green.

After he'd finished, he hopped from his tree,
And taking a short grass plume,
He poked and trickled the crocus buds
Until they laughed into bloom.

I watched him climb the magnolia tree
And moisten his brush with pink,
And curl the petals and shade their depths
With the loveliest color, I think.

He sauntered off to a low, moist spot
Away from the sun's bright glare.
And there I found him—perched on a twig,
Combing the willows hair.

When he had finished, he gathered his paints,
And seemed to think it best
To climb to the robin's home on the hill
And paint the eggs in the nest.

All had been well. But the robins' delight
Was voiced in a chirp so shrill
That he spilled his pot of buttercup gold
All over the side of the hill.

SARAH R. STEVENSON.

A Country Road

I was sitting on a large, flat rock at the side of the road, waiting for e camp mail to arrive. The morning sun, already uncomfortably hot on e back of my neck, was fast drying up the dew that glistened on the gi s blades, and a spider-web spun on a fence-post. Crickets and grasshopp s droned lazily in the mounting heat. A soft-eyed young calf wobbled ove o the edge of his enclosure to see what was going on. Suddenly, far down e narrow, deep-rutted clay road, I heard the wheezy engine of the mail car, soon it came into view, a tiny grey roadster, mud-spattered and dented, p high with bags of letters. Behind it, in close pursuit, ran "Mike," a spatte mongrel of uncertain species, the especial pride of the Marmon family t lived up the road. I collected our large stack of mail from the grinning p man, and had just turned to go back to camp, when I heard "It" comi Around the bend in the road lurched a Ford touring car, 1924 model. It no top, the radiator cap was missing, and two huge milk cans fastened to side gave it such a list that the running board almost scraped the grou Stuffed into the front seat was a huge yellow straw hat balanced on the b of his head. The car jerked by, turned into the camp road, and disappea in a cloud of dust. It was the "Spirit of Ribold," making its daily non-s flight from the station to camp with the milk-supply!

MARY BLOMMERS.

Fear

I relaxed into the corner, and tried to calm my taut nerves. "Clos wasn't it?" I murmured with a sickly laugh.

"Sort of," chuckled Howdy, with real glee. He threw the wheel ha and the heavy car swerved down the winding hill, the rear tires squeali at the terrific strain. I sat up and looked between Marg's and Howd shoulders at the speedometer. It jumped between sixty-five and seventy. shuddered and slumped back in the corner. David sat sleeping quietly side me. What a blessing, I thought, to be able to sleep with Howdy dr ing.

"Do we have to get there in such a hurry?" I asked in a small voice.

"Sure. Marg's mother is expecting her to call as soon as we hit t Burgh, and she thought we left earlier than we did."

"I know, Howdy," I answered in a firmer tone, determined to impr him, "but we've made up that time and more, the way you've been drivin

"If you don't like it, you can get out and walk," he snapped back.

"Well, I don't mind fast driving, except on winding roads like this, you're so reckless. I still don't see how you missed that car back there, p sing on that hill top."

"See here," Marg turned on me sharply, "nobody dragged you on t trip. If you can't do anything but pick on Howdy's driving, you should ha stayed at home."

"Pardon me," I apologized haughtily. Looking out the window I tri to concentrate on the country side, but it flew past too fast to be interestin Besides, I was too much a driver not to watch the road.

"Why don't you sleep," suggested Marg more kindly, "David is."

"I want to see what hits us." For a minute I thought it was going to huge black car racing toward us. Howdy took a curve at a terrific speed we slid far over on the wrong side. The other car rushed past just as regained our half of the road.

By that time I was weak with nervousness. Darkness settled gradually. were nearing the Burgh and I could pick out land marks.

"Look," I exclaimed, "there's the lights from the Swallow Inn. See? ahead."

"Hur-ray," sang out Howdy. Marg sat up excitedly. "Good old Swal-." A car swung around the curve ahead, its lights glaring out of the k. Howdy reached down to dim our lights. His cuff caught the switch, jerked them off entirely. For a second those of the other car shone on road, but it passed and we caromed along in utter blackness. I tried to am, and could not. Frantically I clutched at the arm of the seat and tense and strained against the side of the car.

"Turn on the lights, Marg," screamed Howdy.

"I can't find the switch," she half-sobbed, "Stop the car."

"We're going too fast — —"

I waited for the crash. I knew he'd kill us. I thought, it'll be any nd now—now. Marg found the lights. We had half rounded the curve were headed across the road straight for a pole. Flinging the wheel und, Howdy straightened out the car.

"Did—did anything happen?" David yawned from his corner.

"Did—did anything happen?" I shrieked, and Marg and Howdy and I ke into hysterical laughter.

ALICE MCCARTHY.

Marian

Marian's broad, fleshy hips swayed as she teetered across the street to car stop on her French heeled white kid slippers. Her small feet, out of portion to the thick legs encased in sun tan hose, bulged through the many forations of her slippers. The pink linen dress stretched tautly across shoulders, and the tight cuffs of the puff sleeves made a ridge in the soft ite flesh of her arms. As she stepped up on the sidewalk she pulled a ck enameled flapjack vanity case from her white silk purse, and opening it, vdered her round face with slaps of the soiled powder puff and added a of lipstick to her mouth. Before closing the case she pulled up the wave her light yellow hair, twisting the hairs before her ears into curls. Snap-g the case shut, she returned it to her purse. From the depths of the purse extricated a stick of chewing gum—minus a wrapper, and entangled with andkerchief and a finger-wave net. As she inserted it into her mouth and ewed it with loud smacks of her lips, her blue eyes gazed down the street. ere was no car in sight. From under her purse she lifted a True Story gazine. Opening it, she began to read, holding the magazine in her pudgy t hand. With the right she pulled her gum from her mouth at regular ervals, stretching it until it broke. Returning the residue to her mouth, e repeated the operation until her hand grew tired. Then, shifting the ue Story to her right, she pulled the gum with her left hand, without lift-g her eyes from the printed page.

ROSALIA CHIPLIS.

"So-long, Mom," I called and started out the door.

"Where are you going, dear?" . . . I hesitated a second and th answered,

"Oh . . . to play dolls with Alice."

"All right, but be home in time for dinner, and don't go to the sto With this familiar "don't" ringing in my ears, I started down the road a up to the spot where route fifty-one crosses the Lincoln highway. Af carefully removing the signs which marked the way, one to Beaver Fal the other to Pittsburgh, I seated myself on the bank and waited for str cars to come along. Presently an old Buick sedan drew up, laden with Italian couple and their howling progeny.

"Which ees de vay to Pittsboarg?" he asked, gesturing with a grea thumb.

"Left," I answered in a nonchalant tone and the tired sedan with i weighty load moved innocently along in the wrong direction. More ca passed but, much to my exasperation, few sought my valuable assistan Finally a big Packard stopped and the handsome driver addressed me wi a bland smile.

"Pardon me, Young Lady, but is this the road to Pittsburgh?"

"Being called a young lady" by such an elegant gentleman softened n hard young heart and I nodded in assent.

"Thank you," he said, and tipped his hat. I followed the car with wis ful eyes 'till it disappeared over the brow of the hill.

I received no more customers for some time. Presently I saw th Packard sedan coming back and silently prayed that they would stop ar rail at me for being an ignorant, heartless scamp. But . . . Alas! Th went by without so much as a disgusted look of disapproval. My favori pastime was getting boring and I hungered for a "Baby Ruth" and for th little store about half a mile down the road. I hailed a passing car,

"Would you mind taking me down the road a bit?" I asked.

"Not at all," answered the driver. Step right in." He wore a felt h pulled down ever one eye and his appearance made me a bit apprehensiv He reassured me, however, when he began to talk,

"That's a nice locket you have around your neck." He could not hav hit upon a better subject for this locket was my pride and delight in life,

"Thank you, I'm so glad you like it," and I proceeded to tell him th history of the locket. This finished, he again took the lead,

"What's your name?" Eager to talk, I not only told him my name, bu where I lived and who my father was. I noticed that he looked intereste when I divulged this and so I said,

"Do you know him?" He answered in the negative and so I went o with the complete story of my family. In fact, I grew so absorbed in m account that I failed to notice that we had passed the store. When I di realize it, I was a bit perturbed,

"Pardon me, but would you mind driving back aways. I think we'v passed the store." He looked at me with a reassuring smile,

"I'll take you back all right but let's go for a little drive first. Hov about it, Sister?"

"I don't think I'm your sister" I asserted calmly, "but I would like t

for a little ride." After I had worn off some of my inexaustible supply conversation, I ventured,

"Hadn't we better turn back?"

"Just a little farther; it's early yet. I'll stop for gas at the station und the corner." We pulled up by the tank and my companion got out; he did so, another car drew up beside us. Much to my surprise, the er turned out to be my uncle Bill.

"Hello, Cassie, what are you doing here?" I explained the situation to him wondered at the sudden frown on his face. Instantaneously, I saw erstwhile conveyance drive rapidly away. I called after the friendly , but it was too late.

"Never mind, Kiddo, I'll take you home. Jump in." The drive home anything but pleasant as my usually jovial uncle spent the whole ride a lecture on the dangers of driving with a stranger. We reached home as Uncle Bill told the story, I noticed Mother turned deathly white.

The next day, I started out again.

"Where are you going, dear?"

"Over to Alice's to play dolls."

"Well, wait a minute, darling, I feel like a walk so I'll go with you. d so it was that for the first time, I went to Alice's to play dolls.

KATHERINE BOYD.

Circumstantial Evidence

"Oh, Kate, you've done it again!" Mrs. Pitkin, wringing her hands, t over a magnificently striped red Persian cat—a cat whose golden eyes ked up from beneath tawny tufts of eyebrows, and from whose long iskered mouth a tiny brown wren hung limply. With a movement of itning-like rapidity, the gorgeous animal wheeled and slunk into the ars at the edge of the backyard.

"Drop it at once!" Mrs. Pitkin snatched up a stick and advanced with n step upon the briar patch. Her only answer was a peculiar wailing ow, the tone Kate reserved to announce to her mistress any sort of tri- ph—the capture of a playball, a mouse—a bird. Mrs. Pitkin continued advance, stick upraised, teeth shut hard, plump body taut, upon her way- rd pet, but with a crackle of twigs, Kate was off for safer quarters.

Mrs. Pitkin flung away her stick, turned on her heel and stalked to- rd the small red brick house. Aloud she moaned, "I'll have to give her ay. I can't have Kate killing birds all the time. The neighbors are begin- g to complain to me about it. But then, it's natural for a cat to kill birds. u can't overcome an instinct."

The subject of these musings stepped high and with infinite grace over brambles at the rear of the lot, like a proud horse. Daintily she walked oss the lawn toward Mrs. Pitkin, licking her chops, and occasionally leap- grotesquely in the air for a passing grasshopper. With soft, little mews greeted her mistress, and would have rubbed against her legs had not rs. Pitkin hastily entered the kitchen banging the door behind her.

That day Kate was given nothing to eat, nor was she permitted indoors lie upon the satin cushion in the most comfortable corner of the divan. In

vain did she keep up a steady complaining wail, in vain she scratched up the windowpane, a plea for admittance. Several times she tried the trick of tripping her mistress by running directly in front of her feet a nipping her ankles. To her great indignation, she received a slight kick her pains. Kate trudged off in high dudgeon, not to return till the n afternoon. At about three o'clock, Mrs. Pitkin heard a peculiar waili meow from the direction of the hillside. Her heart sank. Immediately left her baking, and with batter spoon in hand, she ran up the terrace a across the back lawn, crying in a hoarse whisper, "Drop it, Kate!" T time from Kate's pink mouth dangled a bright red cardinal. Mrs. Pitki voice broke in a sob as she brought the spoon down with all her force. E the tiger-like animal had long since shifted her position, and Mrs. Pitk sprained her wrist when the blow missed its mark.

"What under the sun are you doing?" Mrs. Pitkin, embarrassed a annoyed by the pain in her wrist, turned to see on the back porch her neig bor, Mrs. Boarts, a slim, youngish matron, who carried in her hand a col ful cage containing two brilliantly feathered cockatoos. "Come down h and see the beautiful birds my brother sent me from South America."

Kate's mistress, rubbing the sore arm, hurried to the porch. "Are they lovely?" she cried in genuine admiration.

"They're quite tame. Look!" and Mrs. Boarts unhooked the tiny do of the cage and removed one of the gayly plumaged birds which clung te aciously to her finger. "Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted a pair lovebirds. Joe says they're not too hard to take care of— and that they a very amusing to watch. He says it's even possible to teach them to tal Of course they're not as eloquent as parrots." Mrs. Boarts' large brov eyes with their blue whites shone with pleasure as she replaced the cock too on the perch by its fellow.

"Oh, but how much more attractive," exclaimed Mrs. Pitkin. I'd mu rather have a cockatoo than a canary. They don't seem to miss the out-o doors as canaries do. But won't you come in. I'm baking a chocolate cake- and mustn't leave the batter stand too long."

"Thank you. The birds won't need feeding for half an hour yet." Mr Boarts set the cage with its two occupants upon the top of the back por ice box and went into the kitchen with Mrs. Pitkin.

When the chocolate cake batter had been thrust into the oven, Mr Pitkin invited her neighbor to come upstairs. "I want to show you the ne sun-ray quilt I'm working on." The two women promptly repaired to t second floor.

Suddenly their ears were assailed by a noisy clatter; then a frightf squawking rent the air. "Oh my birds!" screamed Mrs. Boarts, as sh rushed headlong down the stairs and out the back door with Mrs. Pitkin h on her heels. The blue and yellow cage lay on its side upon the floor. On of the birds was climbing about its interior as though looking for a familia resting place. The other lay outside of the cage, feathers ruffled, yello toes curled up, eyes covered by their dark lids.

"Oh, what shall I do?" Mrs. Boarts cried, righting the upset bir house and reinstating it upon the ice-box. "The one bird won't live witho the other. Oh, what could have happened to it!"

At that point, Kate ambled around the corner of the house. She yawned rodigiously, then rolled over the lawn till her striped golden coat stood out ke a porcupine's.

"Kate!" Mrs. Pitkin cried harshly. At the sound of the mistress' voice, ie big cat opened round amber eyes. This tone in Mrs. Pitkin's voice al- ays made Kate look sheepish, so as she loped away and up over the hillside, iere was an unmistakably guilty look in those slanting orbs.

"I'm afraid it must have been Kate," apologized Mrs. Pitkin. She has horrible habit of killing birds. We shall have to shoot her at once, of ourse. But I think we shall be able to find a companion for your one cock- oo."

"Well, what's done can't be undone, I guess." Mrs. Boarts tried to eem resigned. Don't worry about it, please. Cats that kill birds, though are ather a menace, don't you think?"

And so the beautiful red-haired Kate was sent to a veterinary, and exe- uted as promptly as might be.

A week later, Mrs. Pitkin presented her neighbor with a cockatoo almost s attractive as the one she had lost. And on that day, a most horrible creeching roused her from a pleasant nap. She dashed out into the back- ard to behold a host of screaming sparrows attack a helpless grackle. Be- ore her eyes the larger bird was quickly despatched. As soon as the foul eed was done, the drab, dirty sparrows flew off, leaving their quarry ruffled nd torn upon the grass.

Mrs. Pitkin suddenly remembered that there had been no teeth marks pon the dead cockatoo. She remembered also that Mrs. Boarts had failed o fasten the door of the bird cage securely. Was it possible that the accusa- ion against her favorite pet had been unjust?

RUTH MAXWELL.

Bread Like Ashes

It was a night in early spring, and the lop-sided moon, sailing swift and igh in the sky, threw fleeting cloud-shadows on the earth. The little village f St. Claire lay silent and dark in the moonlight, its plain old-fashioned ouses strung out for a mile on each side of the road of silver dust. Near ne end of the village the belfry of a modest white church lifted its pointed lenderness toward the sky, and directly across from this church, a light lowed in the window of a large square house. It was the only light in the whole wide-flung countryside, and now and then a blurred dark form passed etween it and the window. Then suddenly the light grew dim.

Far away down the pale road a man came running at an even jogging pace. His eyes were fixed on that dim spot of lamplight, and his breathing was labored, for he had come a long way. As he drew nearer the house his pace quickened and he threw every bit of his remaining strength into the leap that carried him to the wide panelled door. His hands fumbled with the iron knocker, then he leaned, exhausted, against the doorway, and waited. After a long while from within the house came the sound of slow heavy footsteps descending the stairway, and the door was opened by a man holding a lamp.

He was fully clothed in a wrinkled suit of gray, and the lamplight fell on face made old by lines of weariness. He merely looked at the shadowy figu outside, and said nothing. The man immediately gasped out in a hurried an frightened way, "Oh, Doc, kin you come down to my place now? The wife got another of them attacks with her heart, and I'm afraid she's purty bac She was in awful pain when I left an' I been on the road almost an hour now Kin I go get Tom out fer ye and hitch her up?"

The doctor stood like a man paralyzed there in the lamplight. "No Sam," he began heavily, "I'm afraid I—"

The rudely dressed man on the porch started as though he had bee struck, then reached a horny hand toward the doctor. "Aw God, Doc, don' say ye can't make it out there tonight. Meg needs ye bad. Why, Doc, yo ain't never said ye wouldn't come afore this, I'm scared, Doc, the way sh breathes——"

The man outside broke off with a dry, rasping, sob, and his fatiqued body seemed to sag. Doctor Lynn's grey face was twisted with pain as h slowly put down the lamp on a table and said, "All right, Sam go hitch up the buggy while I gather together what we'll need." Already his mechanical fingers were searching in his cabinet, as Sam hurried toward the barn through a moonlit orchard, criss-crossed with a pattern of slim, still empty branches.

It was almost dawn when Doctor Lynn emerged from the dingy little house, and climbed into his buggy. Sam followed him to the roadway, and stroked the velvet muzzle of the horse.

"Gosh, Doc," he began, "you don't know how I 'preciate yer comin'. We think—Meg and me—that there ain't nobody in the world just like ye, and' I swear to God, Doc Lynn, I'll pay ye as soon as I get caught up with myself. Ye've saved Meg's life again, Doc, an'——," he paused, choking, and at loss for words. The doctor pulled his old gray hat down over his eyes, and gently dropped the reins on the horse's back. "Better get back in, Sam, Meg'll be wanting you."

The old horse started back over the familiar road that had seen them both at every hour of the day and the long night, for many years. The scenes about them were familiar, beloved scenes, but the weary man saw none of them. The moon was wan in the paler sky; in the little valleys, mist had gathered and the trees seemed to writhe as it moved about them. Up from the moist earth drifted the odor of the new spring, and somewhere far off a bird called. The shrill music of it penetrated the consciousness of the doctor, and he raised his head to gaze at a far away hill, a dim bulk in the grey dawn. Then, leaning suddenly against the old worn blanket that covered the seat he began to weep. The old horse plodded steadily along. The village, when they reached it, was faintly stirring. Now and then the sound of voices came; the banging of a door, or the screech of a pump handle; a man in blue overalls came out of a house with two shiny buckets, and started down a pathway, whistling. Up near the end of the village, all was the same; but the church had cast off its magic silver for hard white, and in the house opposite the church, the same window showed faintly yellow. The doctor saw this light, and seeing it, covered his eyes. Home again, but no, not home again, ever, for in that dimly lighted room, his wife lay dead.

SARA ALLISON.

The Blue Vase

Elizabeth coveted the blue vase. It was a deep blue with a sort of transrency, as though silver tempered the color. From a wide top, the curve oped gently to the base, and circled from base to lip was a silver dragon ith topaz eyes. Elizabeth passed the Antique Shop often, just to look at e blue vase in the window. She had desired many things and got most them, for her pride was her possessions.

The November twilight sifted its gray dust through the tall windows of e big, square living-room with its ivory-paneled walls and high-manteled eplace, where flaming logs crackled and hissed. In a deep leather chair fore the fire, Elizabeth Morgan's brother, Roddy, sprawled with a magane open on his knees, while at a slender rosewood desk by a window, Elizath penciled neat figures in little sections. The fire-glow reached trembling gers around the room, touching the mahogany cabinet opposite, creeping the heavy red window drapes to the left, wavering over the tapestry chair the door in the right-hand corner, and the bookcase that lined the wall ck of Roddy's chair. The rosewood desk Elizabeth had bought from the onnell family when their dwindling fortune had compelled them to genely offer to certain people many of their valued belongings. As head misess of Carollton's smartest private school, Elizabeth Morgan had acquired any of her possessions at these sales, and silver, china, and furniture of me of Carollton's best families, decorated her home.

Roddy Morgan was scornful of his sister's passion. He moved his tall, nky body to a more comfortable position and asked in his nasal, clipped ice, "Whose ancestral treasures are you aiming to buy now, Bess?"

Slowly the short, thick woman turned her head, and the firelight caught the gold top of the comb that nestled in the spiraling knot of gray hair sing on her head like a crown. Her pale eyes blinked rapidly. "You ouldn't understand, Rodman," she answered, her fine voice almost like a hisper.

He laughed and picked up the magazine. "Better be careful, Bess. Ioney isn't so plentiful since the school closed and you're only tutoring."

She turned back to her paper and pulled the cord of a green Chinese mp. "We could have more money, Rodman."

The man flushed and flicked the pages of the magazine; then closed and ung it on the floor. "Of course you would say that. Can I help it that y business failed? Haven't I tried to get work?" Getting up from the air, he thrust his hands into his pockets and pouted his thick lips like a nall boy. "You never were one to sympathize, Bess." He brushed his hand ver his gray-streaked hair. "All you care about are things," he accused s he stamped from the room, slamming the door behind him.

Elizabeth seemed not to heed. She was staring at the Buddha that rmed the base of the lamp, and who seemed to smile ever so slightly, the pphire in his forehead sparkling like a diamond. With her thin, heavilyined hand she caressed the lamp; it had stood in a Mandarin's palace, and e queer markings on the shade were innumerable blessings. She had bought from the Claytons for only two hundred dollars, and it had cost one thousnd.

Tinkling high and shrill, the front door bell announced a caller. Elizaeth laid down her pencil and straightened the papers on her desk. She

heard Meg open the door and heard the low, rasping voice of a man. Th doctor. Placing her hands on the desk ledge, Elizabeth raised herself to he feet and walked slowly to the fireplace. On the mantel a bronze cloc chimed the half hour after five. She remembered the drizzling rainy day i Budapest when she had wandered from shop to shop seeking treasures– finding this—a clock made by Bernouilli, one of the finest clock-makers i Europe—an ancient clock that had marked hours in a prince's household.

"Good afternoon, Elizabeth. How are you feeling?" The doctor' voice recalled her and turning, she held out her hand, smiling.

"Very well, doctor. Please sit down."

She took the deep chair nearest the fire and motioned him to a tapestry covered chair opposite that seemed too fragile for his bulky figure. Th firelight made the furrows in his face seem even deeper and set in shar outline the broad jaws with their hanging skin. Elizabeth's face looke smooth and soft, almost youthful, and her lips, though thin, were firm an delicately shaped. Dr. Henderson placed his hands on his knees and leane forward.

"You're not well, Elizabeth." His voice was very gentle.

She laughed, a short, dry, mirthless sound. "Well enough for an ol woman."

"Sixty, isn't it? Not too old to want to live."

"Your memory is good, doctor. Tell me just how sick I am."

"Sick enough to go to the hospital."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and, rising, paced slowly back an forth across the room. "Perhaps you're right, doctor, but I'm not going. She paused at the mahogany cabinet where a blue tea set, as delicate as moth's wing, glowed satin-like where the light from the Chinese lamp fe on it, and opening the glass doors, she took out a cup, holding it to the light "Isn't this china beautiful, doctor?"

He came over to her. "Elizabeth, I've been your doctor for twenty-fiv years and what I tell you is true. Why won't you go to the hospital?"

"I can't afford it."

"Only two hundred and fifty dollars. You can pay it in small amounts."

"No, thank you, doctor, no credit for me. I'll go in a year." She se the cup back in the cabinet and, taking out a silver fruit dish, rubbed he finger over its dainty tracery.

"That will be too late. You must go now—this week."

"I can't. I would lose the few pupils I have, and once gone, they wil not return. Then where would my income be. Next summer, perhaps."

"Too late, Elizabeth."

"Am I going to die so soon?" Gently she placed the fruit dish on th shelf and walked back to the fireplace.

"No, you won't die for years and years, but if you don't have the oper ation now, a later one will do no good."

"What is the matter with me, doctor?"

He hesitated. "There's a growth on your side that must be removed."

"Years and years," she repeated, looking at the flaming logs.

"With pain, Elizabeth, increasing pain."

"I'll go next summer."

"Too late."

She gestured impatiently. "The raven quoth 'Nevermore,' I believe, octor."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "I'll be back in a week. Please hange your mind."

"Don't women do that, always?"

When the door closed behind him, Elizabeth went back to her desk, topping to draw into a better position the peacock feather screen with the and-carved frame that had once stood in the library of the Gladstone home. wo hundred and fifty dollars! The price of the blue vase, and if she did ot purchase it by Saturday, Mr. Demmler would sell it to the wealthy con- oisseur from New York. But she had the option of buying it. She was ne of Mr. Demmler's best customers, and he brought many things to her ttention. The blue vase, like a gentian, or the lake on a calm morning, and ne silver dragon with the topaz eyes! If she did not buy it, it would be one forever. Dr. Henderson was an old-fashioned fool, as if a few months ould mean so much. She was not sick. The operation could wait, but the lue vase—!

She pulled the telephone to her and jangled the hook, "Operator, oper- tor, Court 6509." A little nerve twitched in her right temple. "Hello! Mr.)emmler? This is Miss Morgan. The blue vase. I want it, Mr. Demmler. have a check for the full amount. Will you keep the store open for me? 'm——" She put her hand to her side and closed her eyes for a moment. he pain — coming oftener — harder — now gone. She completed her entence slowly, "I'm coming down now."

EDNA VENABLE.

A Golden Afternoon

When little Mrs. Peters had picked up the last shards of the blue china nat had once boasted the name of a dinner plate in her wedding set, she sat own by the kitchen table and cried. She wept not alone for the plate, but or all the minute compromises and deficiencies that clung like burrs to her fe. She shed a tear for her hair—stringy, dish-water hair—and one for her ace, which began well enough at the brows, only to dawdle off toward the hin into an absurd small bun. Then there was the baby, who was not a retty nor brilliant baby even in a mother's eyes; his little bald head seemed o give promise of eventually producing the same kind of hair as his mother ad, and certainly his mouth was very large. Of Joel, her husband, she had ttle to complain—a good, quiet man, perfectly satisfied to carry his lunch to vork in a pail, and to mow the front lawn in his shirt-sleeves on a summer vening. It was the same with Joel as with the rest of life—substantial, but rab and sluggish as one would have thought not even a mud turtle's life ould be.

But hearing a step on the back porch, she swept away what traces of ears she could, and opened the door. It was Mrs. Farkey (from one of the ther eight identical houses in the row where Mrs. Peters lived) with one of he baby's blankets pinned over her head and a thick white cup in her hand.

"Morning, lady," she began brightly, then stopped, seeing Mrs. Peters' ed eyes. "Why you poor little thing—what's the matter?" she asked, mater- ally anxious. She had kinky brownish red hair, and wore the kind of tor- oise-shell-rimmed glasses that make one's eyes look deep and sympathetic.

"Oh, it's nothing," Mrs. Peters smiled half-ashamed. "I'm a little tired and you know how it is moving into a new city and all. But did you want to borrow something, Mrs. Farkey?"

Mrs. Farkey held out the cup. "Well, now, if it ain't too much trouble and you have plenty, I was aiming to borrow a cup of sugar. My sister-in-law phoned she was coming down to lunch and me with only a half-leg of lamb left over from Sunday in the house. But see here"—she went on, as Mrs. Peters brought back the filled cup," I'm downright worried about you. You'd ought to get out more so you wouldn't get depressed in the morning. You ought to get your husband to take you to a good movie once in a while—cheer you up wonderful, specially one of them gangster pictures." Mrs. Farkey was not noted for aloofness from other's affairs.

"Movies hurt my eyes," explained Mrs. Peters, "and besides, we've got to save money to send to Joel's people, farms being what they are and taxes—"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Farkey hurried on. "But you'd ought to get out more than just wheelin' your baby around the block. There, an idea just come to me. Do you play bridge?"

Oh, not at *all* well," demurred Mrs. Peters, alarmed. She might have gone further and confessed that she scarcely knew the king from the Jack.

"Oh, well, playin' bad don't make no difference in this case. Now, as I said, my sister-in-law is stayin' the afternoon, so I can't go to my bridge club. How about if you took my place this afternoon?"

"Why that's awfully nice," Mrs. Peters murmured, "but the baby—"

"Oh, goodness, I'd no more mind taking care of the baby than snapping my fingers," Mrs. Farkey assured her airily. "He and my Jimmy could play together in the sun-parlor, and if I took him out in the carriage, I'd see he didn't get a mite of cold."

"Why, that's awfully sweet of you," said little Mrs. Peters again, helplessly. She couldn't tell kind Mrs. Farkey that she dreaded going to a bridge club where all the women were strangers to her, and that she knew that Mrs. Farkey fed her own year-old child fried potatoes and baked beans, and would certainly feed Jacky likewise.

"Bring the baby over any time, and the bridge club starts at two," Mrs. Farkey finished triumphantly.

When Mrs. Farkey had left, Mrs. Peters finished the dishes and blacked the kitchen stove. Then she went upstairs and pulled the old blued crepe de chine suit out of her closet. It was the one she and Joel had bought last summer when they had motored down to Springhaven to see Mother—the time when the baby was so sick on the way home. She ripped out the belt and sewed it on again higher up, then tried the thing on her limp little figure. It would pass with a shove, she thought, especially if she wore with it her blue felt hat with the grograin ribbon cut off. But she felt nothing but dread for the afternoon.

"I'd rather be shot," she told the baby as she laid him down for a short nap, "than go to that awful thing."

However, at one-thirty, she was neatly dressed in the blue, had written a note to Joel to put on the potatoes in case she was not back at five, and had bundled the baby over to Mrs. Farkey's.

"Have a good time," Mrs. Farkey called after her with a baby under each arm.

The North Star Bridge Club met once in every two weeks in a room

ver the A & P store on Sycamore Street. When Mrs. Peters arrived she as greeted at the door by a stout woman with a tiny rhinestone dog on her reen turban. Mrs. Peters explained that she had come in Mrs. Farkey's lace.

"Really? Always glad to have strangers," smiled the woman. "My ame is Mrs. Lewis."

She showed Mrs. Peters into the club room, a large, barren place that nelled suspiciously as though cans of tomatoes and sacks of potatoes or nions had been whisked hastily out of it only a few moments before the ridge tables and chairs had been brought in. A bowl of rutabaga-colored old-fish and two sickly ferns on one of the window-sills tried to allay the uspicion, as did also five strips of orange crepe paper strung lengthwise cross the ceiling. An orange star of paste-board hung in the northern end f the room; beneath it Mrs. Lewis stood to open the meeting, informing ie "girls" that the profits from the refreshments would go to-day to the ireman's Home. Then the bridge-playing began.

Mrs. Peters was taken in tow by a tiny woman who had evidently visited ie beauty salon just before she came to the club, for her hair was waved stiff nd lay on her head like frozen rivulets. Her name was Mrs. Tookey.

"So glad that you could come, even if Mrs. Farkey couldn't. Come meet iese two girls and we'll start a hand."

These two girls were a least sixty, one very reserved and superior to ridge, the other large and unconcerned; she reminded Mrs. Peters of the ipling story that the teacher had read them when she was in school—about ie cat who walked by itself, waving its wild, lone tail.

"Will you deal, Mrs. Peters?" asked Mrs. Tookey.

It was the beginning of a solid hour of agony for little Mrs. Peters. he tried to be dummy as often as possible, but Mrs. Tookey, her partner, ould not bid, and the superior woman would not. And in every perplexing lculation that she tried to make, she would be interrupted by a flash of in- ard terror that she had left the electric iron plugged in, or the hot water aucet dripping, or that the terrible Farkey baby had bitten Jacky.

"So sorry!" she said time after time, putting aces on her partner's kings nd leading suits that were sure to be trumped in the dummy.

"Let me help you, my dear," offered the superior woman after a while. he helped Mrs. Peters play a suit of diamonds and was really most kind. : was just herself who was stodgy and drab, Mrs. Peters thought. Even laying-cards, with their bright, clear little spots of red and black, and the ncient, inscrutable dignity in the expressions of the face cards became drab i her fingers, dimmed with her own petty cares. When refreshment time ame, she half-excused herself from the rest of the game.

"Oh, I'm sure you needn't go yet," protested Mrs. Tookey. "We always ave most fun after tea. You say Mrs. Farkey is looking after your cherub? he's a wonderful woman—don't worry a bit." Mrs. Peters thought of the ried potatoes and did worry, in impotent despair.

After a cup of uninspiring tea and two mummified cakes, the card-play- ig started again. Mrs. Peters braced her feet against the floor and gather- d up the hand Mrs. Tookey had dealt her. She began to sort the cards—king f spades, five of spades, three of spades . . . Mrs. Peters held her breath nd felt her hands grow cold with nervous excitement. She had a suit not of ve spades nor of ten, but of thirteen—every spade in the pack! The super-

ior lady leaned toward her, as if about to proffer help with the bidding, but Mrs. Peters drew back.

"Two spades," she murmured indistinctly when her turn came. She was not at all sure that two spades was enough to bid, but she determined to make this hand her very own.

"What did you bid?" asked Mrs. Tookey.

"Two spades," quivered Mrs. Peters. Then she could keep the news no longer. "I have thirteen spades—every spade in the pack!"

"The—hurteen spa—a—a—des!" "My dear!" "Girls, look!"

All the other tables stopped playing and the "girls" came over to gaze breathless at the hand of thirteen spades that Mrs. Peters laid tremblingly on the table.

"We must get up a newspaper man from the Eagle immediately," broke in Mrs. Lewis. "And a photographer."

The party was quite disrupted, and of what happened between the moment when the photographer arrived and the moment when she started for home, Mrs. Peters was not at all certain. She had a dim fancy that she had told a newspaper man that she had not been playing bridge long, had one child, lived in Center Row, liked cream-puffs, and no, had never been divorced; then she remembered a photographer's black box and somebody whispering afterward,

"So fortunate you wore blue! It always photographs ravishingly." She had an idea that it was the woman who waved a wild, lone tail. And just as she was going down the wooden stairs, Mrs. Tookey came behind her and thrust a flat rectangle into the crook of her arm. It was the first prize.

"Yours, of course," said Mrs. Lewis, "and you're an honorary member of the club now, don't forget."

When Mrs. Peters reached home, Joel was just arriving and was kicking off his rubbers by the door step. Absently, Mrs. Peters leaned over and set them together as neat as a pair of animals going into the Ark.

"Hello, Puss," grinned Joel. "Been gaddin'?" How nice he was, Mrs. Peters thought, how childish and clear his blue eyes were!

"Yes." She kissed him. "Went to a bridge club in Mrs. Farkey's place." She felt a thrill in the pit of her stomach at his surprise when he found what had happened there.

"Nice," said Joel, and plucked a package of sausage out of his pocket.

Even before she lit the gas under the potatoes or got the baby Mrs. Peters opened the first prize on the kitchen table. It was a little gold-framed picture of a lady in a pale blue gown feeding very white swans who arched their necks over a garden pool . . . a really exquisite picture. She thought she would hang it over the parchment shade lamp in the living room. She rather liked the way her living room was arranged, and this would give it the final touch. Just then Mrs. Farkey brought the baby over, rosy and crowing.

"Mother's precious!" Mrs. Peters smothered him in kisses, wondering if any other woman had ever had a baby half so sweet, so loving—she knew his mouth would be a sweet shape, even though it was large.

"And did you have a good time?" beamed Mrs. Farkey triumphantly.

"Yes." Then again she could keep it no longer. "I had thirteen spades, and I played them all by myself!"

MARJORIE HOPKINS.

THE MINOR BIRD

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THE MINOR BIRD

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A PAN OF BROWNIES

Katherine Dangerfield

PART I.

From early puppyhood Stormy had had a mania for chewing. When he was yet a tiny red-brown creature the size of a rat, he had gnawed feebly at any object thrust into his mouth. As he grew older and bigger he practiced masticating on his brothers and sisters, on their longish spaniel ears and tails, and on his own tail when he could catch it. Then came the time when he was separated from his family, and taken to a new home. It was a great change from the dusty wire pen in a small fenced-in backyard to the Arnold's roomy house. Here was much wider scope for his especial talents; here were legs and fingers galore to chew, except during the long dark hours of the night when he was thrust ignominiously into his cellar box. There he must perforce spend the sleeping hours tearing at frayed rubbers with his baby teeth, or biting disconsolately at his own anatomy. In the daytime it was different. Friendly hands were always reaching down to fondle and pet him; everyone from the fat friendly cook to nine-year old Martha begged for a turn. It was simple in this environment for his strong little teeth to seize something soft and chewable, but it never ceased to surprise Stormy when the person into whose leg or finger or arm he was sinking those milk-white needle points, emitted a shrill noise, and pulled away suddenly. This strange behavior invariably provoked him to sit very straight on his haunches, his head cocked back enquiringly, while he observed the person with a quizzical expression in his amber eyes. Nor could he understand it when the human, if it was the one named Sara Jane, would then smile at him, and laugh with a peculiar gurgle, exclaiming, "Oh Stormy, you're cute!" and at the same time lean over and try to pat him. He did not realize that he was an exceedingly appealing youngster as he sat there dignified as a judge, his ears hanging down like a judicial wig, his eyes seriously questioning. The rich mahogany red of his coat, and the white on his chest and paws, gave an added touch to his puppy dignity.

One of Stormy's best sidelines in the art of chewing, was tackling the velvet living room curtains that hung at the door. The best technic for this sport was to crouch, leap, butt your head against the soft solidness of the drapes, and then snatch as much velvet as possible in your mouth. Stormy was incredibly clumsy in action, even for a two-months old pup. His ears flopped with every jump of his lumbering puppy gait,

his paws were huge, and his legs flew every which way when he attempted to run. His tail, which should have been docked spaniel-fashion, was ratty, extensive, and somewhat crooked, and it never by any chance coordinated with the movements of the rest of his body. His lack of agility did not detract from his skill in another highly intriguing amusement of his, however. He was extremely adept at demolishing electric light cords. These twining, snake-like objects were fascinating; perhaps it was some snake-fighting instinct of an ancestor coming to the fore that made him want to pounce on a cord, worry it, and finally cut it through with his knife-edged teeth. It was almost as much fun to mouth the tassels that hung from the lamps, and sometimes, if he had not already put the cords out of commission, he could make the light flash on and off.

II.

Several months passed, during which time Stormy outgrew some of his more elementary pastimes. He stopped concentrating on lamps, and although he still had an occasional bout with the curtains, just to keep in trim, he was beginning to ignore furniture and the like. In his veins ran hunting blood; it was high time he developed his hunting sense. He would commence by learning to sniff the air with a professional hunting dog sniff. Head up, tail level with his body, motionless, he would stand, almost like a setter pointing quail, with only his nose working. His quarry was not birds, however, for he was forced to do his stalking indoors, but books, shoes, galoshes, almost any article would do as well. His infallible nose always brought him to a well-stocked field.

One day he thumped up the stairs and his nose led him to a chair in Sara Jane's room. Stormy liked Sara Jane best of the Family, for she seldom spoke crossly to him, and she quite often took him for walks. Today there was something on the chair which should prove to be of interest, something that felt soft and slightly scratchy on his brown nose. It was the dress Sara Jane had been knitting before she went out. Stormy buried his head in the woolly mass. There ought to be a string somewhere that he could catch hold of and pull. He had done that once before when Sara Jane was knitting, and had been shooed away. Ah, here was an end. Stormy grasped the piece of yarn gingerly, and tugged, so hard that something gave way and he sat down sprawlingly. He blinked, got to his feet, and looked. Yes, the string had grown longer, and lay in bumpy waves on the floor. Stormy's eyes sparkled, his tail wiggled from side to side. He went close to the chair, took a fresh hold on the yarn, and, chewing at it, jerked some more. The stuff on the chair was dwindling fast, as coils of yarn fell to the floor. Stormy all of a sudden felt very tired. Bits of wool were caught in his mouth and were tickling his tongue. He shook his head and tried to spit them out. In doing so, his eyes fell upon the cool white of Sara Jane's bed. He walked sedately over to it, climbed upon it, and stretched out, his head on the pillow, his silky ears crisscrossed over his nose. When he woke up there was Sara Jane staring at him, the shapeless mass of knitted stuff in her hands. He raised his head and met her eyes with a steady, serious gaze, while his long tail rapped the bed in dull thuds.

"Stormy, you're a wicked dog! Do you hear me, sir?" spoke Sara Jane in stern tones. Stormy wriggled and thumped his tail faster.

"Oh! So you won't be scolded, Young Man. You should be punished, you know." Sara Jane sighed, and then the corners of her mouth curved up ever so slightly. "I suppose I should have known better than to leave anything around with you loose in the house."

Stormy rolled over on his back and bit playfully at Sara Jane's hand as she tried to pat him.

III.

Stormy's appetite had begun to take a leading part in his life now. It increased as he increased, and he had grown to at least twice his size at two months. A mere three meals a day did not suffice him. He was always so hungry that he had to supplement his already substantial diet with leaves from books, stray beads from a broken necklace, various objects from the wastebaskets, and at any time, candy, preferably by the pound. The fact that these delicacies played havoc with his digestive system discouraged him not at all. If the undigestibles pained him, he got rid of them. But if the Family caught him before this happened, they gave him castor oil. And he detested castor oil.

On Easter morning all the family went to church and left Stormy alone in the house. It was several weeks since he had found anything new to do or eat, and he was bored. He padded slowly from room to room with eyes and nose seeking, just what, he knew not. The last room he came to was Martha's. Stormy often spent a lot of time in her room sleeping because of the nice patch of sun that was there afternoons. A sweet sticky odor met his nose as he entered the door. His eyes brightened, he must investigate. In the center of Martha's bed lay a colored basket. Stormy nosed it, and rattled the crisp paper in it. Half hidden under the paper was a big brown egg. It was this egg he had smelled. He licked it cautiously with his brownish-pink tongue. It tasted sweet; surely it was candy. Stormy quivered all over and leaped on to the bed. He tore ravenously at the large fruit and nut egg. It was the work of comparatively few moments to down it completely. He was never one to be slow at eating. He licked his chops contentedly and hopped down from the battlefield. Life was worth living after all.

The Family did not share his opinion, when they got home from church. Martha cried at finding her lovely chocolate Easter egg gone, and Mr. Arnold said that Stormy, the impudent wretch, should be punished. They made a lot of fuss, but went down to dinner without having done anything. After dinner, when Stormy became sick on the rug in the hall, he was banished to the cellar, that was all.

IV.

The Arnolds' cook had just baked a pan of chocolate Brownies and set them to cool on the back porch. Leaving the back door open, she went down to the cellar to finish her ironing. She had not noticed two small figures creeping through the bushes in the back yard, nor two pairs of eyes that had watched her every move. She had not seen a tousled red head, followed by a rough brown one, emerge from these bushes to proceed slowly and carefully toward the back porch. Billy Duberry and Jimmy Anderson lived several blocks away, but they had left their own territory in search of new thrills and excitement. Right now of one ac-

cord they became robbers, swooping upon an unsuspecting village in the dead of night. Billy was a small chunky boy with a cherubic countenance and flaming red hair; Jimmy was taller and thinner, with spindly legs and rough dark hair. Both the boys were dressed in overalls and covered with mud and grime, testimony to adventures experienced.

"Do we dare take 'em?" asked Jimmy in a shrill whisper, as they reached the porch, "We better hadn't take 'em all. It's stealing."

"Well, aren't we robbers, and isn't this the village where we have to get supplies?" Billy swaggered a bit. "Anyhow, what the heck! They wouldn't ever know who took 'em, they wouldn't suspect us 'cause we don't live 'round here. And I'm hungry!"

That settled it. The boys climbed to the porch and contemplated the pan full of Brownies, sniffing the hot, fragrant odor of freshly baked cake.

"Boy! Don't those Brownies smell good!" Billy smacked his lips and Jimmy's hand involuntarily rubbed his stomach.

"We'd better not take 'em. What if we get caught?" Jimmy was hesitating.

"I'm not scared," whispered Billy firmly, and proving the truth of his words, he dug both hands into the pan.

It was at this point that Stormy, as ever in search of food, was attracted by the odor of baking to the kitchen. He did not see the marauders immediately, but the smell of the Brownies led him to the door. It was Billy who saw him first.

"Look out! There's a dog! Grab the rest of those and run, Jim." Billy turned with his two handfuls of the square chocolate cakes, and fled. Jimmy, obeying the hasty command, managed to purloin the remaining Brownies, and he, too, fled.

Stormy stood and watched the flight of the young scoundrels with an air of cool amusement. He loved a romp, but right now he was hungry. When the boys had gone from sight he made his way leisurely to the pan. Not one lone morsel left. He picked up a few crumbs from the pan, then turned it upside down for good measure. Just as the pan flopped with a tinny clamor, a piercing shriek startled Stormy, and he heard the sound of heavy steps crossing to linoleum floor. He looked up in surprise to see the cook striding over to him, her wide mouth making sputtering noises. Stormy shrank back, dodged under the cook's outstretched arms, and ran into the middle of the kitchen, where he crouched, waggling all over, in playful anticipation of a game. Weren't he and the cook good friends? She seemed rather excited now, and she was making an awful lot of noise. Had he done something he shouldn't have?

At this moment Sara Jane, breathless and flushed, flung herself into the kitchen.

"What on earth is the matter? What are you screaming about?" she panted, gazing wildly from the scampering Stormy to the red-faced cook.

"Stormy's gone and ate a whole pan o' Brownies that I'd just baked. They were for your mother's tea this afternoon. What will that dog do next? Are you going to punish him?" the cook stood squarely with hands on hips, obviously expecting Sara Jane to do something.

Sara looked from the cook to Stormy, who was observing them both intently, alert for the next move in this unusual game. A heavy silence

hung over them all. Then Sara Jane did something she had never done before; she hit Stormy resoundingly on his back, once, twice, hard. The pupils of Stormy's eyes grew large and dark, and he moved his tail uncertainly from side to side. The girl then took him firmly by the collar, and told the cook to get the castor oil. Stormy knew the meaning of that word. He gave a sudden jump and tried to squirm free. Sara Jane held him fast until the cook returned with the medicine. In spite of the puppy's now frenzied struggles the oozy liquid was forced down his throat. Then he was loosed. He ran around the kitchen in circles, tossing his head and opening his mouth in a vain attempt to get rid of the horrible taste.

"Stormy!" Sara Jane's voice was sharp. The puppy stopped his dizzy spiraling.

"Stormy, you have got to go to the cellar. You have been a very bad dog—eating a whole pan of Brownies. I'm sorry to punish you but you have got to learn to leave things alone. Now, come on."

Stormy followed Sara Jane to the cellar door, his tail drooping. He did not even glance at the girl, but descended the stairs and lay down at the bottom with his nose between his paws.

Sara Jane, as she closed the door, could discern nothing but a dark hump and two gleaming eyes which caught the narrowing beam of light.

———o———

BLACK MAN

Rosalia Chiplis

In the daytime one meets them throughout the bustling, workaday city, these black men of the Hill, perching high on the driver's seats of stinking garbage wagons; hustling through hotel lobbies, polishing brown-stained spittoons to a gleaming brassiness: sweeping up piles of scrap in factories,—laboring at the dirty petty jobs the white man refuses. Broad-shouldered, mahogany full-bloods, and round-shouldered, narrow-hipped mulattos in ragged cast-off "white man's" clothes laden with the stench of "nigger" sweat—all are casually termed by the white man as "lowdown toilers of the day." The white man errs: the Hill nigger is a creature of the night. Not a furtive creature, of shifty rapacious eye and whiney voice, skulking in alleys as a gutter cat seeking prey, but a free-hearted child of clear, dark eyes and rich, husky voice, following the instincts of his unbridled nature to fulfillment. At night the Hill vibrates with the spirit of the black man, the chords of his chant of life swell into crescendo, beating their rythm into the blood of the white man observer, swaying him to a realization of the majesty of the simple primeval way of living life for its elemental joy.

* * *

As the street lights begin to glow, Wylie Avenue, Fullerton and Bedford come alive with the black man. Gathering on the street corners, they boom out in heavy bass, "Hi there, nigger" to their loose-jointed brethren ambling up the sidewalks. The full lips below their broad, squashed nostrils, spread into a grin as they toss ribald sentences to the knots of black men on the opposite curb. A black wench passes, her sleezy, purple satin dress touching the ground, over her shoulders a rusty, blue coat of the style of a half dozen years ago. The black men finger the knots of their red and blue ties, and brush the shoulders of their natty,

close-fitting suits with thick-fingered brown hands, as they call, "Lo, Sal. All dolled up, ain'tcha? Got a heavy on with some white boy?" Then they laugh in resounding roars at their crude humor. Sal, with a toss of her straightened, coarse black hair, grins back over her shoulder, "Ahm still stickin' to my black boy. Youall haint seen him this yeah evenin', heve yuh?" As she passes on her liquid drawl floats on the eddy of their booming voices. The raucous voice of the poolroom radio cuts the night with "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," and shuffling their feet, the black men sway on their curbstone. As the evening lengthens one or two black men break from their group with a muttered, "Gotta date," moving on down the street to the dance hall. The jungle-like boom of heated jazz rolls out of the second floor windows above the pawnshop, and the curb is lined with men, craning at the silhouetted swaying dancers above them. Giggling black girls clamber up the ricketty frame stairs, playfully shoving their "nigger men". The narrow hallway reeks of lilac and rose toilet water that pours from their flimsy crepe and satin dresses as they brush against the banister. Reaching the landing, the giggling black girls jostle each other as they hang up their coats on the hooks in the dark corner cupboard. The black men shove on into the dance hall, after tossing their coats and hats on a chair in the corner. Overhead, the bulbs dangling from bare electric cords are dimmed with wrappings of orange crepe paper and twisted strips of the same color are draped from corner to corner. As the orchestra plays madly, the incessant pounding of the piano rises over the din of the other instruments, and the voices of the curb-stone loungers rise in exclaimation, "That black boy sure can tickle the ivories." Some of the nigger girls are dancing furiously, and their long dresses cling to their limbs as they bend and pivot in quick succession with their supple black partners. The girls sitting on the chairs against the wall, look with questioning, hopeful eyes at the black men gathered round the orchestra at the far corner, who are eyeing them appraisingly. Several of the nigger men saunter down, querying, "Wanta dance this yeah one?" to certain of the dark wall-flowers. With an arch "Umh" through half-closed lips, and a glance out of the corner of her eye at her less fortunate sisters, she rises and falls into step and is swept into the swirling crowd. The piano player smokes cigarette after cigarette and the floor around him is littered with butts. The air in the room grows heavy with the stench of the sweating brown bodies as they dance on to the mad pace of the orchestra. Abruptly, the barbaric rythm ceases, and the lights on the second floor snap off. Then, as suddenly as they were impelled upwards, the black men and their women surge down, the orchestra men at their heels. "Feelin' pretty peppy tonight, warn't you, big boy," call at the short fat nigger, wearing a derby and carrying a saxophone under his arm. "Uhmm" he returns. All the orchestra wear tuxedos, and their brown faces contrast vividly with their stiff white shirts. Goodnights of husky male and female voices mingle with the humming approach of a street-car. The orchestra men climb on, the trap-drummer, balancing his unwieldy load, struggles on last, waving a parting salute at the dance attendants. Arms entwined, the crowd breaks up into small groups and start waiting. Two tall nigger boys, their brillianted hair gleaming under the three lighted balls of the pawnbroker, linger and coax a short, stumpy girl in a white dress "To come on up to Jo's and dance some moh." With

a shrug of her shoulders that sends her pendant glass earrings shimmering, she walks off between them, her tiny voice protesting, "I gotta get some sleep." One of the black men leans over and slips his arm through hers, declaring, "You got all day to yoh sleepin' in, honey. But I's gotta be out on dat ol' wagon at six o'clock." A sudden hush over the street follows his words. The black girls high heels click sharply on the sidewalk. The curbstone loungers shift uneasily from one foot to another. Then — — "Fight!" "Fight!" bellows from a hundred voices. A woman screams as she is pushed aside by the hungry rush of black men in avid haste to reach the squirming men in the center of the cobblestone street. Windows screech up, and black men, their hairy chests bare, lean out. Behind them, their womenfolk, whose lumpy boudoir caps indicate a multitude of curlers, peer over their shoulders, the whites of their eyes bulging in their brown faces. A milk bottle crashes and there is the dull sound of pummelled flesh. "Cop!" yells someone and the crowd runs back to their curbstone from where they have seemingly never moved, as the white "brass buttons" darts out of the alley. He eyes the knots of black men, barking out, "Where'd they go?" The unrevealing blankness of their faces blocks him, and he tightens the grip on his mace, half-raising it. With a muttered "Gottdam niggers," he enters each of the restaurants and poolrooms along the street, looking belligerently at their occupants. Stepping out, he murmers at the loungers, "You niggers better watch your step. I'll catch up with you sometime," and swinging his mace, walks off, looking up and down each group as he passes. A deep sigh sweeps the Avenue as his broad, uniformed back vanishes around the corner, and the tension brakes. The robust humor of the early evening revives and the black man's laughter booms out. Far up the Avenue they break into song, the strains of "Sweet Adeline" sounding softly on the night, deep basses and clear trebles melted into one rich tone. Spontaneously, other groups hum softly, merging their voices in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "I got shoes, All God's chillun got shoes." With their black faces thrown back, and their eyes half-opened, they seem in a drunken ecstasy of harmony. The rattle of milk wagons and the hard trot of their pulling horses on cobblestones, invades the Avenue, and with their advent the black man slips into alleys, seemingly melting into the shadows; once more the "low-down toiler of the day." Till night returns again to the Hill.

—o—

THE ROAMIN' GOD

Helen Walker

"Say," I whispered, giving Benny a jab in the ribs with my elbow "who is that sandy-haired fellow over there by Anna May Carter, the one who looks like a Roman god?"

Benny turned scornful blue eyes on me and whispered back, "He may be roamin', but it happens, deadhead, that it's a Greek god. He's Anna May's cousin from Chicago, here for the Christmas Holidays."

"What's his name?"

"Shut-up, Old Fish Face is watching us." Then he added, "Honestly, I don't know."

Old Fish Face is the nickname for Mr. Scoggins, our report teacher. As this was the last assembly before the holidays he was anxious that we should make a generally good impression. I looked at my watch. Only ten more minutes and we'd be out of this for two weeks. Meantime, I'd appear at least mildly interested, even though I was bored practically to extinction.

I hoped mother did get the pink evening dress. It was a honey; satin with a suspender back, that would set off my dark hair and eyes to perfection. And with Benny a blond, we'd be the knock-out looking couple at the New Year's Eve dance. Probably though, she would come home with some little S. S. and G. model, because she couldn't bear the idea of her baby growing up. Even if Jane was four years older than me, that was no reason why I should be classed as a baby at sixteen.

Benny is my One-And-Only. Or rather, I should say that I am his. He is tall and blond, with brown eyes, and heavy dark eyebrows and lashes. Inspite of his decided flair for puns and jokes and such nonsense, he has an appealing look, with sort of an appreciative smile that no other boy seems to have. His fidelity is sufficient to make the rest of the girls green with envy, because quite often my heart beats a bit here and there for someone else.

There was a great deal of applause and I realized that finally the speaker had finished. Everyone rose, and in the confusion I saw Anna May and her darling cousin suddenly entirely surrounded by admiring girls. Anna May was certainly getting rushed by people who usually never even as much as glanced at her. But I felt confident of her friendship because our families were pretty intimate. The cousin was very tall, taller even than Benny, with sandy curly hair and an angelic expression. He wore a blue sweater and gray flannel trousers. My heart missed a beat, but I turned and gave Benny my sweetest smile.

"Thanks for wanting me to ride home with you, but I'm walking with Anna May."

"You're a swell one, Sylvia. You'll ride with me any day, 'til some out-of-town guy pops up, and then you walk."

"Now darling," I patted his arm, "You know you don't like to wait for me, and I have to go back to . . . . to get something I forgot. So run along. I'll see you tonight."

He brightened perceptibly, so I dashed by him, out of the assembly hall, and upstairs to the class room.

Probably by this time Anna May's cousin had met everyone, and a late-comer with some sort of a nonchalant indifference would create a greater impression. I belted my polo coat on in a careless fashion, tipped my hat jauntily over one eye, powdered my nose, and added just a touch of lipstick. Halfway down the hall I decided I should have a book to give him just a glimmer of my intelligence. So I tore back to the class room, and the only thing I could consider was "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare." I tucked it under my arm and started out again.

But Anna May was not to be seen. I stood at the top of the front steps and looked in vain over the school yard. They had probably gone to the corner drug store. But I simply couldn't go, because Benny was there. And I couldn't admit defeat, not even to Benny.

I walked the five blocks home alone, for the first time in years. I

was famished, mortified, and filled with a great hate for William Shakespeare. If any of the girls saw me, they would think that Benny and I had had a fight, and he was the most eligible man in the school. And if Benny saw me . . . .

Just as I turned in at the gate of the little Colonial house that we Marvins call home, I heard a terrible commotion. I looked back to see Benny driving past in his old model-T Ford. It was full to over flowing with boys and girls; and on the front seat was Anna May, and the cousin.

"I suppose," said father, when we were idling over our coffee and dessert, "That the young Romeo is coming as usual."

"Which one?" I replied nonchalantly, helping myself to another macaroon.

"Benny, my love," interrupted Jane. "Do mind your figure. Macaroons are fattening. And pass the cigarettes . . . . "

"Never you mind my figure. And that's the third . . . . "

"Sylvia dear." Mother never spoke in such a voice unless she was angry, or had something special. Could it be?

"Sylvia, I bought the dress you wanted."

"Oh, you angel." I tore around the table and covered her with kisses, and lipstick, and macaroon crumbs. It's always best to show extra pleasure and appreciation, because parents will do something you want them to soon again.

"Mother." Jane practically shrieked. "You aren't going to let her wear that atrocious dress. Why, it's like wearing nothing."

"At least I don't resemble something from the Dark Ages. Your black one . . . . "

"Girls." Father spoke sharply. That is enough. You each wear what you please, and no criticism. Sylvia, sit down. You talk entirely too much."

We were both very quiet while father and mother discussed the weather, and such boring subjects as the N.R.A. and the new mayor, until we were excused.

I was ready and waiting when Benny arrived at nine o'clock. It was just as well I hadn't met Anna May's cousin before, because one can't make such a good impression in school clothes. I had a dress I was sort of saving for Jane's luncheon to which she had condescended to let me come. But this was more important. It was black, very plain, with just a little brown fur, the color of my hair, over the shoulders. And I had a new off-the-face hat. I took particular pains with my make-up, and all-in-all, it wasn't a bad ensemble.

Benny waltzed in and greeted the family in his customary polite manner, and then turned to me. "You'd better get your things on, or we'll be late for the second show."

"Show," I gasped weakly.

"Yes, show. This is Friday night, and we always go to a movie Friday night."

"Oh, of course," I stammered.

"Then," he added, "the bunch is going to Carter's afterwards."

I smiled eagerly. "How lovely."

The picture was Joan Crawford, and usually I'm crazy about her. But tonight my mind was busy trying to figure out the best way to a man's

heart. Benny nudged me at all of the wise cracks, and during the love scenes I let him hold my hand so he wouldn't think my love was dwindling.

We were the last to arrive at Carter's. Not that I minded very much, because of my last-impression philosophy. But I left my things down stairs, in order not to put off the desired moment any longer than possible.

"Hello sweetness," called out Chuck. "How's the world treating you tonight."

"Hello darling," I answered. "Now that you are near, perfectly."

Benny gave me the look that always means the green eyed monster has a hand on him, and took me over where Anna May and the cousin and Bob were having some kind of a deep discussion.

"Snap out of it," Benny interrupted them. And then, "Sylvia, this is Jerry Carter. And this," with his hand on my shoulder, "is the famous Marvin child."

"How do you do," I smiled. "I see I have acquired a reputation. I hope they didn't paint me very black."

"All pink and white and loveliness." He smiled too.

He was a smoothie. And at least Jane's age. No wonder Anna May kept her hands on him. He wore a brown suit that only added to his keen-looking appearance. And when he smiled his blue eyes sparkled.

Poor Bob hadn't a chance with Jerry around. Benny had crossed the room to change the radio, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone.

I looked up into Jerry's eyes. "I'd like awfully to have a drink of water."

"And I'd like nothing better than to give it to you."

The kitchen at Anna May's is a large comfortable room, and after I had finished the water I settled myself in a cozy position on the table. As the only chair was miles across the room, the only thing for Jerry to do was to stand beside me.

It was very quiet for a minute before I said, "You know, you are a man after my own heart."

He immediately looked interested. "Why? What makes you think that?"

"You're charming, interesting, good-looking."

"Oh, I always try to put my best foot forward. First impressions are lasting, so they say."

"You, you like things to be permanent," I asked hesitatingly?

"As far as I am concerned myself." He smiled a little patronizingly. "That's a cute hat."

"Thank you."

"Do you like to dance?"

"I'd love to."

"I'm sure Benny here would love to, too." And he disappeared through the dining room door.

I had not noticed that Benny had come in. He looked very downcast, and just a little peeved.

"Come and help me down." I held out my hand. "I'm so glad you came to rescue me."

He seemed to perk up a bit, and when he helped me down he squeezed my hand just a little.

We left Anna May's shortly after that. She and Jerry were dancing, Chuck and Sally were playing Double Canfield, and Bob had his nose stuck in a book. The family insist on my being in at twelve, but they were surprised when I came in early. Father's much rehearsed speech was wasted.

Mother invited all of the Carters for Sunday evening supper. It seems she had gone to school with Jerry's father, and it was the first time they had seen each other in years. She decided that Jane and Jerry would get along fine together, and she asked Bob for Anna May, and of course, Benny for me.

But Sunday Jane's Bill came unexpectedly and they spent the day at his aunt's.

After supper the grown-ups gathered in the library, and left us the living room, and the radio.

We listened to Eddie Cantor's wise cracks until I thought I would die. But instead I wandered out into the hall. Benny was giving his undivided attention to the radio, so I knew I wouldn't have to listen. Bob was sitting beside Anna May on the couch. Only Jerry was left with no particular interest claiming his attention. I knew someone would eventually follow me, and undoubtedly it would be Jerry.

I sat down at the foot of the stairs, arranged my velvet skirts gracefully, and assumed my best dreamy expression.

In about five minutes, that seemed years, Jerry appeared.

"You aren't running out on your own party, are you?"

I looked up at him. "How nice of you to be interested enough to find me."

"Just my duty to my country to find the missing hostesses," said he, with much emphasis on the "my."

Somewhat taken back I smiled feebly. "Do you always go in search of missing hostesses?"

He grinned. They usually came across with, "When it's you darling." But he merely replied, "I go in for this glory stuff a lot, you know."

"Old Glory," said I.

"Look me over," and he stuck his thumbs under his lapels.

The radio orchestra was playing "Give me a moment, please" when Benny came dashing out.

"Listen to this, Sylvia," he shrieked.

"Wife, 'Dear, who is this Dorothy you talk about in your sleep."

Husband, "Why, why, That's the horse I bet on last week."

Wife, 'That's funny, because she called you up this afternoon'."

He went off into gales of laughter, and I couldn't help joining in. He held out his hand to help me up, and I held it a moment. Benny did look nice in his gray suit. I recalled father's favorite expression, and giving him a long, slow smile said, "Benny, you're incorrigible."

He pulled me up. "Let's go find our favorite record 'Star Dust' and trip the light fantastic.

"You always do think of the right things at the right times, Benny."

But instead of agreeing, Benny did not reply at all.

Christmas week was one mad rush. We had to go to Grandmother

Marvin's for dinner Christmas day, and so between that and the different parties and seeing Benny every day, I only saw Jerry a couple of times.

Once was in the drug store after we had been skiing. It had snowed for three days, and was wonderful. He was looking very heart breaking in a white turtle-neck sweater, while I was merely turning them over in my new red skiing suit.

I swung up on to the stool beside his, ordered a Coca Cola in one breath, and said to him in another, "Are you not breaking hearts today?"

"Today," sniffed Jerry, sliding off the stool. "I always have to carry a broom to sweep them out of my way." And I was left with my Coca Cola, and Benny's all too obviously adoring glances.

Another time I passed him on the street when Chuck and Bob and I were going to Benn's—Benny having the misfortune to eat too much at one of our various gatherings—and he merely smiled and nodded.

"I guess we're too young for "his nibs," Chuck laughed heartily. Bob joined him, and I came in with a feeble bit at the end.

But my heart had turned a sick little flip-flop. I had never met a man of his type before. I decided he was either just a step ahead of me, or just plain out-and-out conceited. I didn't intend to waste any more effort. He wasn't worth it. Anyway, my poor Benny was sick, in need of consolation, and yes—even love.

The New Year's Eve dance was a smoothie. In fact, the whole day was perfect. Benny was over bright and early to celebrate his rapid recovery. We rode around all morning in his Ford, had a Coca Cola at the drug store, and got me home in time to dress for Jane's luncheon. Mother let her have it at the University Club. The food was heavenly . . . . luscious chicken a la king and some kind of a frozen dessert piled high with whipped cream. The girls were surprisingly nice to me. They seemed to forget I was only sixteen, and were quite interested in Benny. I had a grand time, and no one told me I talked too much.

We were half way through dinner when a Florist box arrived. Jane naturally assumed it was for her, and tried to look both surprised and pleased. But when the maid said it was for me, Jane looked very crestfallen, and I was so surprised I forgot to look pleased.

It was breath-taking when I pulled the tissue paper back from three gardenias. Three, mind you. And buried in their depths was a card with just "Benny" on it.

After that I couldn't eat another bite. When Jane's flowers finally arrived they were roses. Nice chaste little pink ones. I glowed with pride and exaltation.

The pink satin dress fit perfectly. My hair curled properly for a change. And mother came forth at the last minute with a heavenly pair of long white kid gloves.

When Benny arrived I descended the stairs in a whirl of excitement. At the bottom I entirely forgot about the mistletoe from the chandelier, and stood a minute under it to take in his elegance in evening clothes.

But he leaned over and gave me a swift kiss, and said softly, "You look awfully sweet tonight, Sylvia." I was too flabbergasted to be indignant.

By the time we arrived at the Country Club it had begun to snow again. Tiny, soft bits of white that floated down so peacefully. Benny drove up to the entrance to let me out.

"Hurry and duck in out of this Sylvia."

I turned and beamed, "You look very ducky tonight Benny."

"Good for you, Sylvia," he shouted. "You'll get there yet."

"With your help," and I opened the door and walked into the arms of Chuck.

"Good evening, my lady fair."

"Good evening." I detached myself. "Were you waiting for me?"

"None other." He smiled.

"How lovely." But at that minute Sally, looking very celestial in white, came down the stairs, and I tore myself away before she had time to decide there was anything wrong.

In the dressing room I met Anna May, in her same blue taffeta, who asked why I hadn't been over to see Jerry. But before I could answer, Jane came in. And that settled that. I took that time to escape.

I paused at the top of the stairs. Jerry was standing with Bob at the ball room entrance. And Benny was waiting at the foot of the stairs. The Club was decorated with holly and mistletoe and a great deal of green, and there was a huge tree covered with myriads of tiny lights in the center of the hall. I took a long, lingering look at the scene below, and then began a slow descent, step by step, that made me appear to float.

I was conscious of the fact that all eyes were upon me, and so when I reached the bottom, I smiled and gave Benny my hand.

He tucked it under his arm, and we walked over to where Jerry and Bob were. They took turns clapping each other on the back and saying "How are you, old boy," or some such thing. And then, Benny began.

"Say, Sylvia's getting pretty good. Guess what she said when I told her to duck in out of the snow."

"She said," he continued, before they had time to guess, "You look very ducky tonight." Benny laughed and Bob laughed, but Jerry merely looked painfully amused.

I smiled proudly and then turned to Jerry. He did look darling in his evening clothes. His sandy hair was so nice and crinkly, and his blue eyes were so deep and cool. The rather knowing expression on his face was much more mature than any of our local youths could achieve. My heart beat a moment for him, but I said instead, "You probably couldn't even try." And walked into the ball room.

The lights were low, and with the Christmas decorations the room was lovely. The Merry Madcaps had been engaged to play. They were the best orchestra in town; they did gay, fast things and soft sweet ones equally as well.

Benny came up and we started out to the tune of "Isn't it heavenly."

"Isn't it," I said suddenly?

Benny only smiled.

"It was of you to send me those heavenly gardenias."

"I wanted you to have them," he began, but at that moment the orchestra changed to a fast piece.

Everyone was at the dance. Even the parents came and looked in, and no one minded them. And the Merry Madcaps were better than ever.

After a bit Chuck cut in. "Bob's dancing with Sally, so I thought I'd give you a turn."

"How kind of you," I murmured.

"Where you're concerned, don't mention it."

"Say," he continued after a few bars of 'Don't Blame Me', "How about going skiing with me some day, Sylvia?"

"I'd love to," I answered. "When?"

"Some day after school when we have more snow."

"That would be grand."

"That's a date then. Don't forget."

"As if I could," and I smiled ever so casually.

Then Benny came back again, and we danced until they began "Tiger Rag," and he suggested the punch bowl.

We found Jerry and Anna May and a few others clustered around it. Jerry moved to give me his place beside Anna May. I said coolly as I stepped beside her, "Oh, don't put yourself out for me."

Benny consumed his punch and mine, and I powdered my nose. Then we went back to dance, because we always dance all but the very fast ones.

But in the middle of "I love you truly" Bob cut in. And I was glad for he waltzes divinely.

I told him so.

He only smiled and said, "You're getting pretty punny Sylvia."

"That's Benny's influence," I replied.

"I know. You'll be marked for life if you aren't careful. You should have more of that co-operative spirit."

"Maybe you could help me," I ventured, looking up at him.

"Well, I'd like to try if I thought . . . . "

"We might try."

"Nothing I'd like better, Sylvia."

Before I could answer some strange boy cut in, and after that there was a succession of them. It's always wise to smile at the stag line occasionally. Some of them I knew, and some I didn't. And when Benny cut back it was time for the intermission.

Our whole crowd got together then, and Benny repeated my ducky pun for the benefit of those who had not heard it. Chuck began the one about what kind of a noise annoys an oyster. But Benny interrupted him by yelling out, "Horse shoe there, Charlie." And Bob sang his own version of the "Gay Cavalier." I was very nice to all of them except Jerry, and I gave him dirty little digs about people from Chicago.

Benny was ready to repeat his little story again for Jane and Bill, who suddenly appeared from somewhere, when the orchestra began with our favorite, "Star Dust" and be grabbed me up, and out to dance.

At eleven thirty they passed out paper caps and horns. My cap was a pink bonnet that tied under my chin, and Benny's was a soldier's hat. We pranced about, being very silly and hilarious.

The orchestra played a round of college songs and everyone sang and cheered. After that, Jerry tapped Benny on the shoulder and said, "May I?"

"Some one dancing with Anna May?" I queried.

"Bob." That was all he said.

He was a smooth dancer. We waltzed in perfect harmony. And I could not think of a thing to say, for a crack at him would spoil everything.

After a bit Jerry broke the silence. "You know, I like you better

than any girl I've met in a long time."

I almost gasped aloud, but instead, looked up into his eyes.

He continued, "You're good looking, and you have a quick comeback, and you're the best dressed girl here tonight."

"You flatter me." I smiled up at him, and then dropped my eyes.

"No, really. I wish I didn't have to go home tomorrow."

"You come into my life, and then go right out again." I assumed my saddest expression.

"Not that bad. I'd like to write to you."

"Just the idea of hearing from you is inspiring."

The orchestra leader was crooning, "I'll be faithful."

"Gee Sylvia, you're sweet." Jerry buried his chin in my hair.

It was a most romantic moment, but I prayed to heaven he wouldn't muss my hair so very much.

The music stopped and we came down to earth. He held my hand a minute and said softly, "Now don't forget, And thanks a lot." And then Benny came.

At midnight the orchestra banged around, and we all blew our horns, and some one opened the front door so we could hear the whistles outside.

"Happy New Year, Sylvia," Benny looked at me adoringly.

"Happy New Year, yourself, darling," I smiled back.

"Bigger and better and more of them," shrieked Chuck from across the room.

"Don't forget the old co-operative spirit, Sylvia," called Bob.

Jerry blew an extra loud blast on his horn.

I smiled, a smile that included them all. Bigger and better and more of them. More of that old co-operative spirit. Chuck, Bob, Jerry, and Benny. One for all; and all for me.

———o———

PASTORALE

Here among the weeds and flowers
My cows enjoy their halcyon hours;
Such hours of joy as you and I
Only found in worlds gone by;
For here in soft half-sleep they see
The butter-fly and bumble-bee,
And mud and rose and hornet's nest,
And none of these seems worst, or best:
But, lying in the grassy ooze,
They utter long, reflective moos,
And dream a bit—of milky things,
Or being witched by fays in rings.

Marjorie Hopkins.

MR. HIMMELSNITZ, TWISTER

by

Katrina Utne

THE BLAINE BISCUIT COMPANY
423 Penn Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

February 6, 1933.

Mr. Frank Himmelsnitz,
Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania.

My dear Mr. Himmelsnitz:

Perhaps you may think it presumptuous of me to write you. But it has been brought to my attention that you are a man of unusual business ability and extraordinary good judgement. I feel confident that you will forgive my rashness when you will have heard of my reason for writing to you, a stranger.

My son John has told me that he made the acquaintance of your daughter Beula at college. It seems that Beula and John were together quite a bit at school and Beula told my son so much about you that I almost feel that I know you. We understand that you are a retired business man who built up the Reading Baking Company. It is with reference to this point that I am writing you.

I am the president of one of the largest, busiest baking companies here in Pittsburgh, called the BLAINE BISCUIT COMPANY. We produce bread, rolls and cakes and supply the whole of Allegheny County. Due to the business depression so sorely felt here in Pittsburgh, our organization, like so many others, is beginning to feel the strain because of failures in the retail trade. We have, so far, not "gone into the red", but we are nearing the danger line. The bank in which we keep our surplus has closed and, in another month or two, we will probably have difficulty in meeting our payroll unless our outstanding accounts have been collected. I would appreciate any suggestions that you might have in regard to this problem. I feel that as brothers in the "Baker's Union" we have a mutual bond, and I hope that you will weigh the matter carefully and study it pro and con. I will welcome any ideas that you might have in regard to the stabilization of my company.

Thanking you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

THADDEUS C. BLAINE,
President.

TCB:KU

Mr. Frank Himmelsnitz sat in the smoking room of the train and again read this letter he had received the day before. He sat propping his feet against the seat in front of him and gripped a fat brown cigar between his rather full smooth lips. His jowls were large and flabby, resting on a cascade of double chins. His head was practically bald with only a fringe of greying hair above each protruding ear. His brows were as bald as his pate and his eyes blinked nervously as he perused the letter.

"Yi, yi, yi! If that there letter ain't the funniest ever," he mumbled to himself. "I wonder if it makes me any good to spend my money in it. I wonder. I wonder. I guess anyhow not. But should I the chance take? I guess anyhow not. Ach, but I like the words of this. Presumptuous. That's a big word. Well, maybe it will work. I'll see a'ready yet."

As the train was approaching Pittsburgh, Mr. Himmelsnitz's eyes peered innocently out from under lashless lids and took in all the view on his side of the train. He saw the blatant billboards dotting the side of a hill and beneath these gay patches of color, he saw sordid grey frame houses next to factories from whose chimneys issued no smoke. He noticed narrow brick streets, filthy back yards, scraggly children and washlines filled with grey clothes.

Seeing all this dinginess, his thoughts flew back to Womelsdorf, his white flagstone path, his rocking chair and the heavy-laden tables filled with delicacies such as pickled pigs' feet, and cold sauer-kraut. But with all the comforts that Mr. Himmelsnitz had at home, he was not satisfied. For some reason or other, the cushioned ease of his high-backed rocking chair was beginning to bore him. He could not eat two pieces of shoo-fly cake any more, nor could he tuck away in his formerly never-filled stomach, the enormous quantities of sauer-kraut and pickled pigs' feet that he could before.

Mr. Himmelsnitz did not realize it at first, but he could not stand the inactivity of retirement. He had made his million and then he thought he had enough. When Mr. Blaine's letter had reached him, the marvelous idea of working again, excitement, and the change to a new city filled him with an elation he had not felt since the time of his resignation as President of the Reading Baking Company. His million was made mostly from the stock of his company which had soared in '28 and which he had wisely—no, not wisely—luckily, sold at their peak. Again, as the train labored through the maze of tracks, he looked at the letter, holding it in both of his fleshy hands and blinking as before.

Mr. Himmelsnitz was enjoying himself.

Upon arriving at the station he carried a small black handbag with him. When he reached the center aisle of the parallel rows of benches in the waiting room, he opened his valise and extracted a brown paper bag from which he pulled a golden brown cruller. He sat down and ate unconcernedly, unconscious of the staring people opposite him. After finishing and standing up to brush the many accumulated crumbs in the creases of his vest, he shuffled over to the information desk.

"Please get at and tell me where abouts I can get on to Penn Avenue. I want on it the Blaine Biscuit Company. Where is it at?"

"Go two blocks down and turn right. The first block down is Penn. As for the Blaine Biscuit Company, I've never even heard of it."

"That's what I said . . . . Next . . . ."

Mr. Himmelsnitz turned, picked up his bag and dragged his bulk over to the telephone booths on the other side of the room. He cut a strange figure as he walked, this huge mountain of flesh with his eyes blinking ceaselessly, his ill-fitting overcoat, and his flat grey hat.

The telephone girl hunted the number of the Blaine Biscuit Company and repressed a smile when she heard his voice with its Pennsylvania

Dutch accent. Again she smiled at his obesity, his hat, his coat, his ever-blinking eyes and his voice, all combined into an incongruous whole.

Unbelievably, however, he found the offices of the Blaine Company and he allowed himself to be ushered into the tastefully furnished office of Mr. Blaine. In less than an hour the two business men had come to an understanding. Mr. Himmelsnitz (without the aid of an interpreter), had offered to invest $220,000 in Mr. Blaine's company. In return for this he was to become financial advisor and was to have as much authority as Mr. Blaine.

That evening he ensconced himself in a modest room in Pittsburgh's finest hotel and set himself to the task of writing to his wife. He wrote: "I want that you come over, right away. I am going tomorrow a'ready to overlook some house near Mr. Blaine's house. I am boing in business with him. We are going to live near real people. I want that you buy a lot of pretty dresses and hats because you are going to look nice. You ought to see my hotel room. It has a radio in it. Give my much love to Beula, Mr. Fraunfelder and Mr. Dimmerlader. And come to Pittsburgh real soon. Papa."

In two weeks the Himmelsnitzes were comfortably installed in a Spanish villa that they rented furnished. Their home was located on the fashionable Fox Run Drive in Sewickley just two doors away from the Blaine's abode. They had the services of two maids and a butler and, for Mrs. Himmelsnitz who had always done her own work, this was quite a luxury. As yet she could not break her habit of making the beds. Occasionally she would even help the upstairs girl with the dusting. Why shouldn't she do this? She had nothing else to occupy her mind. Her immediate neighbors did not call. And because she was not fond of reading she grew very lonely and the only people that would speak to her were the servants.

Mrs. Himmelsnitz was a small be-spectacled lady who, at first glance, looked like an old maid because of her sharp angular features and her old-fashioned way of arranging her hair. But upon second examination, her expression seemed to lose its prim, spinster-like appearance and appear quite gentle with her smiling blue eyes. She was a friendly soul who loved company. She missed her many Womelsdorf friends who ran over to her fence in the mornings to chat about the weather or Mrs. Holtz's horrid wall paper.

In the meantime, Mr. Himmelsnitz rode to town every morning in Mr. Blaine's car, much to the digust of Mrs. Blaine who was one of the daughters of an illustrious Pittsburgh family. Because of her social prestige she remained purposely oblivious of the fact that she had some new neighbors, neighbors who were helping her husband's company.

One morning while Mr. Himmelsnitz sat in his small office neighboring that of Mr. Blaine, while he sat propping his feet on the desk and gripping a long brown stogie between his teeth and reading the Gazette, he saw these words on the front page of the paper, "Roosevelt Demands Beer."

Under his breath he muttered, "Ach, I would like to have again beer back. And I would love some Reading pretzels and a great stein of beer. Pretzels and beer. Pretzels. Pretzels. Yi, yi, yi, I got it. We're going to make Reading pretzels if we have again beer back." And as fast as

he was able, Mr. Himmelsnitz took his feet from the desk, dusted the crumbs from his vest and ambled in to tell Mr. Blaine about his grand idea.

"Mr. Blaine, I got a'ready yet the best notion. We're going to make Reading pretzels. Yi, yi, yi, do you like beer Mr. Blaine?" he exclaimed and without giving Mr. Blaine time to answer, he went on, "Ach, these crumbs on my vest. Mr. Blaine do you think we can make here pretzels? I have a friend, Frederick Schmeltz back in Womelsdorf who was a champion pretzel twister in Reading and I can get him on here and, yi, yi, yi, Mr. Blaine we can use the old Reading recipe that we used to use by dipping 'em in soda water instead of lye to make them shiny and golden. Ach, I can taste them a'ready yet."

Mr. Blaine sat stupified while hearing this lengthy expostulation from Mr. Himmelsnitz. "But my dear sir—" he began.

"And now Liddy won't have crass at me no more for wasting $220,000. And we'll make a lot of money and be more rich than we ever was before. Why didn't I think of it sooner? Dum kopf. We're going to manufacture pretzels, mind. Don't you think that a good idea it is, Mr. Blaine?"

"Well, Mrs. Blaine, wouldn't er—er—. I think it a mighty fine idea. I am going to bear with you Himmelsnitz!" and the two shook hands.

Then America returned to beer.

During the first week in April the sales of the Blaine Biscuit Company increased marvelously. People in the A & P's, people in drug stores, people at bridge tables, people in restaurants, were all demanding the new Reading Pretzel that had come west of the Alleghenies. Mr. Blaine had spared no expense in advertising in the paper and over the air. A demand had been created. This is what everybody was saying.

"Some Reading pretzels, please."

"I wanta pretzel, mama, I wanta pretzel!"

"Give me that kind in the cellophane package."

"I want those kind of pretzels that I heard about last week over the radio."

"I tasted the best pretzels yesterday at tea at Mrs. Van de Vere's. I wonder what brand they were?"

"Mrs. Delaney, I think you're the most *original* hostess, serving pretzels. Tee, hee, I never would have thought of them. Now the next time I have the girls over—"

"C'mon kids, lets buy some pretzels so when we play house we can really have beer and pretzels like daddy has."

"See here, you mug, let me give you the lowdown. Don'tcha know any better? Don'tcha eat those pretzels that are dipped in lye. If you eat too many it will kill ye, see? Eat Blaine's Readin' Pretzels."

Pretzels, pretzels, pretzels. The West became pretzel conscious. The people liked them, bought them, cried for them, and ate them by the trainload. Beer-gardens, hotels, lunch-counters, drug-stores wanted them. Everyone demanded pretzels, good pretzels, Reading Pretzels.

The Blaine Biscuit Company was working twenty-four hours a day. They rented another factory and had more equipment installed. Several

thousand people were employed in wrapping, assorting, salting, bending, mixing, and dipping. It became overnight one of the most prosperous plants in Pittsburgh.

And all because a boy met a girl in college and—(May I add that they are going to be married in June?), and—On May ninth, the Himmelsnitzes were all invited by Mrs. Blaine to formal supper. All the elite were there. And in the paper the next morning, society news said, "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Himmelsnitz were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus C. Blaine, at a formal supper given in their honor. Mrs. Himmelsnitz wore a silver brocade gown with orchid slippers blending with her wrap of violet velvet. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Larimer Gordon, III and the LeGrandes and—"

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THE THOUSAND-AND-SECOND NIGHT

by

Jean Swauger

When night had again fallen over the palace grounds, the lovely and wise Sheherezade, at last secure in the knowledge of her husband's abiding love, turned to him and said, "My Lord, for one thousand and one nights I have faithfully entertained you with my tales of wonder and magnificence. But tonight I wish to rest and be quiet. Do you therefore tell me a story, that I may listen and forget my weariness." So the Sultan, complying, began thus:

In a land far from this, there lived a young prince who, though surrounded by all the beautiful things that wealth and love could secure for him, had a passionate desire for sapphires. Especially did he dream of a sapphire as large as a man's head and as cool as a deep pool at twilight. If he had this, he thought, he would set it in the garden of the palace, and by gazing into its cool blue depths, could at last know peace and contentment.

All the kingdom knew of the prince's longing, and many there were who searched for such a jewel, the sailors in strange unknown lands beyond the horizon, and the merchants in crowded city markets. But nowhere was it to be found. The king tried to divert his son's interest by presenting him with marvelous gifts and by offering to arrange for him a marriage for any princess whom he might desire; but the prince's longing for the sapphire grew with each succeeding day, and he at last determined to search for it himself.

His father, before he left, sent him to a wise old beggar, versed in the magic arts, who disdained all wealth and begged only for what was necessary for life each day. The wise old man, hearing the prince's plea, made answer thus: "I do not know where there is such a gem, but there is a multitude of marvelous things in this world. Why should not the jewel you seek be among them? Go ye therefore to Baghdad, the city of many white towers, and bare your heart to Harun ar-Rashid the Just, Commander of the Faithful. If such a thing exists, you will hear of it there, and if there be anyone who knows where it can be found, that man will be Harun the Just. Take with you rich gifts in abundance, and let your gold flow freely; but tell no one of your rank until the jewel is in your possession."

The prince thanked the savant gratefully and turned his face toward the city of many white towers. The way was long and dangerous, but the charm and ready gold of the prince assured him of friends and retainers wherever he went. He called himself the merchant Abdullah, and pretended that he was going to Baghdad to trade. At the outskirts of the desert, he purchased dromedaries and hired servants to aid him in crossing the unnumbered sands. Unfortunately, these wicked servants, in preparing the beasts for the journey, caught sight of the rare and rich gifts which their master was bearing to the Caliph of Baghdad, and schemed against him how to obtain them.

When but a three day's journey from the city of many white towers, the caravan was forced to make a stop, not in a fertile oasis, but in a bare and arid spot where the burning breath of the desert wind blew the stinging sand against the men's faces. Here the servants spread a tent for Abdullah and persuaded him to rest. As soon as he was fast asleep, they all arose, and, leaving only a waterbag, abandoned him in the desert to die.

When he awoke and discovered the treachery of those whom he had trusted, he cried out in a loud voice, "Woe is me! How am I to glean life from the sterile sands? And if I live and reach Baghdad, who will believe my story? Unable to disclose my identity, how shall I, giftless, approach Harun ar-Rashid?"

During many painful days he wandered over the desert, until his water was used and his strength exhausted. Then he lay down in the sands to die. As he lay there, a great merchant, passing and seeing the thin, ragged man stretched on the ground, determined to save him and make a slave of him. Accordingly he gave orders that his followers should rescue and treat tenderly the man that he might regain his strength.

With the merchant-prince's caravan, Abdullah reached the city of many white towers, and there was commanded to sit in the market place and sell the bizarre ivory figures and jet ornaments which the master had brought from India. Although with his princely blood, he chafed at the yoke of slavery, out of gratitude to his master for saving his life, he performed his duties so courteously and well that many of the customers gave him a piece of gold for himself as well as the price of the purchased article.

The slave Abdullah saved the pieces of gold until he had the purchase price of a valuable slave. Then, going before the merchant, he said, 'O Great Master! There is in this city a friend of my father who wishes to buy me from thee and end my captivity. He will pay as much as an hundred pieces of gold for me. Graciously permit this, O Master, for my aged father grieves at my absence."

The merchant, a crafty Persian, eagerly accepted the one hundred pieces of gold and told Abdullah to go free. However he followed him through the streets to the Mosque of Mansur, and outside the sacred building came upon him and spoke thus: "O perfidious servant! Is this my reward for treating you as a son? Can you be so ungrateful as to run away from me, defrauding me of your purchase price? Even unbelievers reward their benefactors."

The prince, surprised and unable to realize the Persian's design, answered, "But I gave you one hundred pieces of gold!" The merchant

replied by striking Abdullah on the ear. By this time a great crowd had gathered about the two, and a magistrate, attracted by the disturbance, approached them. Recognizing the famous merchant, he commanded the quarreling men to come with him before the Caliph who alone could judge the case of one so great. Accordingly they were taken into the presence of Harun the Just, who commanded the merchant to speak first. "O Great and Magnificent Invincible leader of armies and majestic dweller in a palace of marble and jewels! Thou who speakest with reason and decree-est with justice! This man is my slave, born of my old nurse, whom I loved dearly. Always have I treated him as my own son, giving him light and pleasant work to do; but this day he ran away from me and would have hid had I not followed and seen him. Send him back with me, Omnipotence, and command that he be punished!"

"Allah alone is omnipotent. Speak, slave," answered Harun the Just.

"Commander of the Faithful, I was born of high rank in a land far from this. My love of beautiful sapphires compelled me to set out in search of one as large as a man's head and as cool as a deep pool at twilight. Before I left a wise old man advised me to seek your aid, but not to reveal my identity until I had the jewel in my possession. While on my way to you with rare and rich gifts, I was betrayed by my servants and left to die in the desert. I should have perished of thirst had not this merchant rescued me and brought me here as a slave. Although I did not enjoy slavery, out of gratitude to my saviour I performed my duties faithfully. This morning, with money given to me by various people of the city, I purchased my freedom; but this man is now denying all knowledge of the affair and trying to keep both the money and the man."

Harun the Just looked thoughtfully at the two men, then said: "You, merchant, are a Persian and therefore a liar. This man bears himself as one of gentle blood and does not speak like one who is meanly born. Slaves call the Caliph titles more great-sounding but less worthy than simple 'Commander of the Faithful.' Pay to my magistrate one hundred pieces of gold as a punishment for untruthfulness, and rejoice that your punishment is not more severe." The merchant, marveling angrily that the word of a slave should be trusted before that of a wealthy man, departed.

The Caliph then spoke to the prince. "I have seen just such a jewel as you have described, and am willing to tell you how to obtain it if you will in return do something for me which my most faithful warriors fear to do." The prince signified his willingness to do anything if he might only have the jewel. Then Harun continued, "On one of my expeditions into the provinces, I disguised myself as a commoner, as is my custom, in order to ascertain clearly the people's state of mind. As I was passing down a dark street, I was attacked by a band of cut-throat thieves who wished to rob me. Twisting loose from them, I ran away with them all in pursuit, and at last entered an open doorway in search of refuge. Perceiving by accident a trap door in the floor, I quickly let myself down it and closed it after me. To my intense surprise I found myself on a stairway, leading down into a courtyard of rare and magnificent beauty. The walks were all paved with bricks of ivory and ebony, and the trees were laden, not with fruit, but with precious gems of extraordinary size. In the very center was a crystal fountain from which came six streams of

colored, perfumed water; blue, green, yellow, red, purple, and orange. The colors were not vivid, but subdued and blended. Beside the fountain was a divan, on which reclined a beautiful woman, gazing into a marvelous sapphire as large as a man's head and as cool as a deep pool at twilight. Even more surprising was the fact that the jewel was suspended in the air, revolving with no visible means of support. My exclamation of wonder seemed to startle the girl, who turned on me a pair of eyes as blue and as coolly calm as the sapphire itself. I was about to go to the woman, when a circle of fire sprung suddenly up around the fountain, the jewel, and the girl, so that I could not reach them. At the same time a deep voice said: 'I am a jinni, one of the tribe of good djinn's who were not banished. This girl is the Princess Sapphire, at the same time my mistress and my captive. I have decreed that one of her beauty and purity should marry only a man who has never lied nor committed an act of injustice. If you are thus free from stain, Commander of the Faithful, cross through the ring of fire and take out with you both the princess and the gem. But if you are not, beware, for the fire will cause slow and painful death!' And I—who am known as Harun the Just—I dared not cross the ring of fire. Dare you do so? If you do, bring me the girl and I will allow you to keep the sapphire."

The prince, astonished and delighted at the tale of the Caliph, asked only that he be allowed to set out on this journey at once, and to go alone. After days of travel he reached the province, and following the careful directions of the Commander of the Faithful, entered the house and, opening the trap-door, descended into the courtyard. This he found even more miraculous and beautiful than the Caliph had described it to be, for bizarre tropical birds with brilliant plumage and melodious voices, flew through the scented air. There was the vari-colored fountain, and there was the sapphire of his desire; but there too was the princess. His desire for the jewel was not one thousandth as great as his newborn desire for the princess, for her eyes were as blue and as coolly calm as the sapphire itself; her skin was as white as the lotus blossom; and her hair was as black as the sable midnight. But as the prince started to go to the girl's side, a ring of flame sprung up around the fountain, the sapphire, and the girl, and a deep voice said: "I am a jinni, one of the tribe of good djinn's who were not banished. This is the Princess Sapphire, at the same time my mistress and my captive. I have decreed that one of her beauty and purity should marry only a man who has never lied nor committed an act of injustice. If you are thus free from stain, emissary of the Caliph, cross through the ring of fire and take out with you both the princess and the gem. But if you are not, beware, for the fire will cause slow and painful death!"

The prince, who had come prepared for this warning, had intended to cross the line of fire; but at this moment he suddenly remembered that when he had bought his liberty from the merchant, he had said that a friend of his father's was buying him. Consequently he feared to cross through the ring of the fire. However, as he hesitated, he saw tears of disappointment welling up in the eyes of the princess, he said, "Even though I did intend to deceive the merchant, I am a friend of my father. Allah forgive me for lying in spirit." Then he plunged through the ring

of fire. Although his clothes were singed by the flame, he himself was unharmed. The fire died away, and the princess arose, taking the sapphire in one hand and placing her other hand in that of the prince. "Of all the men who came to the courtyard, you are the only one I ever wished to marry," she said.

Poor prince Abdullah, remembering his promise to the Caliph, was silent and sad; his longed-for sapphire could not console him for the loss of the girl he loved. For not one moment did he think of going home with princess and gem and deceiving the Caliph. The journey back to Baghdad was only too rapid, for the princess, when she learned of the prince's promise, wept and would not be consoled.

The Caliph received the Princess Sapphire with greatest honor, and greeted the Prince as he would have greeted his son. The prince then asked for a caravan and servants to take him back to his own land, "For," he said, "since I have brought you the bride you desire, I must return to my father."

"You shall have that for which you ask," answered the Caliph, "but you are mistaken in believing that I desire the Princess Sapphire for myself. She is too young for an old man. But I have an old and faithful ally, King Cassim, who sent me a message asking for a beautiful wife for his young son, the Prince Abdullah, who spends all his time wishing for something impossible of attainment."

"Commander of the Faithful! I am the Prince Abdullah! Is it for me that you desire the princess," eagerly inquired the prince.

When the Caliph was assured of the prince's identity, he rejoiced and commanded that a feast should be held at which the Prince Abdullah and the Princess Sapphire were married. And the peace of Allah went back with them to their own land.

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MOURNING OF THRUSH

Loudly then outside your window will I cry,
And chill my wing against the pane,
Remembering woefully the hour that you and I
Held tryst about a cup of grain.
You tossed, I pecked, and we were merry in that sun
Which now is not for one of us—
But ah! Your little, wan, new ghost will say in fun—
"A bird to weep? Preposterous!

Marjorie Hopkins.

ANDROCULUS

Harriet L. Stephenson

Mr. Alexander P. Richardson was a literary lion of some importance, and the Monday morning of his visit to Pittsburgh had been planned for long in advance. He deigned to stop this one day only because the ladies of our most prominent club had coaxed him to lecture to them about his own great works and opinions. And our right to him, the right to meet him at the station, to offer him food, shelter, entertainment, and the use of our humble, family car existed only because his daughter was the college friend and classmate of our oldest sister, Anne.

During the final week of planning for Mr. Richardson's visit, the weather had been mild and clear. And in spite of the calendar date, the eleventh of December, the grass seemed inclined to stay green and the sun warm yellow. So we counted on a fine day, and told Glen, the shy young man who sometimes drives for us, to come at eight-thirty. That would allow us ample time to take Ellen and Charles to their respective schools in widely separated parts of the city before Glen and I must go to the station. Now our only obstacle seemed to be that I, the only one able to meet that nine-seven train, was the only one who had never seen Mr. Richardson. Mother said he was short and of stocky build, but not fat. Ellen thought he was average height and definitely fat. They agreed that he was blond and wore mustaches, but disagreed as to whether his glasses were spectacles or pince-nez. Mother considered him well dressed, but Ellen said he gave a stuffy appearance, especially in hat and overcoat. From these and my own fancy, I pieced together a description of a short, stout, rosy-cheeked, German looking gentleman, and was confident that I could surmount the difficulty of recognizing Mr. Richardson.

On the great Monday morning we arose at seven-thirty and hurried as though it were Christmas or the Fourth of July. Winter had inconsiderately descended upon us during the night, and the world outside was cold and white. The bare trees were padded with snow and not a dot of green showed on the lawn. I couldn't wear my nice, brown swagger coat and had to change my entire costume plan to include a wet weather hat and galoshes. But that faded to unimportance when the sun melted enough of the deep bed of snow that was on the street to expose the treacherous sheet of ice beneath.

Glen did arrive promptly at eight-thirty, his cheeks extra red and his hat-brim filled with snow. We heard a great barking and fussing in the yard, and rushed out to find that someone had let our fierce, white Eskimo dog out. Glen was leaning over the gate, timidly wheedling the beast to be quiet. "Nice Skeemo," he said. "Good doggie." But the nice doggie was too excited with the game to stop barking and kicking the white snow in clouds about his own furry, white body. We tossed the keys to Glen and shouted directions, and hurried back to get our hats and coats.

I had told Glen to have the chains put on over at the corner service garage, but when we got out to the garage we found the efficient Glen trying to put them on by himself. I warned him that they had not been used since last winter and remembered my annoying experience with them then, but he was still confident of his abilities. He continued to struggle

with them while we stood by impatiently, and it was nineteen minutes to nine when he at last gave up and drove over to the service station.

There were three cars ahead of us at the garage, their drivers pacing back and forth, anxious to be off. When our turn came at last, two of our links were broken, and the complicated operation of replacing them took almost fifteen minutes. Ellen and I climbed in and out of the car, and looked at our watches from time to time. Finally, with both of the garage-men working, the chains were pulled and pounded into place and the hooks clanked tight. It was one minute past nine and we were ready to speed to the station.

By this time, Charles had walked to school. But Ellen, who had a much greater distance to go, was still with us. She would be late for her first class, but was glad of such a good excuse. And I was happy to have her along, for in the excitement I had begun to distrust my ability to recognize Mr. Richardson.

We sped down Beechwood Boulevard and skidded to a stop for the red traffic light at Fifth Avenue. It seemed ages till the green turned on and permitted us to pass. At Penn Avenue the light was green as we approached, but changed as we drew nearer, and we had to wait the full time of it. The last light was at Penn and Station Street, but we avoided it by cutting through the loading zone of the National Biscuit Company. We drew up before the station just in time to see the back platform of the nine-seven disappearing under the Penn Avenue bridge. Tumbling out of the car, we raced to the platform, pushing aside in our mad haste, the last, straggling passengers who stared in astonishment at our evident expectation of still meeting that train.

There was no one on the platform. A few baggage trucks stood huddled and deserted under the open shed, but porters, station-master, people, and even the freight elevators had gone below to the warmth of the station itself. We descended the stairs more slowly and as we walked through all the corridors and waiting-rooms, I pointed out men who fitted the descriptions of Mr. Richardson. Short or stout, blond and whiskery, Ellen refused to accept any of them.

When we had made a thorough search of the place, Ellen said, "I don't see him anywhere. He must have gone on home. He had the address, hadn't he?"

"Yes, he must have gone," I agreed.

So we took Ellen to school by a long and devious route that made us quite impatient. She wanted to be as early as possible now, and I was curious to meet Mr. Richardson. But Glen took his time, thinking the use for hurry was over. We let Ellen off and went home. At the front door Mother was waiting, signalling something to us.

"Where's Mr. Richardson? He called up about fifteen minutes ago to say he was waiting at the station, and I told him you would be there soon," she called.

We turned around and went back to the station, this time with less haste and more dignity. I entered alone and contemplated the two waiting rooms. In the right hand room there were several women and a few gentlemen, in the left hand one a crowd of caps and wrinkled suits hunched over worn newspapers. I chose the right hand room and approached a short man with a blond mustache and spectacles.

"Are you Mr. Richardson?" I asked.

The man jumped to his feet and leaned close to me. "Heh!" he said.

I repeated the question, already convinced that he was not.

"No, I'm not," he answered. Don't know him. But I was waiting for someone myself, and I thought for a moment . . . "

He seemed willing to help me spend the time with a nice long conversation, but I broke away in the midst of his sentence. There was another man, stout and pink-cheeked, stuffed into a heavy, black overcoat.

"Pardon me, but are you Mr. Richardson?" I asked him.

He looked me up and down haughtily and answered, "No!"

One after another I eliminated the rest whether or not they fitted any of the details of the description. I hesitated before the other room. No one there seemed to be waiting for anyone, but rather to be settled out of the cold for the day. An unfortunate porter stood in the hall, and I explained my mission to him.

"I am looking for a man named Mr. Richardson," I said. "Could you sort of page him for me?"

The colored man shifted his weight from one foot to the other, objecting to the sudden responsibility. "What's he look like?" he countered.

"He is shorter than you are," I began, "and rather stout. And he has glasses and a blond mustache, I think." I added details from the two descriptions, trying to keep the discrepancies well separated.

"Sort of German looking," cross- questioned the porter.

A sleek Spanish type of man passed us. He was quite tall and clean-shaven. "Are you Mr. Richardson?" querried the porter, stopping him. The stranger glared at us and hurried on without answering. We knew it wasn't he.

In despair we looked around the room and furtively at each other. Only one man in the room had stirred. He had stood up and slowly folded his paper. He was tall and well-built, but neither stout nor fat, and his mustache was dark. Obviously he was not my quarry and I was about to turn again to my quest, when the tall man came up and took hold of my elbow.

"I should have recognized you sooner young lady, for you look just like your sister. I am Mr. Alexander P. Richardson."

———o———

THE HOAX

Alice McCarthy

Anne stepped back from the sun room window, and fluffed the net curtains into folds.

"They're just getting out of the car, Jean," she announced, "are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready, How do I look?"

"Perfect!" Anne stood back to take in her friend's unusual pallor, and the weary droop of her lips. "Now remember, just act a little sick at first to create an impression, and then, along about ten-thirty look very sick. We are meeting Jack at eleven, so we had best be rid of Clyde by ten of."

"I'll remember," Jean promised. "There they are," her voice rose excitedly at the scrape of footsteps on the porch.

"I'll let them in. You'd better be sitting down somewhere," whispered Anne, hurrying to the door, her pansy colored dance dress rustling above her silver slippers. Jean sank into a chair, and practiced forcing wan smiles over her pale lips.

"Hello, how are you?" Anne greeted the boys. Clyde stepped in, followed by Norton.

"Gee, Anne," Clyde piped excitedly, as he unbuttoned his shaggy bearskin coat, "I'm so glad I'm going to my first house dance with you."

"Thank you, Clyde, so am I," dimpled Anne avoiding Norton's eyes. He stood behind Clyde, grinning wickedly over the other's head.

"Where's Jean?" he demanded. "Is she feeling any better?"

"A little. She's in the other room."

"Come on in, Clyde, I want you to meet my girl." Norton escorted Clyde across the room, His tall, straight figure emphasized by Clyde's round stocky one. Jean rose a trifle unsteadily to meet them.

"How are you? Jean," Norton asked, as Clyde stood waiting to be introduced.

"Not very well," she answered weakly. "But I'm sure I'll be all right in a little while."

"I hope so. This is Mr. Casper, Miss Grey." Jean acknowledged the introduction plaintively. Clyde, his round face sad, murmured,

"It's rotten luck, you're not feeling on top for the first house dance." Jean answered him with a blank smile. As Norton helped her into her coat, he whispered,

"You're doing fine. You look so pale, I was afraid you really were sick when I came in."

"I feel like a snake," Jean told him under her breath, "But I guess it's for a good cause."

In the car Norton piled a robe around Jean.

"I do wish you hadn't picked to-night to get sick," he growled as he pulled on his gloves. Anne kept Clyde talking constantly on the way to the fraternity house, being careful that he caught all her concerned glances toward her friend. Once at the house Anne and Jean departed to the House Mother's room. Inside the door Jean dropped into a chair and laughed,

"Oh Anne, this will be the end of me. You three are so serious, I could scream everytime I look at you."

"Don't you dare spoil it now, Jean. We'd better not even talk about it. We don't want anybody to hear a word." Jean got up and walked over to the mirror. Anne joined her.

"What a contrast," exclaimed Jean. Her heavily shadowed eyes, and her brown hair brushed flat, together with a plain black crepe frock brought out the whiteness of her cheeks. She looked tired and all. Beside her, Anne's brown eyes sparkled, and her red hair gleamed and curled about her piquant face.

"Let's get this over with?" groaned Jean, "I'll get sick just looking at myself."

"All right," agreed Anne, "I'm ready. You're a dear to do this for me," she went on, giving Jean a swift hug, "but I couldn't stand a whole evening with Clyde, especially after I'd met Jack. I'll pay you back some day," They joined the boys on the landing of the steps. Clyde, his short

legs planted far apart, his hands on his plump hips, was staring open mouthed at an enlarged snapshot of the founders of the fraternity. He turned to the girls with an anxious expression on his dimpled face.

"Please tell me you've recovered, Miss Grey," he begged.

"A little, thank you," replied Jean, taking Norton's arm.

"I don't suppose you feel well enough to dance?" he inquired sourly.

"Not right away, if you don't mind," apologized Jean, making a face at him behind Clyde's back.

Then for an hour and a half Jean sat out dances in front of the fire with various "Brothers." At intervals Norton came up to return the Brother's girl and corner a new one. Clyde appeared every ten minutes to offer condolences. Finally Anne, bending over Jean in friendly concern, whispered,

"Pull your big act now. I can't stand this cherub a minute longer." Jean nodded. She waited, with her head resting on the back of her chair, a pained frown creasing her forehead, until Anne crossed the room. Suddenly she slumped forward, her head falling on her arms. Anne, screaming for Norton, rushed to her side. Together they assisted her upstairs. Jean giggled at them,

"Get me out of here quick. I can't hold this expression much longer. Honestly, I'll be ready for a nervous breakdown when this is over."

"I'll take her in and get our coats," Anne told Norton loudly enough so that the curious crowd below could hear. "You get Clyde's and your coats." Thankfully the two girls entered the room. Jean immediately straightened, and started for the bed to pick out her wrap, but Sally burst in behind them.

"Oh Anne, is Jean terribly sick?"

"What? Is someone sick?" asked a disturbed voice from the far side of the big square room. "Why you poor dear!" The House Mother, Mrs. Stuart, rose from a deep chair almost hidden in the shaded lamp light.

"You must lie down. Here, you girls clear away the coats, while I hold her up." Mrs. Stuart's strong arm closed around Jean's slim waist, and pressed her firmly against her shoulder. "She's so pale, she looks about to faint. There, now just lie down."

"Really," gasped Jean, "I'd much rather go home, I—"

"Oh, you mustn't think of it," cried Mrs. Stuart, her friendly face bending over the girl's agitated one. "There, there, just rest awhile." Her deft fingers smoothed back Jean's hair. Jean shivered, thinking of the layers of cold cream and powder she had put on her face. Anne, wringing her hands with nervousness, exclaimed,

"Honestly, Mrs. Stuart, I'd better take her home. I'm staying all night with her, and I'll see that she gets in bed right away. It's nothing serious you know. She's just a little upset."

"Oh," said Mrs. Stuart. "Well, if that's all, we'll fix you up in no time." She disappeared into the adjoining bathroom. Jean sat up.

"Anne, if she tries to make me take any horrible stuff, I'll tell the whole thing."

"She won't. Oh, Jean, you can't tell on me now. I—Lie down, here she comes."

"Now just let these soda-mint tablets dissolve under your tongue,"

instructed Mrs. Stuart, handing the white pills to Jean, and you'll be feeling fine in no time." Jean popped one into her mouth, and set her lips grimly. The House Mother settled into a chair beside the bed; Anne perched on the arm of another. In a minute Jean sat up, a determined gleam in her eye.

"I feel much relieved, now. We'd better go." She swung her feet over the side of the bed, and grabbed at her coat.

"Oh, in such a hurry?" Mrs. Stuart started up in amazement. Really, you can't—."

"I want to go home," wailed Jean. Anne helped her into her coat, and together they thanked Mrs. Stuart for her heartfelt kindness, while they backed hurriedly out of the room.

Norton was dancing with impatience at the head of the steps, when they came out, his tanned face nearly gray with worry.

"Thank Heaven," he declared, not stopping to ask what had kept them. "We should be meeting Jack this minute. We'll have to work fast getting rid of Clyde. At the door they met Clyde, and, unhappily, Peg Smith.

"Oh, but my dear, you can't go home in your condition," she insisted, catching hold of Jean's arm. "I can understand your wanting to leave here, with the people and all the noise, but you simply must not try to go home. My apartment is just around the corner, and I have an extra bed—."

"Thanks, Peg," Norton tried to put her off, "but we don't want to trouble you. We'll just take her on home."

"Trouble me! As good a friend as I am of Jean and Anne, and you call it trouble! No, I simply won't let you take her home. It's insane." Peg's strong face was set determinedly.

"But Peg dear," cried Jean, "I don't want to drag you away from the dance on my acount."

"Jean, it's nothing, nothing at all."

"Oh, yes, it is something, Peg," declared Anne, "and really, we could have had her home by now."

"I know, and it's your fault. Now you just wait here until I get my hat and my key. It'll only take a second." The instant she disappeared up the stairs, Jean begged,

"O Norton, take me home right away, I can't wait any longer."

"Indeed I will." Norton ushered them outside and into the car.

"The next time you don't feel good, you certainly better stay home," he started the car with an angry jerk. Jean slid down in the seat and kicked him on the ankle. The ride home was swift and silent.

As they entered the house, Jean drew a great sigh of relief and collapsed on the couch. Anne settled a pillow for her, and took away her coat. Norton disappeared toward the kitchen to bring a glass of water.

"And now, how are you?" demanded Clyde, standing besides the couch, fingering the brim of his hat. Jean smiled at him for goodbye, a faint pink rising in her cheeks, and a light sparkling in her eyes.

"I'm so much better now that I'm home, thank you, Clyde."

"That's just fine," declared Clyde. "You're looking brighter than you have all evening. Seeing it's so early, I might as well stay and talk with you for a while. I haven't had much chance to get to know you."

He put down his hat, removed his coat, and settled himself opposite her. "You know," he went on, stretching out his legs, and turning the polished toes of his shoes in tiny circles to catch the reflection of the light, "I've always wondered what girls thought about joining college fraternities. Boys joining them, I mean. Now I feel that if you can afford them, it's the thing to do. Maybe you have a different idea?" While he was talking Jean raised her eyes to Anne who came from the coat closet and stopped behind Clyde's chair, making elaborate signs with her hands. Then Norton, bending over her with a glass of water, muttered,

"For heaven's sake cut him off, quick," Jean almost giggled at the wild peaks of his brown hair, as he pushed his fingers through it. Instead she rolled over with an anguished squeal,

"O Anne, I feel worse again." Anne flew to the couch.

"You come right up to bed. It was crazy of me to let you stay here this long." With Anne's arm around her, Jean stopped long enough to murmur,

"Good night everyone. I'm so sorry I spoiled your evening."

"Well, goodnight Clyde," Norton held out his hand. "I guess I better stick around and see if Anne wants me to do anything. I'm awfully sorry this had to happen to-night. Your first house dance and all."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry about me." Clyde slipped into his coat, and then hesitated.

"Uh—uh—would you like me to wait and take you around to a speakeasy I know near here? I mean, it's so early, and—," his voice cracked with eagerness

"Thanks, Clyde," Norton faltered, "some other time."

"Sure." Clyde's eager grin faded. "Well, some other time. Goodnight." Clyde clapped on his hat. "I hope Jean's all right by tomorrow."

"She will be," declared Norton positively, and closed the door behind him. Jean and Anne appeared at the foot of the steps.

"Is he gone?" they quavered.

"Yes, he's gone," Norton sighed with relief. "Pardon me, Anne," he exclaimed, lighting a cigarette with shaking fingers, "but I wouldn't go through that again for any friend."

"You wouldn't," Jean almost shrieked. She jumped down the three steps from the landing, "and you didn't have to sit around and play sick, and take soda tablets."

"Well, it won't ever happen again," promised Anne. "I shan't accept anymore dates with anybody but Jack."

"Anyhow, it's all over now." Jean stood on tiptoe before the mirror above the mantel, pushing her brown hair up into its natural waves, and eyeing her pink cheeks and bright lips with evident pleasure. Then she pulled a pert black hat down over one sparkling blue eye.

"Come on Jean, and get your coat," Norton urged impatiently. "Jack will be fit to tie."

"All right." Jean danced across the room, her skirts whirling, "You can't start too soon for me. I want to get out and act natural."

"By the way," asked Anne as they started out the door, "now that we're rid of the menace, where shall we spend the rest of the evening?"

"That's for me to decide," spoke up Jean, "and I say, let's go out to Pleasant Hills and eat and dance. My nerves need relaxing."

MOLOCH LIVES AGAIN

Marjorie Taylor

High up in the mountains, in her cabin perched on the edge of Tomahawk village, Ma Mills was asleep. Her dwelling place of rough logs, built on a gently sloping mountain shelf, was dwarfed by a precipitous bluff facing it. The moon shining through rocky apertures furrowed weird contours on the ancient face of the cliff. Some of the light penetrated through "chinkers" in the log cabin outlining Ma tossing on her crude bed. She muttered and crossed her hands in her sleep. Deeply religious she was, believing with all the fervor of her aged body and mind in the New Testament idea of Christ. Her rambling thoughts always gloried in his crucifixion. "He give up his life—th' blood of th' lam'—t' sacrufice to th' sins o' the world," Ma would shout hysterically at high points in the weekly cult meetings.

Ma spent most of her time muttering incantations to help her boy, Joel, out of the Kentucky Insane Asylum down in the foothills. And in the nighttime she dreamed of it constantly. For it was a place to be spoken of in low whispers and with distorted countenances. To the settlers of the village it was a hell on earth—a thing not justified by the Bible. Remnants of puritan-like America, these mountaineers attempted to live on earth as they would when they got to heaven. The asylum, therefore, gathering some up before their time was a deadly sin to them. And rumors of strait-jackets and iron cages made them fear the place even more.

The crackle of twigs breaking under foot disturbed the night-quiet of the forest. Toiling up the steep mountain path was a man, who appeared suddenly out of the adjoining trees and walked straight to Ma Mill's hewed plank door. His vigorous knock awakened the lightly sleeping Ma.

"Who all's ther?" instantly came her alarmed voice. For she could tell by the vertical rays of the moon that it was exactly midnight, and everybody on the mountain knew that evil spirits were abroad at this hour.

"Hit's Fred, Ma," came the reassuring answer. At the mention of her son's name, Ma threw back the patchwork quilt and with an unusual show of strength, jumped up and opened the door.

"I jist this minute cum from seein' Joel down to th' asylum," he said stepping through the doorway. The moonlight seeped in too, and filled the crevices of the room, lighting up stacks of dried corn and kindling wood, piled everywhere.

"Oh, hit's you, Fred. Whyn't you jist call 'stead 'o scarin' a body thunderin' on the door?" It was a cold spring night, and Ma shuffled around to get a piece of wood to throw on the fire-place embers. Soon a blaze lit up the cabin and fingered with red light the wrinkles on Ma's face.

"How is he. How's my boy, Joel? Is th' people down yonder a givin' him plenty vittles?" she shot out questions at Fred. But Fred shook his head slowly and emphatically.

"No Ma, he feels purty low. He done et yore cracklin bread 'n ilk'd it. But he says th' spirits don't give 'm no peace a'tall. They do

what they're a mind to, and won't lissen to his prayin'. He says they don't let 'm sleep nights for a pokin' and a twistin'. An' he misses yore cookin' somepin' powerful."

The cracklin bread that Fred had taken to Joel was the first Ma had baked in months. Ever since the keeper of the Asylum for the Insane had dared enter the wild mountain region to take Joel away, Ma's already weakened mind had been further enfeebled. And at the news that Joel had enjoyed her bread, the tears began to trickel down her rough cheeks. It was the first approach to normal feeling that she had had for a long time. Fred at the sight of his mother's tears left, muttering a "conjer" against the "spirits gitten' him at this hour o' th' night!" Alone Ma sank on her bony knees to the dirt floor. All the feelings of mother love that lay buried in her heart came rushing to torture her with her helplessness to aid her boy in his hour of need. "Oh, Lord, I been doin' everthin' t' chase them evil spirits 'way from Joel. What's a hinderin' you Lord? Oh gim' me a sign what t'do," she moaned, and rocked back and forth in the eerie white of the moon's rays.

Religion was Ma's only educator. For life had laid an embargo on civilization in the green hills, isolated and accessible only through mountain underbrush or faint wagon trails. Religion had taken the place of books, theatres and movies. It was Ma's only recourse. And so Ma prayed in the moonlight.

Suddenly, in the still night Ma heard a voice, and getting up stiffly, she hurried to the door. With dim eyes she searched the outlines of the mountainside. In the brilliance of the moon-glow, it was a vision of the promised land to Ma. Her gaze was drawn to the bluff opposite the cabin. There she made out the appearance of a face—a face that was wrought by silver rays pouring luminously through jagged rocks. Its expression was haughty, but at the same time, kind. It had a familiar look and through Ma's disordered brain filtered recognition. It was the face of Moloch, the ancient God of Sacrifice, that she had seen in the pages of an old prayer book, handed down to her from a great-great granny. Ma walked to the edge of the mountain shelf and hallooed.

"You there, on th' bluff, was you a'speakin' t' me?" she queried. Ma watched the face closely and as she did, the face smiled coldly, the lips moved and to Ma it replied in sonorous tones,

"The God demands an offerin' 'fore the spirits will leave yore son. It wants a life for a life!" Then slowly it disappeared into the rugged cliff as if a giant hand had effaced it. Entranced Ma waited to see if it would appear again. But it did not.

"Lord hep me, that's a sign from heaven! But I declare, wha'd he mean—a life for a life?" she muttered. Ma tread on the cold earth, wrinkling her brows and stroking her wispy grey hair. Suddenly the intense expression on her face softened, and dropping to the ground she cried, "Oh Lord, mus' it be that?" There was no answer this time—nothing to help Ma. Fred came to her mind, but no, to lose him would hurt. As much as the thought of Joel hurt her. Joel wasting away in the asylum hounded until death by evil spirits. There was only one way out. One thing to do. Gradually Ma realized it. And although Ma was old, she still loved life; she was the leader of the local cult. But the ad-

mission of her fate consumed all feeling of herself so fully, that without meditating further, she accepted it. And the thought became a flame, that starting in her heart leapt higher and higher—until it seared and ravaged her brain—until it possessed her completely.

The monotony of primitive life oppressed the dwellers of Tomahawk. Religious fanaticism was their only means of relief, and it was with quick feet they responded to the meetin' bell that Ma Mills clanged the next morning. From the field some came, leaving seed sacks sprawled on the loam. Others rushed from stables, harness in hand. Women came running, wiping wet hands on their fluttering aprons. All talking, jabbering, wondering at the unusualness of the meetin' bell ringing in the early spring morning. Ma was there ready to explain. Her faded eyes glittered with a light that had not shone in them for many years, as she told the assembled throng of her "visitation." And the villagers assented eagerly when Ma declared a special meeting for that night.

"I reckon you all know not t'eat anythin' t'day," she told them, "And to start feedin' the chickens with milk—white milk to pur'fy their blood." Just then Fred came running in from the field, shouting that the Lord had called him to come. To Fred, Ma interpreted her plan briefly. And together they worked to get the "meetin'-lodge" ready for the night. Fred unharnessed horses, dragging their chains to the "meetin'-lodge," where he clanked them on the floor. Then out into the tall primeval forest he went with Ma, axe in hand. There he chopped down two young saplings, and Ma dragged one back to the village. Ordinarily Ma would have been exhausted with such strenuous work, but at that moment, through her veins the blood of a martyr flowed like fire.

All the rest of the day, cult members collected in the village, talked and drank brackish spring water, that they claimed had been converted into wine through a magic formula. When the first shadows began to fall lengthwise across the dirt clearing in the village, a great silence fell. There were no happy shouts of laughter as the men and women gathered. No wisps of hearth-smoke mingled with the fast creeping dusk. No fire or light was anywhere, but in the lodge. There burned coal-oil lamps, placed on each side of a crudely fashioned altar. Heaped in a corner was a huge pile of chains. And as gusts of night-wind flickered the lamps, the clan assembled in the long room.

The windows were barred, the door locked, and soon the smell of kerosene weighted the air. The clan sat tensely around, trying to nerve themselves for the ordeal that Ma had ordered them to go through with, no matter what happened. Blaine, the tall stringy storekeeper, arose and began intoning the ritual:

"The sky is darkened by clouds
The stars by rain
The constellations have become disordered
The bones of the earth God tremble
When they see King Moloch
His soul arising as a God
Living on his fathers
Feasting on his mothers———" on and on he droned in a weird monotone, while "purified" warmed chicken blood was passed around

and drunk. Then the men and women began to sway and to chant with him, "Oh the sky is darkened with clouds—" they prayed in unison and rising, shuffled slowly around the room. After awhile the monotonous rhythm loudened and feet moved faster and heavier. Then a man and woman here and there, began to leap and to dance in swift whirling movements. Muttering and shouting the bizzarre rites, fast becoming unintelligible, others beat their bodies with gnarled fists. The floor echoed as if madmen were hammering on drums. Grape stalks placed in the four corners of the lodge turned into living snakes before their eyes, and writhed and shot out barbed fangs.

With a scream Fred threw himself on the floor, where he lay squirming and crying that his soul was being tortured, and his body was being chewed by wild beasts. Over him jumped men and women screeching and gesticulating. 'Round and 'round they danced, until the floor beneath reeled and spun. Evil spirits attracted by the noise and yelling crept in. Screaming that the demons were trying to carry away the swaying floor, the cultists hurled their bodies on the knotted planks and dug their fingers into the boards to defeat the evil spirits. Then Blaine decided Ma's time had come. She was shouting and gibbering to the devils to come and get her, as Fred and Blaine with rough movements chained her to the wooden cross.

"Oh, come an' take me, right smart, an' leave Joel be," she shrieked, "Oh spirits, that put my boy in th' asylum, carry 'way these bones 'n leave 'm in peace." Frenzied yells took up the challenge as each sect member implored the spirits to take Ma Mill's life.

"Hol' on," Blaine's deep voice interrupted the chanting, "The evil spirits won't take Ma cause women ain't never been crucified. Hit's only men that gits crucified on crosses." The rays of the coal-oil lamp flickered on Ma's distorted face as she was unchained and fastened to a low wooden bench. Satisfied that the evil spirits would get her now, the cultists leapt and spun like dervishes. Their shrill cries sounded like the jubilant Mohammedans, who thinking that they will get to heaven quicker if they die in battle, contrive it, and shout "Allah, here I come."

"Oh, but they ain't a comin' quick nuff," Ma yelled and moaned. She incited the swaying bodies to help the spirits. With crude pointed sticks the sect began cudgeling and jabbing her almost fleshless bones to help the spirits get at her quicker.

"Fred, Fred, if you-all love yore brother, hep the spirits git me, come and hep. The spirits has almos' got me, come and finish 't," Ma cried. Maddened by these anguished words, Fred shoved aside the crowd beating Ma. He sank his fingers deep into his mother's wrinkled neck. Frenzied, the cultists howled and pounded to drown out Ma's dying shrieks as she felt the evil spirits close down on her. Again and again Fred pressed his fingers into his mother's throat . . . . until no cry came from her lips.

And the face out on the mountainside, formed that midnight as the moon's rays shone through the rocks, and outlined it, smiled harsh and bestial in the Kentucky moonlight. It remarked softly to itself, as it had done so often, centuries ago on the plains of Babylon—"Another life for Moloch!"

THE MINOR BIRD

JUNE 1934

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THE MINOR BIRD

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SUNDAY

Marjorie Zoe Taylor

It was hard for Julie to sit still. She squirmed around in her little rocker, and traced a crack on the front-porch floor with one toe of her shiny black Sunday shoes. Susie and Jane, her week-day playmates, strutted by, licking ice-cream cones with their curled pink tongues. They stared at her sympathetically, thinking how awful it was to have to sit on a porch all Sunday afternoon, just because Julie's grandfather was a Methodist minister. Julie smoothed her starched white dress with one hand as she watched them until they turned the corner. Julie was waiting for Grandfather to put down his paper. She wanted to tell him, very much, about the secret.

Grandfather Horrel sat in the high straight-backed chair with the newspaper cuttin his long black-trousered legs from his broad shoulders and white-whiskered chin. His small blue eyes strained, and his head bent forward as he read. Julie could hear her mother back in the kitchen beating the cake-icing, and she could hear Aunt Mary's high shrill voice. A big green fly droned by in the heavy still air. The fly hurtled its body against her Grandfather's church newspaper. He lowered it and looking down, spoke to Julie.

"Well, Julie have ye learned about Jesus, and his farewell supper for your lesson, this afternoon?" Julie sucked in her breath, in the excitement of the secret, she had forgotten about the lesson. It was hard for Julie to speak. Even though he was sitting beside her, Julie always seemed to see another Grandfather high in the pulpit, with one hand sweeping the air, and a deep voice shaking the small, white box-like church. Julie fixed her eyes on the porch railing.

"No, Grandfather, but . . . . ," her throat felt tight, and she swallowed the rest of the words.

"Why, Julie," Grandfather gazed hard at her and his lips tightened, "This is the first time that you've ever forgotten your lesson. You'd better go learn it right now." Grandfather's eyes grew like little pin points of blue fire and stared Julie out of her chair.

She was glad to escape from the hot dusty porch into the cool dimness of the house. Julie was too scared, now, to ask Grandfather about the secret. that Susie had told her, walking home from Sunday school that morning. A cousin from the city had told Susie. And Susie knew that Julie had wanted a pony for a long time, and that she had begged and begged her father for one. Julie suddenly felt higher, as if she were on the pony galloping to the high green hills outside town, and looking down on everything. The schoolhouse, the butcher shop, and even the spires of her grandfather's church. And

then she was back in the barn with him, her arms twined round his soft warm neck, combin his long mane, feeding him sugar that she would save from her dinner. Julie was by her father's study by now. She peeked in at the door. He was sitting, his long legs stretched out in front of him, lines furrowing his wrinkled forehead, his brown eyes gazing out the window, and a pipe clenched between his teeth. He heard Julie at the doorway, and turned to look at the small, chubby, grey-eyed little girl. Julie looked at him. She would tell him about the secret.

Suddenly, his voice, clear and strong, surprised her.

"What do you want, Julie? Run along right now if its about that pony. I know that you want one very much. But I might as well tell you now, these are hard times, and we need all the money to keep the farm going. Some day, I'll get one for you. Perhaps, next year when you are eight years old. Now run along." Julie turned, and slowly walked through the hall out the wooden doorway into the garden. A whole year, a long whole year. That was days and days without a pony, and nights and nights of wishing for a pony. Julie snapped the head of a golden aster from its stalk as she passed the bush. She wadded it into a tight yellow mass. Yellow, that was the color the seeds had to be. She remembered having seen a patch of the yellow seeds in Polhemus's meadow. Julie looked back at the house. Her mother was nowhere in sight. Quickly she began running down the dirt alley. She ran as fast as she could until it branched out into a grassy hillock. Down at the bottom was a stream, and Julie's short legs just managed to clear it as her feet struggled for a foothold in the crumbling dirt. She ran on to the smooth meadow, her eyes fixed on a clump of yellow weeds growing over by the wooden-rail fence. She reached the patch and dropped to her knees on the sweet scented grass. Julie carefully stripped the hard yellow seeds from the shiny green stalks. Yes, these were the right ones, and she would take only the biggest. Maybe God would like that. And then she would put them in a glass of water beside her bed, and pray for God to grant her dearest wish. And when she woke up in the morning, it would be there. That's what the cousin had told Susie. Now, Daddy wouldn't have to scold her anymore for wanting the pony. Julie gathered her dress into an apron, and stuffed the yellow seeds into it. For a moment she felt a twinge of guilt. Picking weeds on Sunday afternoon! And Grandfather had told her to learn the story. But Grandfather knew all about God and prayers. He wouldn't blame her.

Julie struggled to her feet, brushing wisps of grass from her stockings. They were grass stained, and so was her dress. Mother would scold. Holding her dress tightly Julie started home by the short-cut that ran by the cow-pasture. Once home, she scampered up the stairs and crammed the seeds beneath her pillow. Several minutes later she ran down the stairs with a shiny face, clean hands, and smooth hair, but with dirty socks, and a grass stained dress.

The rest of the day flew by, for Julie like some fairy tale. And although Grandfather scolded her because she spent the Sabbath day frivolously, and mother had told her she would get no desert for staining her dress, Julie couldn't mind. For she could almost hug the happiness inside of her. That night when all the house was quiet and dark, and the swishing of friendly poplar trees against the house side was the only sound, Julie slipped from between her sheets, and stole downstairs. She stood on tip-toe to reach into

the dark dining-room cupboard, and drew out a glass. She could feel by its jagged surface that it was one of her mother's best crystal-cut glasses. Julie filled it with water and then pattered back up the cold hard stairs, holding up her long white nightgown with one hand, and clutching the water-filled glass with the other.

She crept quietly into her room and gathered the crushed seeds from under her pillow, and plopped them into the glass. Then Julie dropped on her knees beside the bed, and prayed in a small voice for God to leave the pony, her pony, down in the garden, under the pear tree. With a quick little motion, she snuggled her curly head in the soft covers, and then climbed into bed.

Julie tried to fall asleep quickly so that she might wake up sooner. But she turned and twisted. It was just as hard to get to sleep as if her mother were giving her a birthday party the next day. She watched the street-light dancing in white streaks on the wall-paper, and the next time she lifted her heavy eye-lids, morning sunshine flickered in gay golden splotches on the wall.

For a few seconds Julie lay staring at the sunlight. Suddenly she remembered. Instantly she was wide awake. Hopping out of the soft bed, she slipped into a gingham jumper, and ran bare-footed downstairs, and scuttled through the kitchen and out into the garden.

The sunshine fell hot on her neck, and looking up at the sky she saw the tip of the pear tree, as it grew high above the pink and white holly-hock bushes. And as Julie ran she could almost see the pony pawing under the tree. And then she turned the gravel path's curve that led right to the foot of the . . . . Why, there was the pear tree, its leafy branches sending back green glints to the sun, and there was its rough brown trunk, but . . . . where was the pony. Julie stopped short. Why, God. . . . . where had he put the pony? He couldn't have misunderstood her. Grandfather had told her that God listened to ALL her prayers. Julie ran around the tree to reassure herself that there was no pony. A lump came into her throat, her lips quivered, and Julie tried to hold her eyes open wide, but tears filled them and rolled down her cheeks. She flung herself against the rough tree bark, and then wheeling suddenly, and ran back up the path, crying,

"Grandfather, Grandfather."

KILLING TIME

Jane Mitchell

My greatest weakness is the wasting of time. If I could learn to use half of my time wisely, I would have plenty left over to do the things I'm really interested in. Yet most of my spare moments are spent in worrying and complaining about the amount of studying that I have ahead of me, and when I finish fuming, there is no time left, and my work mounts higher and higher. During spring vacation I kept my family in a constant hub-bub telling them about the essays I had to write, the history I had to outline, and the hour report I had to prepare before school opened. Yet, when I came back, the most I had accomplished was the reading over of one page of outline on the "Growth of the Cabinet System in England." I used to waste many hours in the dormitory trying to study. It seemed that I was continually leaving my

desk for a drink of water, or that someone was dropping in for a chat about her last evening's date. To be in my room seemed to be an invitation for a social call. Yet when I go over to the library, I find just as much to distract my attention. I glance through the latest isues of various magazines, read the New York Times, especially the sport section, or just sit and look into space. Recently, I have begun to study in a bare, little room on the third floor of Berry Hall, where nothing should disturb me, but even there I find a way to evade the problem of study. I either gaze out of the rattly windows at the tops of buildings in East Liberty, or go down to the Arrow office and read every college paper on the shelf. When I have finished reading about the activities of people of whom I have never heard, I am ready for a nap, and thus some more time has been wasted. When I have a free period at eight-thirty, I always plan on going over to the library immediately after breakfast, and get in an extra half hour of study. By the time I drop in and say "hello" to Minerva, run back to the house for a pen, or paper that I have forgotten, stop and say a few words to several people, it is usually well on the way to nine o'clock. I no sooner get seated, with my books open, than I think that the mail might have come in, so I rush over to the mail-boxes, usually arriving before it has been brought over. Thus is seems that I spend my time, good intentions but no real concentration. It is only when I suddenly realize that I am two or three themes behind, have as many chapters in history unoutlined, and several examinations facing me, that I arrive at the conclusion, that work is the only solution to my problem. Nevertheless after a few days of conscientious study I feel the need of a vacation, and I slip back into my old ways. I have given up hope of ever learning to use my time to advantage.

—o—

RAINBOW GOLD

Synnove Haughom

Kristian Boe sipped his breakfast coffee. "Pretty weak, Karen," he muttered, without raising his head, "or may be you got the wrong blend—I like mine good and strong, you know." He looked at Karen, a little blue-eyed brunette in a faded housefrock. She forced a smile. Her bright eyes met his sleepy ones. "I am sorry, Kristian, but we are out of coffee. And I have no money." For a moment, two deep furrows formed on his high forehead, then he resumed eating. His broad chest caved in as he leaned forward and rested his elbows on the table. Karen caught herself looking at the dark bags under his eyes, at the thinning gray hair, long and uneven around the ears. He had come home late, and for the first time since she had known him, his walk had seemed unsteady, as he passed into the little bedroom.

He was a handsome young man when she married him, tall and fair, with deep-set blue eyes and a finely proportioned nose. Really a giant of a fellow and at the same time more mature and dependable than his brothers and friends. Being the oldest in the family he had at an early age had to assume responsibility when his father died. He had managed to educate himself, had found himself a job at the Kolben Mines, some miles above town, and had gradually advanced to the position of resident manager. Karen was attracted by him

apparent strength of character and his magnificent physique. Something about this tall broad-shouldered man gave her a sense of restful security. She felt that as long as she was near him, nothing in the world could trouble her. Not till several years after their marriage did anything happen to disturb this feeling. She remembered it quite clearly. They had been separated for the first time since they were married. Paul was born right after Christmas, and she had to remain in town the rest of the winter. How she had missed him those long dark winter months. Life had seemed like a troubled dream; she had gone about not quite conscious of her surroundings, hoping, for no good reason at all save her own desire to see him that he would come sooner than he had promised. But spring was late that year and the trail down the snow and ice-covered mountains too treacherous for him to risk the trip. It was May when he came to fetch her and the children. She went to the dock to meet him. She instantly singled him out among the passengers who crowded the deck of the little fjord boat. Kristian seemed taller than any of them, and his face glowed with a healthy tan. She thought that was how the old Vikings must have looked. They walked home together along Church Street, he in his heavy black boots and leggings with the enormous knapsack on his back, she, short and dainty beside him in her new blue suit. When they approached the large white residence next to the church, she told him about the death of old Knudsen. How he had died suddenly from heart failure. For the first time in years, the town band had led the funeral, and all the school children had followed the hearse. That was in January. As they passed the house they saw Mrs. Knudsen in the bay-window of the living-room. She always sat there knitting. She saw them and inclined her white head. Kristian lifted his cap. Then they began to speak of the mine and he told her about the severe storms. They had to dig tunnels in the snow to get from one building to another. The horses couldn't get through at all from the upland valley. Flocks of reindeer had passed the mine on their way down in search of food.

When they got home, Martha, the fat red-cheeked little maid, greeted them at the door with the children. There was quite a bit of excitement before Kristian had a chance to change his clothes for dinner. They sat down in the large green-walled dining-room. She felt very happy when Kristian praised the food and the Sparkling Burgundy. They were about to take the coffee into the living-room when the telephone rang and Kristian went to answer it. He was rather solemn when he returned and told her that Mrs. Knudsen wanted to see him. She insisted that he come that evening.

Karen had already gone to bed and was half asleep when she heard Kristian entering the house. He opened the bedroom door without making a sound and tiptoed over the floor. He started to undress. Unable to contain herself any longer, she whispered into the darkness.

"Kristian, what did she want?"

"Why," he stammered, "are you awake yet? Well, would you believe it! She wants me to take charge of the cooperage factory!"

"What?" She thought for a moment she had misunderstood him.

"She told me she needed somebody to manage the factory. And then she went on to tell me that I was the best qualified man she knew of. She said she had been thinking it over since Knudsen died; had considered a good many local men, and had finally come to the conclusion that if she could induce me to take the position, it would settle all her anxieties about the management."

"But Kristian, that seems absurd, you don't know anything about running a factory, at least, not that kind."

"Oh, I don't suppose it would take me long to learn; my present work has given me a good deal of executive training and experience in handling men."

"Of course, but it still seems so entirely different from running a mine. Manufacturing and sales work, I mean."

"Why Karen, I think it's a wonderful opportunity, and the salary—well, it's nearly double. I would be a fool to turn down such an offer."

"Kristian, you don't mean you will take it!"

"Why not; it's an opportunity I have long been hoping for: It's a position which would make me one of the most important men in town. Aren't you thrilled?"

Karen thought she ought to be, but she fought vainly against her misgivings— She saw his bare arm waving in the dark.

"And think of the social advantages! And we wouldn't have to be separated any more and we could always stay right here in town with all our friends. And on such an income I should soon be able to save a small fortune." He slipped into bed. Karen sat up.

"Kristian, I just can't imagine that you would really leave the mine now, just when it's beginning to be profitable. Think of all the years you have spent up there, planning and building; why, it used to be nothing but a few little sheds, and now—it's a model plant, a big establishment for which you can take most of the credit!" She added with emphasis. "And your directors know it too."

"Oh," he moved around impatiently. "I thought of that. But I feel I am cut out for bigger and better things, that I have reached the limit of my opportunities up there."

"Kristian, you never spoke like that before!"

"No, but if I take this job I have an excellent income immediately, and my future is assured. And besides, Mrs. Knudsen needs me."

"Kristian, remember you are a mining engineer, and not—"

"That's what you think. But you don't understand. I know what I'm doing."

Karen slept fitfully that night. She couldn't quite understand how Kristian could suddenly make up his mind to cast aside what to her seemed his proud life work. She had first met him at the mine, and ever since she had always associated him with the rugged magnificence of the mountains, with their alluring freedom and freshness. How she loved them! The cool bright summers with outings on the heather; the clear still mountain lakes with their incomparable trout; the wild flowers and berries, the ptarmigan, pheasants, and mountain cock. And then the big game hunting in fall. How, with Kristian, she had reveled in roaming the rocky mountain sides, preceded by Prince, the silky black setter; their rides on horseback when she accompanied Kristian to the valley. She remembered quite well the time she had been thrown off the horse, landing on her head. He was afraid her mind might have been affected by the fall and had started to ask all sorts of questions to test her. And—

At breakfast the next morning Karen spoke of these things and what they had meant to her. She hoped she might influence him. But his mind was made up. He accepted the new position that day.

A month afterwards Kristian entered upon his new duties. Winter came and went. He complained of the office being drafty. The children were noisy and he grew irritable. For over a month he was laid up with rheumatism. When he returned to the office Mrs. Knudsen was daily annoying him. At first he said nothing about it to Karen, but now and then, he made a remark revealing his difficulties. Mrs. Knudsen was always questioning everything he did, openly disapproving of his work and plans. At the mine, he had been absolute master; the owners were too far away to bother him. He had grown accustomed to doing things his own way, of being left to his own devices. It had never occurred to him that anything else was expected of a manager.

Another winter passed. Then one evening, he came home and told her that he had sent his resignation. Karen had to sit down. She was unable to speak. He told her he had been thinking it over for a long time. He had been corresponding with another company, the Northern Mining and Smelting, and they had offered him a position in the mines.

"I am glad," said Karen, "though I was hoping your relations with Mrs. Knudsen would gradually improve as you became better acquainted with the business."

"I was hoping so too," he said, "but I realize now that I could never be happy under existing conditions. It isn't my factory, and Mrs. Knudsen has ideas of her own. I am going to be more at home with my new work."

This time Karen did not protest. Kristian told her later that he had invested a considerable part of his savings in the business of his new employers. It looked to him like the best investment he could make. But business declined, operations were suspended, and Kristian was glad to accept a transfer, in a minor capacity, to the company's plant in England. Karen and the children went with him. She settled down cheerfully in her new surroundings.

Two years later, when his contract expired, it was not renewed. His services were no longer needed. He took his family back to Norway and went to live in Sorfjord. Kristian did not seem sorry about leaving England. He said they could live comfortably on their savings until something turned up. But Karen was uneasy about the future. Kristian was no longer a young man. What would he turn to? The children were growing up. They needed a good education.

Kristian made several lengthy trips to the capital but without definite results. Karen's anxiety grew apace with the disappearance of their savings. He had been idle for two years now, and no position was yet in sight. Karen began to doubt if he was really looking for one. He spoke to her about an agency for a new electric bulb. It was going to revolutionize the business, and if he could get the agency, his fortune would be made. He got a trial shipment. Selling at a profit proved an unsuspected obstacle. Other things he tried, with no greater success. He persisted. He told her he had worked for a salary too long, and what had it brought him? To get a start in his own business might be difficult, but in the end it would be much better. He would be the master of his own fortunes. There would be no chance of being dismissed, or of being annoyed by meddlesome employers, who had their own peculiar ideas of how to run a business. "But, my dear," she used to remonstrate, "you are a mining engineer, and your business experience has been negligible. Why don't you—"

"A lot you know about it," he would interrupt. "You don't know what

I can do. If I get a break again, half as good as what I had at the mine, it will be easy. There's nothing in working for a salary."

Kristian had finished his breakfast when he went over to Karen and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She looked at his careworn face.

"Dear," she said, "I'm afraid I need a little money this morning."

He did not answer, but stood gazing out of the window. She wondered if he had heard her. Then he put his hand in his trouser pocket and extracted a crumpled bill.

"Go as easy as you can," he said as though repeating a well-learned formula. He continued in an annoyed, half angry voice. "I haven't much left at the bank. We have to be very careful if we are going to make it last till I find something to do."

"You know I never waste a penny if I can help it," she reproached him, "but we have to eat, and now I can't charge any more at the grocer's—"

He frowned.

"They notified me yesterday," she explained. "And—"

"Yes, I know," he said a little impatient, "but we have to get along on very little for a while." Well, he straightened and buttoned his coat, "I think I'd better get started. I have an idea something is going to turn up today."

Karen sighed. Again and again he had told her the same thing.

TED

Elizabeth Moore Miller

"Ted," called Mrs. Green, "This is the last time I intend calling you. Get up!"

A tousled black head raised from the pillow and Ted with one eye open gingerly put one foot out on to the floor. "It's a darn shame they can't get the heat on here a little earlier." Ted stretched and made a dash for the bath room which was locked.

"Mother," he yelled, "Mary's just trying to see how long she can take to wash. I always have to wait—Mary, if you don't get out of there, you'll be sorry about the next time that night owl of yours comes prowling around. Ma, make her hurry up."

It's about time you learn not to keep a man waiting!

A little later—Mom, where's a towel? I don't think you ever put them in the same place twice.—Hurry up! I've got soap in my eyes.———Well, why didn't you tell me, I didn't know where you kept them.——Brrrrr—this water is cold, it's always either so cold you freeze or so hot you scald yourself. Give me time, I'll be out in a sec.

Hey, Mom, where is my blue shirt—the one with the white in it.———It is not in the drawer, I've looked"———"Well, why didn't you tell me to look under my pajamas. How was I to know.—I am hurrying! Maybe if you'd make precious darling Mary hurry a little more, I'd be ready on time once."

A few minutes later Ted, tall and boyish appeared in the dining room door. His face red from much cold water and his hair was plastered tight to his head except over his ears where it had dried into its natural curl.

"Hi, dad,"—"say is this all we're having for breakfast—oatmeal again. Don't we ever run out of it? I don't care if it is healthy———I don't want

to be healthy.———I'm not hungry anyway. I guess I'd better go or I'll be late for school."

"Mother, did you see my cap?"—This from the depths of the cupboard. "I hung it here last night.———Where?———on the kitchen chair? Who put it there, if some people would only leave my things alone. I certainly did hang it up."

"Well, I'm off—huh?—I don't want a glass of milk,—Well, if I must, I must but it's not because I want it.—Well, I don't want it to get sour for you, I'll take one more glass. Well, goodby—there's the gang's whistle.—I've gotta go, I'm late as it is.—I haven't time to take it to her. I'll do it tonight.—Huh? —Yes, I'll be home early.—Bye." A door slammed in the front regions of the house.

AN AUCTION SALE

Miriam A. Young

There is something about an auction sale that fascinates me, and makes me forget everything but the shouting auctioneer, the jostling crowd, and the articles held up for my inspection. Last week, on my way home from school, I passed the household storage building on the corner, where, in flaming red letters, was the sign—"Auction Going On Now." It was more than I had dared to expect, and without another thought as to my plans for the rest of the day, I automatically started elbowing my way through the people gathered around the door. As I entered, I was met with the familiar, damp, musty smell of unused furniture, and the cool breeze that came from the underground storage cellars of the building. The air was heavy with smoke, and a suppressed excitement hung over the waiting crowd. The room in which the sale was being held was large, high-ceilinged, and very dark, having but two small windows. The light came from glaring bulbs strung along the ceiling for the occasion. The auctioneers' platform was set out quite a bit from the back wall, and, around three of its sides, was one of the most peculiar collections of furniture I have ever seen. Almost every era in history was represented. Old Colonial chairs, spool beds, needlepoint stools, stiff, straight-backed chairs of the Victorian age; cradles and rockers from the Civil War period; a missive gilt sofa, as well as the usual odd assortment of china-ware, paintings, and bric-a-brac. The door to the cellar was open, and perspiring, swearing, moving men were hoisting pieces of furniture up and down the narrow steps. As the large pieces were sold, the movers lifted them into a corner where they were tagged, paid for, and wrapped in burlap for delivery. The buyers of smaller articles went to the platform, where a platinum blond helper gave them a little paper square for their money. I found myself wedged between a heavy set man with a half-chewed cigar, and a small frail woman in a purple hat, both of them infringing on my territory in a vain effort to see what the auctioneer was going to offer next. Every time I looked around, I saw different faces than I had seen in the same place only seconds before; the crowd changed constantly, with people pushing to get in, and then shoving to get out, all within the space of a few minutes. But no matter how often the crowd changed, it was always the typical auction sale crowd. Cold, calculating business men, concentrating on their search for cheap furniture for their third class apartments; embarrassed, middle-aged women, timidly

bidding up on an odd basket of household wares; a group of giggling school girls; and a great many just like myself, eager to share in the feverish, frantic, tension of the crowd. The auctioneer arose from his piano stool after a few minutes rest to catch his breath, and started his tirade. A short, wiry, energetic man he was, with a tremendous, booming voice that reverberated through every corner of the large room. His hair was dark and shaggy, and so tousled that it completely failed to cover the little bald spot, which shone persistently on the top of his head. His clothes were so limp and baggy that he gave the impression of having been out too long in the rain, and his bedraggled coat tails flew out behind him as he raced up and down the platform. Holding up a violent pink vase, he began persuading us that there was nothing that added quite as much to the modern home as a quaint, old-fashioned vase such as this. "Ten cents," came from an art-lover in the front ranks. The auctioneer was grossly insulted. "Ten cents? For this perfect specimen of hand painting? Why, madam, I challenge you to buy this any place else for less than one dollar and a half!" "Give twenty cents," from another daring soul. A short pause, then, "Sold to the lady in the purple hat. A bargain, madam, I assure you." The crowd had changed again, and behind me was another new person—a fat little man with a drooping blond moustache; beside me was an Italian in a green hat. He was viciously chewing tobacco, and fearful for the safety of my shoes, I moved back, deliberately allowing a portly old gentleman to push himself between me and the danger zone. The unsuspecting old gentleman beamed at me, and conscience-stricken, I turned my attention back to the platform. The colored helpers moved a piano to the fore, and the auctioneer started his jargon again. "Five dollars? for this piano? you ought to be ashamed! Who'll say fifteen—twenty—eighteen—no sporting blood in the crowd? Fifteen—eighteen—twenty—what? sold to the man for ten dollars. If you change your mind I'll buy it back for my own wife! Now—a first class living room set—what's my first bid? ten dollars? why madam, this flawless suite couldn't be bought anywhere else for less than two hundred and fifty! Just look at the upholstery, the hand-carved wood, the reversible cushions. Who'll say fifty—forty—sixty—fifty—sixty. Going—going—gone! Sold to the man in the gray coat for thirty-two-fifty. A fine buy. Next." The crowd moved restlessly and murmured among itself as each piece was brought forward. They smiled, laughed, grew serious with the moods of the auctioneer, as, hands on hips, he told the highly exaggerated story of each article. He cajoled, pleaded, scolded, and scoffed, each method in its turn, and each with immediate results. His tactics were admirable, so admirable, in fact, that I too was engulfed in his spell. Putting up for display a curiously wrought pair of candlesticks, he was repeating his well-worn story of their indubitable value, when suddenly, to my utter astonishment, I heard myself shout—"Twenty cents!" The man next to me removed his cigar, and, with a half chuckle, replied with "thirty-five." I hesitated a mere second, but in that second I was lost, for the reflection of the light on the Cupid climbing up the candlestick was so irresistible that I lost all sense of value, and shouted back, "Forty!" It was done, and paying my money for a little cardboard square, I collected my two climbing Cupids, and clutching them under my arm, returned to my place. People came, and people went, But I and the lady in the purple hat, and the man with the chewed cigar remained until the last piece was sold. I arrived home just as the family was getting up from the dinner table. Mother cast

a weary glance at the funny shaped package, and said, "Another auction sale?" I sat down to my cold potatoes. "Yes, another auction sale. Oh, mother, it was—grand—!"

DEAR HENRY

Helen Walker

Ted managed to slip out of the back door without being seen, a vague dullness in the place where his heart had beat so ecstatically for Sally only the night before. If his mother had met him, she would have coaxed out of him an explanation for his quietness at breakfast, and the partially eaten food. "Not feeling well, dear?" If his father had met him, he would have demanded an explanation for his disreputable outfit of old corduroy slacks and sweatshirt. "Inexcusable, son." If his sister had met him, she undoubtedly would have asked in whispered tones, "Did you kiss her goodnight?"

The joyous freshness of the July morning, the brilliance of the sun, the riot of color of the flowers along the garage did not match his mood, could not wipe out the heaviness in his heart.

He crammed his hands into his trouser pockets, shook his head in an effort to free his dark, unruly hair from his eyes, and began a slow, shuffling progress down the alley.

Ted made his way through the cluster of velocipedes and wagons belonging to the neighborhood children, passed carefully by the place where the Martin's rambler rose hung over the fence, and easily caught in a fellow's trousers, hurried by the waiting garbage wagon whose horses stamped their feet and waved their tails, as if to lessen the attack of flies, and stopped suddenly at the edge of Bert's driveway where the new convertible Ford coup stood.

It was a beauty, its shining greenness sweeping gracefully in stream lines from the slendor chromium dog poised on the radiator cap to the spare tire in the rear.

Ted walked over to the car, and stood, one foot on the running board. Bert was no where to be seen.

He gave the familiar signal call, but received no answer.

In a moment Mrs. Arden stuck her head out of an upstairs window. "Is that you, Ted?"

And before he had a chance to answer, she continued, "Bert's gone to town with his father. He'll be back early this afternoon."

"Thank you, Mrs. Arden. Tell him I was here."

"I'll do that, Ted. Do you still like Bert's Henry as much as ever?" She laughed, and disappeared from the window.

"Oh, sure." Ted laughed in return, a laugh that was a mixture of despondency and youthful cynicism.

He walked back to where Henry stood, ready and waiting in the July sunlight. It was so warm and still, even the children were momentarily quiet.

He ought to leave Bert some kind of a note. His mother would probably forget. "Still like Bert's Henry as much as ever!" Silly question!

Women and cars. Both alike. When you had them, you had trouble with them; and yet, you couldn't get along very well without them.

Ted searched in his pockets and found a stub of a pencil which miracu-

lously had a point, and an old grocery list with a fairly decent margin. He tore off the list, and it fluttered to the ground.

He scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, and then laboriously printed on the bit of paper—DEAR HENRY.

Dear Henry indeed!

Was it only yesterday he and Bert had discussed the pros and cons of the women and car situation?

They had been wiping off the dust from Henrys green surface, and polishing up the charming trimmings. Henry had been Bert's graduation present, and his pride was daily manifested in the good care he gave it.

When they finished they spread themselves out on the grass to relax and admire.

Ted had begun the discussion. "What do you thing of women, Bert? Women and girls in general, I mean. Mothers and sisters don't count."

"Oh," Bert replied, "They're all right, girls are. Nice to have around occasionally, nice to dance with, nice to kiss once in a while."

"But, tell me, Bert. "Do you think having a car makes a fellow rate higher with the girls?"

Bert raised his blond head, and looked at his friend with two very blue eyes. "I don't know, Ted. When you have a car you can take a girl more places, and girls like that. And then, girls will ask you to go places with them, and they always pick nice ones."

"But, Bert, do you think that a girl likes the fellow with the car better than the one without? You've sort of had experience both ways."

"Well," Bert hesitated, "It shouldn't matter if a girl really likes you. But I think Henry shot me up a hundred per cent with Martha."

Ted lay silent a moment, then picked up a slender blade of grass and began chewing on it, his dark eyes squinted almost shut.

Bert looked at him quizically, "What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Well," Ted began, "It's this way. I've sort of a date with Sally tonight. She's a nice girl, pretty and all that. And I'd kind of like to take her some decent place."

"First date with her?" Bert interrupted.

Ted nodded acquiescence, and continued. "I've liked her a long time, but never had — a - a-, that is, never a-a-asked her out before. And movies are sort of stupid. And—and—" He stopped, and covered his face with his arms.

Bert pulled up a clump of dandelions, and swung it around aimlessly. "I'll tell you what, Ted. You're my best friend and all, and if you weren't, I couldn't do this. But—Ted, I'll let you have Henry, and you can go to some swell place to dance, and everything'll be O. K."

Ted sat up, his dark eyes glowing, his sunburned face covered with a smile that was both joyous and thankful. "Gee, Bert, you're swell. You're a friend in a million." His face dropped suddenly. "But, fellow, I don't like to take your new car. Something might happen. I can't do that."

"Nothing'll happen, Ted. You're a good driver. I can trust you all right. Why don't you take Sally to Riverview to dance?"

"Gosh," said Ted huskily. He got up, and shook Bert's hand heartily. "Gosh, I can never thank you, Bert."

At exactly nine o'clock that evening Ted parked Henry, top down, his green sides unusually shiny, in front of Sally's house. He bounded out of the car,

an exuberent figure in gray flannels, dark blue coat, and sport shoes. His dark hair was brushed back, his dark eyes shone, and his tanned countenance wore an expression that was half, delight, half fear.

Ted reached the top of the steps to find Sally's father ensconced in an easy chair, and surrounded by the evening papers.

He was embarrassed at such an unexpected encounter, and stammered, "Good-good evening, sir. I've come for Sally."

"Good evening, son. She'll be down in a moment." And he retired again behind the paper.

Ted sat down in a chair near the door, and accepted the funny papers he had already seen to lesson his discomfort.

After what seemed to him ages, Sally appeared in the doorway. She was a slender little thing with masses of blond, curly hair, large blue eyes, and a solitary dimple in her left cheek. She was dressed simply in a pink sport dress, but had on, Ted thought, too much lipstick.

Her nearness filled him with joy, but he managed a "Good evening," grinning broadly.

Sally giggled. "How nice to see you, Ted."

"The car's waiting," he replied.

"Well, I'm ready," she said eagerly.

He helped her down the steps, and across the walk to where Henry was standing.

"Why," she said suddenly, "I do believe you have Bert Arden's new Ford. How lucky! All of the girls have been dying for a ride in it, and I'm the first."

Ted helped Sally into the car, and walked around to get into the driver's seat. "How lucky!" Her words rang in his ears. So she was the first to ride in it.

"I thought," he said slowly, as he started Henry, and eased it out into the line of passing cars. "I thought we'd go out to Riverview to dance."

"How sweet of you, Ted," Sally replied "I love to go out there. We go real often."

Then Sally began a string of chatter. She discussed school— "School's such a stuffy place. All books and teachers! I feel honored, though, having a date with a high school graduate. I'll be a Senior this year. I could have graduated, but mother believes in making the most of your schools days" all of her friends— And anyways most of my friends are in my class. Of course, there's Mabel, my best friend, who was in your class. I think she talks about me behind my back. Just like the rest of my sorority sisters do. Girls are dreadfully catty creatures;" some of Ted's— "Now you had sort of a funny lot of people in your class. Take Bert, he's kind of queer, don't you think. And his girl Martha. I swear she two-times him;" and ended up with a short description of herself—"I'm the faithful type myself. Must be the exception to the rule, for blonds are supposed to be fickle. Why, here we are at Riverview already."

Ted parked the car, and as they reached the entrance steps they met a group of Sally's friends.

Sally introduced Ted to the group, some of whom he knew.

The leader was a loud noisy boy named Bob, whom Ted recognized as the idol of every high school girl's heart.

Sally fastened her eyes on him, fascinated, and nothing would do but the entire bunch must sit together. Before Ted fully realized what had happened, they were all grouped about a huge table.

The evening seemed an endless round of watching Sally dance with the other boys, dancing himself with some of the other girls, and only dancing occasionally with Sally, when she could tear herself away from the others. The orchestra played loudly, old pieces and new ones, fast and slow. The cigarette smoke bothered his eyes.

Ted found himself unable to say the things he had wanted to say to Sally. He had no desire to say them now. It appeared useless to try.

Sally apparently was enjoying herself. She sat by Ted, but gave most of her attention to Bob on her left. Now and then she repeated some silly remark for Ted's benefit. She smoked cigarette after cigarette. She sang along with the orchestra in a low, tuneless voice.

The crowd ordered sandwiches and coffee. But Ted found himself unable to eat. The bread stuck in his throat, and he could not gulp down the coffee.

When the orchestra stopped, and the crowd seemed ready to break up, Ted suggested they leave then, to avoid the rush. To his surprise, Sally agreed. She was tired, and the atmosphere was getting thick.

Ted paid the check, helped Sally into the car, and started off, before either of them said a word. The cool air had cleared his head, and behind the wheel again, with the moving car under his control, he had regained some of his self-assurance.

"I had a swell time, Ted," said Sally, breaking the silence. "I just love Riverview."

"I'm glad you did," he replied.

She snuggled up to him, giggled, and then said slowly, "It's a heavenly night, so clear, and so many stars."

They passed farm houses, scattered over darkened rolling fields. Ted drove surely and swiftly up and down hills, around curves, through the outskirts of town, down familiar streets and around corners, until he pulled up in front of Sally's house.

Sally hesitated about getting out, but Ted hurried and opened the door for her. He escorted her rapidly to her front door, and opened it with the key she gave him.

Sally hung on to his hand and said again, "I had a swell time, Ted."

Ted shook her hand solemnly, and replied, "That's nice, Good night."

He hurried down the steps, and into the car. He drove Henry at a furious rate until he reached Bert's, where he slowed down, and put it carefully in the garage.

* * * *

Standing beside Henry in the heat of the July morning with a stub of a pencil and a bit of paper in his hands, Ted thought remorsefully of Sally. So— girls were nice to have around occasionally, nice to dance with, even nice to kiss? Girls and cars!

Dear Henry indeed!

Ted gazed at the green Ford, scratched his head again, and then added beneath the scrawled DEAR HENRY, a line— NUTS TO YOU, and placed it under the windshield wiper, and turned away.

LIGHTS

Rosalia Chiplis

When the black curtain of night falls over Pittsburgh, the lights that glow in windows on the hill cry for expression of the life behind them. The rosy glow of shaded lights behind dingy curtains; the dim glow that flares up, then dies down, from a spattering oil lamp, and throws a shallow reflection beyond the window frame; and the clear white glare of electricity sharply outlined by the geometric precision of office building; a motley holding life within its circle of illumination. Behind each glow there is a story, one homely, one heart-breaking, perhaps one tawdry and shameful. Behind the lit windows of the row of drab frame houses across the car-tracks live once hard-working men with their skinny legged brood and tired wives. They have tramped the streets these past winters, their thin suit collars turned up against the cutting wind, their raw red hands thrust into empty pockets, searching for the sign "Man Wanted." Now winter is on them again. Behind those mended lace curtains of respectability are haggard strained faces, and bitter words. Hunger does not make the tongue smooth. Down below where the twinkling street lights jut off suddenly huddles a blot of shanties. Low, sagging roofed houses with broken-down steps, and narrow alleys cluttered with ashes and rubbage, loom up darkly, geometric grotesques of the night, faintly lighted by the spluttering yellow light of the corner gas-lamps. The sallow light of the oil lamp edges furtively from under pulled blinds and casts no reflection on the worn and splintered sill. Big-lipped niggers, swaggering past, leer at the white girl emptying a can of ashes in the gutter, lifting an eyebrow in crude questioning. With a shrug of their shoulders they pass on into the shadows. A blue-coated officer pads into the alley and raps loudly on the ricketty door panels of one of the houses with his brown mace. The door opens a crack, and a ferret-face barks sharply, "What youa mean, knocka at deesa door lika dat? Huh?" At the sight of the brass-buttons the crude tone gathers oil upon its surface. The door is opened a little further and the "Eyetalian," rubbing his moist hands together, grins, "Ah, gooda eevening, officer, you weesha to seea me?" Without replying, the officer pushes him aside and enters the hallway. For a second there is silence, then the dull thud of splintering wood and the shrill note of the police whistle. The alley fills rapidly with dirty urchins; colored and white mothers with their babies at their breasts stand gesticulating in doorways; the men run and stand on either side of the doorway as the police drag out the "Eyetalians." "Bootleggin' again" someone in the crowd murmurs. The patrol clangs off, and silence again settles over the alley. Far up the Avenue toward town glitter the icy lights of the giant office buildings. Hard, precise in their outline, cold and aloof, they overlook the squaler at their feet. The clear, electric radiance that cuts through the gold-lettered windows lays on the sills like sheaths of silver. Those golden-letters "Acme Company, capitalization, $250,000,000; "Genesis Co., Stocks and Bonds, Cap. $350,000,000, are a fantastic mural of paper wealth, adorning the gleaming towers of "them that has." Like unto like—the golden letter, the glittering icy lights, the silver dollar, are drawn together. Lights! A symbol of screaming, intense life calling for expression.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO CAT

Katharine Dangerfield

I

It was a day early in June that we brought Duff home from the kennels where he was born. A roly-poly ink squirt of a puppy was he, but undeniably Scotch terrier. On that clear June day, after his long, unaccustomed car-ride, we let him loose on the back lawn, to stretch and gambol and look over his new abode. He was an ugly young pup, with big furry ears that lopped over at the tips, a whiskered face, a round ball of a stomach, and a sparse fuzzy coat of brindled, rusty black; but contrary to most three-months-old pups in strange surroundings, he seemed not in the least subdued or worried. His quizzical bright eyes and inquisitive black button of a nose sought out all manner of interesting things in the fresh, sweet grass. With great gusty sniffs and the technique of a kitten he pounced on divers bugs, bringing his brownish-black pegs of legs down with gay whams!

Then, someone brought Judy from the house. She, though young as Duff, had already for some time been a member of the household, and we were anxious to see how she and this latest edition would get along. Duff, tired out from his exertions, sat sprawled on the cool grassy lawn, a prodigious length of tongue rolling from his grinning ebony mouth, as the sun poured its warmth over him. Judy was deposited on the ground near him with the words:

"Duff, here's Judy. Now you must be friends, you two."

Duff caught the new animal scent before he saw Judy, and, with one stubby forepaw raised questioningly and fringed ears as erect as he could get them, he sniffed the air, his inky nose wrinkling like a rabbit's. Then he became aware of Judy advancing toward him with lithe slinking step. Her sleek gray coat, though still kitten-fur, shimmered in the sunlight, and her slanting yellow orbs blazed like miniature suns flecked with drops of jet that shrank and enlarged in turn. Duff's mild brown eyes were puzzled; in perplexity he cocked his squarish rough head and fastened those mystified eyes on the noiselessly approaching Judy. The next moment was one of tension wherein Duff stood ready to run at the first breath of danger, his curved brush of a tail pressed hard between his trembling hind legs, and Judy, also under stress, lashed her long tail with panther-like stealth. Suddenly the kitten backed away, keeping intent eyes on Duff. The puppy, at this apparent sign of retreat, gained confidence and bounded at Judy, his pudgy body wriggling with exitement, his tail wagging fast. Judy was indignant; her back arched, the hair on her tail stood out straight, her whiskers bristled, and the pupils of her topaze eyes slid open and shut like tiny gleaming shutters. Duff stopped short, astonished at the phenomenal transformation that had taken place before his very eyes, and his tail suspended action in mid-wave. His hirsute face was a ludicrous picture of startled obfuscation which changed to downright fear as the full horror of this extraordinary sight gripped him. With a piteous "do or die" glance at us, whom heretofore he had not noticed, he tumbled over on to his back, ogling Judy pleadingly from this upside down position, his forepaws waggling in the air. Although to us this naive obeisance seemed irresistably touching, Judy remained unimpressed; in fact, for the next few minutes she ignored him entirely.

But in the end Duff succeeded in ingratiating himself with Judy; after it got so that her astounding behavior no longer scared him too much, and it was

not long before puppy and kitten were friends. Judy, being feminine as well as feline, and therefore more mature than male, canine Duff, treated him for the most part with motherly indulgence. With the painstaking care of her rough pink tongue she kept his disreputable coat in a moist semblance of neatness and helped him clean caked mud from his paws. When he lay sleeping, his stretched-out legs appearing briefer than ever, she cuddled against him, warming his rag-tag body with her sleek one. At mealtime though the two were childishly distrustful of each other; each keeping a wary sidelong watch on the other as each disposed of the morsels on his or her plate. Duff ate faster than Judy, who picked daintily at her food; hence, when he finished first, he would hover like a hungry bear cub about Judy's plate until she, growing annoyed, slapped him smartly on the nose and sent him, sheepish, about his business. Both of them loved bones and both of them loved two bones better than one. Therefore, each, upon receiving a choice meaty bone, knew what the other was thinking, and thereupon, each, with speed and stealth, repaired to the privacy of a hidden lair. But all considered, relations between the two flowed harmoniously.

One evening after dark, I had the two younglings out for a brief run in the garden at the rear of the house. The night was sultry but mellow; a queer copperish glow from the mills shimmered in the black starlit sky, and the damp air hung heavy with innumerable odors and sounds. I had to keep close watch on Judy and Duff as they sported and frisked like shadowy phantoms, running in circles, or sniffing the myriad, mysterious night smells. Suddenly a car whirred up our driveway, its headlights glaring like great cat-eyes. Immediately I caught Duff up into my arms—Judy was able to take care of herself—and waited to learn the identity of our nocturnal visitors. The car drew up in the driveway opposite to where I stood, and I recognized it as my cousins's. I walked over to the car, and as I opened my mouth to say "hello" through the lowered window, a thunderous bark roared forth. Thoroughly taken aback at first, I realized in a moment that it was only Zander, my cousins's towny half-breed, a friendly but impetuously headlong young dog, half German shepherd, half collie. Then, as there came another deafening bellow of a bark, Zander's huge head lunged at the window, wolfish and menacing in the dark, with jaws that flashed ruthless, gleaming teeth. At sight and sound of this fearsome apparition Duff shrank against me, burrowing his shaggy head under my arm and trying to get the rest of him there, too. The next minute Zander came catapulting thru the window, and, leaping up on me, reached for Duff, who gave a despairing wiggle when he felt the big beast's hot breath on his trembling body. Then I, half-annoyed at Duff's lack of courage suddenly decided that his backbone should be stiffened; so, myself knowing well that Zander would not hurt him, I placed the cowering puppy on the curb. With a scuffle of padded feet Zander rushed at him; his long pointed snout nosed him, pushed him, shoved him so hard that he fell from the curb, where he lay, a quivering heap of scared scottie. In the meantime, Judy, who felt not the slightest fear of dogs, had been drawn by curiosity to the scene of action. That is why Zander, poking Duff again, felt a paw that was not Duff's, give him a tentative pat on the nose. When he raised his head he saw Judy standing on the curb glaring at him, her eyes balls of fire in the dark, her tail switching ominously. Zander surveyed her for an instant, his triangular ears erect, his bushy tail waving in friendly question; then all of a sudden an eager bark burst from his throat. Duff shuddered perceptibly at the sound, but Judy bristled, her back arching and her tail expanding, and with venomous energy she spat at Zander who backed in

awkward haste. Evidently he too, like Duff, was not a fighting dog, in spite of his size, for without another bark he swept silently away.

Duff, after this incident, fairly worshipped the bold Judy, who complacently received the adulation as her proper due. But it was fun when the two forgot such things as fear and courage and engaged in one of their gay mad romps. Then each dropped dignity and inhibitions as boys throw off rubbers and gloves, and 'round and 'round they would tear, in and out doorways, thru rooms, under chairs, over couches, leaving in their wake wrinkled, ridden rugs, upset lamps, overturned vases, skewered pillows; in short, nothing looked the same after five minutes of cat-and-dog roughhouse. But we never tired of seeing them and laughing at them: Duff, an idiotic frisking imp the color of coal-dust, scuttling about in pure glee with tail aloft and ears pushed back; and Judy, svelte and graceful as ever, twisting, dodging, leaping in lithe, supple ease, her burnished blue-gray coat rippling with each movement.

It was amusing too, to watch Duff when the doorbell rang; to hear him bark and growl, and then to see him run in great terror and hide when the door was opened. At such times I was not sure whether Duff's apparent cowardice was thoroughly ingrained in him, or was merely something attributable to youth.

Even at the age of six months, however, when Duff reached nearly his full size, he had not yet lost his timidity. Now his once round fat little carcase became firm and compact, and the ridiculous light brindle fuzz was replaced by darker, thick coarse hair. But although the expression of precocious wisdom on his bewhiskered face had matured into one of mournful sagacity, there lingered about him still an undeniable air of puppyish uncertainty. Always it was embarrassing to take Duff for a walk when we were liable to meet unchaperoned dogs. At the approach of such a beast, whether it were stiff-legged with hostility or wriggling with friendliness, Duff circled on the leash, pressing closer and closer to my legs, his tail curved downward like a sickle. Often in such cases I had to drag him until the danger zone was passed.

II.

It happened when Duff was about nine months old—the acquisition of the gashed eye—about ten o'clock of a biting cold winter morning. The sky was a pale, glistening blue which deepened overhead, and merged at the edges into ever-lurking, mouse-colored Pittsburgh smog. The sun sparkled crisply through the bare mazed branches of the trees that rimmed the front lawn, projecting lacy shadows on the patchwork of olive-brown grass and soot-stippled mounds of snow. I was dusting downstairs, for the maid was sick, and gazing with longing eyes at the effulgent outdoors, when suddenly from outside the very window thru which I was gazing came sounds of a fight. Hideous snarls, growls and grunts met my ears as I flung open the window and looked out. What I saw was confusing to the eyes. Down on the lawn was a squirming, writhing animal mass of gray and dirty white. My eyes strained to recognize the frenzied participants, but so fast and furious waged the battle, and so chaotic was the biting, scratching, snarling, clawing, spitting and snapping, that it seemed minutes before I determined that the furry gray streak was Judy—as usual thoroughly in the thick of it. The dirty white streak I identified as dog, but what dog I knew not; some street-dog perhaps. I had seen dog-and-Judy fights before, but never had I seen one as concentratedly fiendish as this whirling, noisy melee. Fascinated by this raging storm, I felt rooted to the spot. There

came a lull, and Judy, like a silver flash, tore herself from the animated mass and became a separate, intense ball of fury. With jagged lightning thrusts she struck at her antagonist, her razor-edged claws raking his already bloody nose again and again. The dirty white canine howled, then cringed back, blinking. His blunt ugly face dripped blood from Judy's ripping slashes, his thin matted sides heaved, all the fight seemed gone out of him. I breathed a sigh of relief, and was just about to crow in exultation at Judy's prowess, when I perceived, making for her at a dead run, another dog, a gaunt reddish-brown beast, with loose, flabby jowls and an undershot jaw. His small pale eyes gleamed with baleful light, and his upper lip curled as if in a snarl, but no sound escaped. Terrified I shrieked a warning, but it was of no avail; the brute had hurled himself upon Judy, bearing her to the ground by his weight, his foam-flecked jaws ravening for her throat. But he had reckoned neither on Judy's strength nor her skill. Twisting adroitly and struggling with all the strength of her muscular body, she squirmed from under him and slipped through his spraddled legs. With a roar of rage the infuriated mongrel lunged after her; simultaneously, the white cur, as if jerked from his daze by the bull-like vigor of the other, joined in the pursuit.

Now was it time for me to intervene, for wiley match that Judy might be for any one dog, her chances against two were slim. Before I could move, however, the utterly unbelievable happened! 'Round the corner of the house whisked a low-slung, shaggy form, and with a start, I recognized Duff. Running as if possessed, he covered the ground in short, choppy strides, and like a dark furry arrow raced straight toward the desperately milling trio. For an instant, then, he seemed to hesitate in his charge, as though ready to wheel and scud away. A sharp agonized yowl rent the air, and Duff, as if struck from behind, sprang forward again. Like a bolt he shot toward Judy and her tormenters. I waited only to see him hurl himself at the throat of the brown brute, and then seizing a mop which was nearby, I tore outside to do my worst.

What followed is not exactly clear in my mind; I pounded with the mop, I shouted, stamped and kicked. I know the commotion by then had attracted neighbors, who helped me. Whether Duff and Judy could have routed their foes alone I do not know; but anyhow the mongrels were beaten off, and somehow a struggling, growling scottie, and a wild, bedraggled cat, were piled into our car and taken to the veterinary. In the warm shabby office that reeked of disinfectant and dogs, gentle, knowing hands quickly determined the extent of the injuries; neither Duff nor Judy was badly hurt. Judy, because of her lithe alertness, had scarcely been scratched; and Duff, protected by his thick wiry hair and low, heavy-set body, had received as his worst wound, a deep jagged gash over one eye.

Truly, I was a greater wreck than either of them, for after it was all over, I felt limp and weak, my knees threatened to buckle under me, and despite the pungent stuffiness of the room my teeth clicked as with a bad chill. Then, as Duff padded solemnly over to Judy, who sat on the worn carpet placidly licking her battle-ruffled coat into order, and nudged her with wet ebony snoot, I was suddenly conscious of a roseate glow that warmed my body. I believe it was not until that precise moment that I realized the full portent of what had just happened. A fight had been fought, yes; that was nothing. A dog had sped to the rescue of a cat; that, now, was something more! But, far surpassing either battle or rescue, this thing had come about; a dog, who had been only half a dog heretofore, was now miraculously whole. Thru love of Judy, Duff had found courage and self-respect.

SUDDEN SERVICE

Margaret Goldberg

I like to think that the little Italian shoemaker had a sense of humor when he painted on his shop window the words "Sudden Service." It gives me pleasure to believe that he did not connect the word "sudden" with "quick", which calls to mind so many wearisome things: the scurrying to and fro of Christmas shoppers, laden with bundles, demanding brusquely the price of candy or clocks or toy trains; the efficiency of a hook-and-ladder crew extinguishing the flames; the mad onrush of the subway passengers; the hasty lunch of office workers sitting on high stools along a counter. And, I fervently hope that there entered into his head no idea of "instantaneous"—a word associated with explosions, a sharp clap of thunder, a kind of waterheater, or a Swedish match.

No, I do not believe that it was merely an unenlightened foreigner's choice of words that unwittingly produced this mildly absurd sign. He strikes me as a most intelligent man. I can see him now, standing outside his repair shop on a sunny afternoon. He is a pudgy little man with an immense grey apron tied about his expansive waist. His trousers bag a little at the knees, as if they, too, had tired of standing so much. His broad, highly-polished shoes reflect the twinkle in his dark eyes and the grin on his chubby face every time he bends to examine them. A stubborn lock of black hair twists into a sort of spitcurl on his forehead when it slips out of place. This cheerful signore beams at every passer-by, and one is almost tempted to say, "buon giorno," just to watch his reaction.

It is his merry countenance that leads me to think that he must have had "unexpected" in mind when he chose "Sudden Service" for his motto. For he has a wealth of hidden information which he never hesitates to give for the asking. When I am at my wit's end to find a bakery where I can purchase a fat, round loaf of bread with a thick crust, I go to him. He also knows where a meager sum will buy the longest spaghetti, and he has a fine recipe for cooking it. There is stored up in his memory the location of an umbrella-mender, a locksmith, and an Italian lace shop,—all of which I have had occasion to seek. He is delighted when he can be of service, but he would be offended if I offered him a coin in return.

As with the little Neapolitan shoe-maker, so it is with many others whose assistance embodies the ideals of generosity without recompense and unselfishness. The young man who sees his next-door neighbor, an elderly woman, trundling home from market with a heavy basket, and asks if he might carry it, gives unexpected service. Even though the woman may refuse his aid, she will show her appreciation with a broad smile that will reward him for his thoughtfulness. The little boy who climbs up a tree to rescue a bewildered kitten from the frantic leaps of a police dog possesses just as much courtesy in his own way. Even a cruising taxi-driver may have some unmercenary thoughts as he passes a group of theater-goers caught in the rain. Certainly, the people are grateful enough for his services.

Then there are innumerable "unexpected" services rendered in the home. A mother's love prompts her to tiptoe to her sleeping child's bed more than once during the night to tuck in covers that have fallen aside. The sick person gives a hundred thanks when someone appears with a tall, cool glass of lemonade. The "youngest one" breathes a sigh of relief when the "oldest one" offers to help with his algebra problems. The wife laughs with pleasure at her

husband's awkward attempts at drying the dishes. It is the unhoped-for that produces the greatest amount of personal satisfaction.

This I clearly saw demonstrated one time in the shoe-maker's shop. The customer ahead of me was a young woman, neatly but shabbily dressed. She had removed one shoe and was showing it to the little man. One of the seams in this well-worn shoe had split open, leaving a great gap in its side. From her distress, it was evident that the girl did not possess either an extra pair of slippers, or the money to buy new ones. The Italian said with remarkable insight, "He is not bad, this hole. I fix him good as new in just a minute. You can wear maybe a month before he bother you again." The girl gave him a relieved look. In a short time, she was putting on the repaired shoe and fumbling for her small purse. "Nothing at all, nothing at all!" exclaimed the shoemaker,— "a few stitches, it is done." "Oh, thank you!" she cried as she hastened away.

I cannot help but contrast this generosity with the business-like manner of the shoe-repairer farther down the street. This man's sign says "Quick Service," and it is. But he is a matter-of-fact soul who snatches the shoes from my grasp before my instructions are complete. He places them in position, yanks off the worn-down heel-caps, pounds small nails into the new ones, brushes them lightly, ties them up, and hands them to me saying, "Twenty-five cents." I get what I ask for, nothing more.

With my Italian friend, it is different. He says with a grin as I enter, "Hallo, nice day?" I answer in the affirmative. Then I say, "I have some shoes here that need the heels fixed, and maybe the soles. What do you think?" He leans across the counter and peers at them carefully. "I take off these (pointing to the heel-caps) and I put something here (touching the scuffed toes) him as good as new. You wait?" "Yes," I respond. "Have a seat there," he says. "You want to look at the paper?" He offers it with a grand gesture. "I have him fixed," he promises, "in ten minutes." "No hurry," I tell him, glad to relax a moment.

I watch his work: first, a deft slice of the knife as he pares the leather to the correct size; then, a rhythmic hammering, as if he were humming the "Anvil Chorus" to himself; finally, a thorough polishing on one of the revolving electric brushes in back of the counter. He holds them up for me to see and inquires, "All right?" I nod. "How much do I owe you?" "Twenty-five cents, please," he says, looking as if I had done him a favor. "Come back again," he cries after me when I am going out of the door. I turn and we smile together. "Oh, I shall be back!" I answer, closing the door behind me.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

Harriet L. Stephenson

Anne Marie stood in the center of the fitting room, tall and thin in her straight, pink slip. She smiled at the white taffeta dress that Mrs. Cummings was holding up for her inspection, and did not even notice the armful of chiffon ruffles she carried over the other arm. The white taffeta was sophisticated. Its cool, stiff folds swished down over her head and shoulders and rustled about her long legs, clear to the floor. The low, square cut neck and back, the angular seams and sash, her own smiling, red lips and curly, long-bobbed hair reflected, as she twisted before the mirror, a John Held Jr. version of the feminine young modern. Anne Marie turned for Mother's approval.

But Mother was frowning disapprovingly. "I'm afraid it's not quite what we had in mind, Mrs. Cummings," she said to the clerk. "It's just a little too

sophisticated for a young girl's commencement. Don't you think so, Anne Marie?"

Mother seemed to fill the whole fitting room with determination, her ample lap full of gloves, pocket-books, and Anne Marie's blue straw hat. The rejected dresses shrank on the racks behind her, and the full length mirrors reflected her in every corner. She frowned at all sides of the white taffeta.

"I do sort of like it," ventured Anne Marie.

"No, I don't think you will find that you like it. Take it off, dear." She was fingering the ruffled skirt of a chiffon dress. "Try this one."

Nervous, little Mrs. Cummings lifted away the smooth silk and slipped the soft ruffles over Anne Marie's up-stretched arms. The dress floated down around her and settled over her thin shoulders. Turning to the mirror, she saw herself in fluffy simplicity, a perfect example of the sweet and girlish style at which her sixteen year old associates scoffed.

But Mother was smiling and nodding. "Yes. That's just right. And you don't need to have a thing done to it. Do you think so, Mrs. Cummings?"

"It's very sweet on her," said the clerk, not yet committing herself to any opinion, but beginning to side with Mrs. Stone.

Anne Marie pouted and twisted so that the skirt hung unevenly. "It's so S. S. and G., Mother. I don't still want to look like a baby. And all the girls are getting older styles."

Mother sighed. "I don't want you to look too old, dear. Mother doesn't want her little girl to look old and hard when she's only sixteen. It makes me feel that you are anxious to grow away from me."

"That's not it," coaxed Anne Marie.

"Well, I suppose you may choose whichever one you like, dear. But I do think the chiffon is much more becoming. Taffeta is so harsh with your fine skin, you know. And you'll find that when the other girls come to choosing, they will all go back to the simpler, prettier things. But you take the one you want."

Anne Marie turned before the mirror in the chiffon dress. She brushed the swishy taffeta with wistful fingers. She sighed and made a face at her reflection. "I guess this one will be all right," she said, shrinking to let the chiffon fall into Mrs. Cumming's waiting arms.

"There, I knew you would like it better," smiled Mother. "Will you charge it to Mrs. J. F. Stone at the Morrowfield Apartments, and send it out tomorrow, please. Hurry and dress, Anne Marie. The taffeta really made you look too thin, but I didn't want to say so if you wanted it very much."

"Shall we go to lunch now, Mother?" asked Anne Marie, without looking back at the empty, white folds of taffeta on the fitting room wall.

* * *

Soon after Anne Marie's commencement, Mrs. Stone and her daughter had come, as usual, to spend the summer months at their cottage in Hyannis Port. It was customary for the young people of the summer colony to congregate, after its afternoon swim, on the Stone's big veranda. Mrs. Stone liked Anne Marie to come home and relax before time to dress for the evening, and her friends had to come with her if they wanted to include her in their fun. They lay now, sprawled on the raffia rugs and wicker furniture, drinking lemonade and munching fat cookies, chatting of this and that. The bright variety of bathing-suit colors, the rosy cretonne cushions, and the green mats gleamed in the late afternoon sunlight.

"Have you decided about next winter yet, Anne?" asked Lydia Johnson kicking her bare feet lazily.

"What about it?" Joe and Peter rolled over onto their backs to listen.

"Decided where she's going to college," Marion informed them. "I hope Vassar has won out so you'll be my room-mate."

"I thought one just waited till she could get some college to accept her and then went about acting as if it were the only good one in the world. If you can get into Vassar, what's the question?" asked Peter.

"Well, I like the sound of it, but Mother wants me to go to Holyoke because she went there. I'm still trying to decide."

"But if you prefer Vassar?"

"Don't go to Holyoke. Everybody from there is either a teacher or some other kind of an old-maid."

"It's stuck way off in the back woods."

"The only girl I ever knew who went there is just awful. Amelia Cass. You wouldn't want to be like her, would you?"

The coaxing voices rose together in a volley of objection.

"I have to decide pretty soon and get my application for a room in." Anne Marie rocked her wicker rocker and curled her toes in meditation. There was silence for a moment while everyone concentrated on the problem.

The screen door opened and Mrs. Stone came out on the porch. She was dressed in cool gray and smiled on all her young guests. The colored bathing suits jumped up, leaving wet silhouettes on the chairs and floors, and settled again in a damp circle at Mrs. Stone's feet.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Stone."

"Good afternoon, children. What are you plotting out here today? You must tell me all about it." Mrs. Stone liked to be a companion to her daughter's friends.

"Oh, nothing in particular," explained Anne Marie.

"We were just talking about going to college," said Peter. "Anne Marie says she hasn't decided yet."

Mrs. Stone frowned a little. "I've told Anne Marie she may go whereever she chooses," she said, patting her daughter's wet curls. "But I do hope she will want to go to her Mother's dear, old college. They have offered to accept her. We used to have such good times there."

"But Vassar is much more progressive and it's right near New York, Mrs. Stone. They have such a fine faculty," said Marion.

"Why, as I remember, Holyoke was always considered the most lady-like of all the colleges. Of course, Anne Marie must decide for herself, without any of us influencing her. But I am sure she will be happiest at Holyoke."

They sat silent for a moment, looking at Anne Marie's sun tanned back and the blown, damp tendrils of hair on her neck.

"Oh, I might as well go to Holyoke," said Anne Marie suddenly. "I guess it doesn't much matter where you go."

"There," beamed Mrs. Stone, "I knew you would rather go to Mother's old school. Let's be sure to send in those papers tonight so there wont be any trouble or delay about your entrance."

The sun was dropping more swiftly toward the end of the day, and a cool shadow fell over the veranda. Lydia shivered and the boys' lips looked blue. Anne Marie turned to face her friends. Everyone rose at once, silently, then laughed at their simultaneous impulse.

"Good bye, Mrs. Stone. Good bye, Anne. Thanks for the cookies and all."

"Good bye. See you tonight." Anne Marie waved from the porch.

* * *

Of course Anne Marie Stone made new friends at Holyoke. At the spring vacation of their sophomore year she and her roomate and their crowd were making plans for a summer trip to Europe with a favorite French teacher to chaperone them.

"Work on your mother during vacation, Anne," her roomate Helen had said. "She'll be sure to let you come when she knows I'm going. And if she offers to let you decide, don't give in. You know you never assert yourself."

"Well, I'll try," Anne had promised.

But now that she was at home things were different. She had brought up the subject the first night, on the way home from the station in the gray padded cabin of the limousine, but Mother had not answered. It was harder the second time. Mother had asked for all the details, encouragingly, and then had simply said "We'll see." They had not spoken of it again, but now there were only two days more of the holiday. Anne put down the book she had not been able to study from and went upstairs to Mother's room.

"Come in," Mother's voice answered to her light knock.

Mother's room was cool and pleasant without being comfortable. She lay on the yellow chintz chaise longe with a tiny yellow quilt over her feet. "Come and sit near me," she said. "We've not had a good talk since you came home."

Anne sat in a straight backed rocker beside her mother. "About this trip to Europe, Mother," she began with determination.

"Are you comfortable there, dear?"

"Yes, thank you." The high back of the chair held her head forward, making her sit up, straight and alert. "How about this trip I told you we wanted to take."

"Oh, do you really want to go?" asked Mother astonished. "I had thought it was just one of those foolish plans you girls are always making that not even you yourselves expect to work out. I had planned a trip to the west for just you and me this summer, but I had intended to surprise you with it later. Wouldn't you like that better?"

"It's awfully sweet of you, Mother. You're always planning such nice things for me. But —"

"I knew you'd rather come with your old mother," Mrs. Stone interrupted, delighted. "Never mind about any buts, dear. It will be much better for me to travel than to spend the summer at the beach. And we'll have such good times together, only the two of us. We'll have to plan to travel together more often, even a trip to Europe, perhaps, when you're better able to appreciate it."

Anne Marie stood up, helpless, and turned quickly to the door. "I'll go write Helen all about it right now," she said, hurrying away.

"I'm glad my little girl is so happy," called Mother. "I was almost afraid you really meant to go off to Europe with that pack of silly youngsters. It would have been very lonely for me to have you away all summer as well as all winter."

At her own desk, Anne took out writing paper and began with tear blurred eyes.

"Dear Helen. It's no use coaxing or asserting myself this time. No Europe for me this summer. Mother has planned to take me on a western tour, so I really can't leave her all alone . . . "

During the spring vacation of Anne's senior year, two years later, Mother spent the whole of their first meal together talking of plans for commencement, Baccalaureate, class day excercises, alumnae receptions, and Mother's own reunion! They sat opposite each other in the dim candlelight, separated by the long mahagony table, while Mother recalled her own college days and Anne Marie explained the changes that had taken place with time. Mother was proud of Anne Marie. As they drank their coffee, she turned the discussion to Anne's part in the coming ceremony.

"What would you like for a commencement gift, dear? We want to make this an occasion that you will never forget, so Mother would like to give you whatever you want most."

"Oh, Mother. Thank you." Anne had expected this question and was prepared for it, but her confusion now was truly spontaneous. "It seems so funny to choose."

"No, no! I want you to." Mother's eyes sparkled.

"Well, I do want a car of my own. Helen is getting one, and lots of the other girls."

Mother looked disappointed. "Wouldn't you like a diamond ring?" she asked. "That would be something to last all your life."

"It doen't seem quite like a commencement present, somehow. And with a car of my own I could drive around to visit some of the girls from school this summer."

Now Mother looked anxious. "A ring could be entirely different from an engagement ring, you know. And it would be a sort of an investment for you. Something you could hand on to your own daughter some day."

"You and I could take a trip together in a car," Anne persuaded. "But you decide and surprise me."

"It's so much more convenient for James to drive, since we have him," Mother reasoned. "I think that in the long run you'll prefer the ring. But of course I want to please you."

Anne Marie layed her napkin beside her plate. "I guess you are right. You usually know better than I do," she sighed, "I really would love a ring. Guess I had thought of a car because everyone else was wanting one."

As they rose to leave the dining room, Anne Marie slipped one arm around her mother's shoulders and gave her a quick hug. "You think of the most marvelous surprises for me, Mother."

* * *

Anne Marie Stone moved about her pink and white bed-room, smiling and singing to herself. She wore a quilted, pink bathrobe and her fluffy, pink mules made a muffled clattering over the dark green carpet. Everything was pir in the room except for the green carpet and white wooden furniture, and that glowed rosily under the pink shaded lamps on the dresser and bedside table. Anne layed out a gray dress on the pink candlewick bedspread and dumped a pair of black slippers on the floor beside it. She crossed to the dresser and beban to rub her face with cold cream, gazing into the mirror.

On each side of the mirror stood the silver framed photograph of a young man. Anne pushed them close together and studied them, forgetting to watch the reflection of her greasy face. On the left was Bob, blond and friendly, his lower jaw firm and thin, his even teeth flashing in a grin. Anne grinned back at him fondly. Peter, on the right, was graver, more serious. He was handsome too, with dark waves of hair and little worry lines between his eyebrows.

Unconsciously Anne reflected his expression as she looked at his face. She took both pictures and sat down with them in her pink comfy chair.

Anne had known Peter Hillier most of her life, for he lived scarcely a block away and his younger sister, Sue, was her own age. At nineteen she had been thrilled and envied when Sue Hillier's big brother had taken her to dances with his older crowd. Then, during her vacations from school, he had fitted himself into her group and become, since her graduation, her special beau. He was really only two or three years older than most of the other boys she knew, but she regarded him as a sort of big brother of her own. So she had been surprised when he asked her to marry him, and swore that he would wait forever for an answer. He would be nice to marry, Anne Marie thought, and she liked him more than ever, and even secretly wrote Mrs. Peter W. Hillier inside the cover of her stationery box. But soon she met Bob Blake and decided that she must have been wrong about Peter. Laying Peter's picture face downward in her lap, Anne thought of Bob.

Bob had been in town for only two months now. He was twenty-five, and working for eighteen dollars a week, and constantly dreaming of a bright future. Anne never tired of hearing how much he liked to work and how well he was doing. He talked of themselves, too, sometimes, and of the far distant day, perhaps five years from now, when he would be able to offer Anne a humble shelter and the necessities of life along with his love. "I'll be a good cook by then," Anne said, making vague, delicious plans, because there was nothing for her to answer.

A knock on the door disturbed her revery. Guiltily Anne jumped up and put the pictures back in their accustomed places.

"Come in," she called and wiped her shining face with pink cleansing tissue.

"Do you mind if I just sit here while you dress, dear?" Mother asked as she entered and sat down in the chair Anne had just left. "I haven't really seen you for almost a week, you've been running about so."

"No. Come right in. We have been rather flying lately." Anne drew a straight chair close and began to manicure her nails.

"Don't use the bright red," Mother commented. "I think rose looks better with your gray dress, don't you? And Anne Marie painted her sharpened fingertips soft rose. Her joyous mood was half gone now.

"What are you doing tonight, dear?"

"I don't know yet, Mother. Bob is coming over and we may go for a drive or a walk, or just stay here and talk. But nothing very exciting."

"You've been seeing quite a bit of him lately, haven't you, Anne. Of course he seems a very nice boy, but I don't think you should give up all your other friends for him."

"I don't, Mother. We're with the crowd most of the time. And I go with Peter almost as much. I like Bob pretty well, you know."

Mother was silent, frowning, tapping her fingers on the chair arm. Anne Marie put away her nail polishes and slowly drew on underclothes and stockings.

"I had thought you were nearly engaged to Peter." Mother's voice sounded regretful, a bit coaxing.

"He is sweet, I might have been if Bob hadn't happened along," Anna acknowledged, her joyful mood returning.

"Peter would make you a good husband," said Mother. "He comes from

a good family and is pretty well established at the bank. You'll be much better off with him, both socially and financially."

"But Bob is a good worker and bound to succeed," Anne agreed. "His family is nice, and I think he deserves credit for trying to be better educated and more successful than they were. But I can't decide yet. He wont be able to marry for at least five years."

"That's a long time to wait, Anne Marie. You'll be twenty-six by then and it will be harder to give up all the luxuries you are accustomed to than it would be now. Besides, you may both change in that time, and you will be left alone because you will have given up all other friends for five years."

Anne buckled the slim strap of her black slipper and combed out the stiff waves of her dark hair.

"Peter is a darling," she admitted, "But I couldn't marry him just for his money and position. That wouldn't be fair to him."

"That isn't it at all," laughed Mother. "You have always liked each other, and certainly those things aren't a drawback. He has asked you to marry him, hasn't he?"

"Yes, a few months ago. I told him I wasn't sure, but I meant to answer after I'd thought it over. Bob came along then, and I was glad I hadn't promised Peter anything."

Exultant again, Anne slipped the gray dress carefully over her hair and fastened the rows of tiny buttons on the cuffs. Mother's brow cleared and she smiled though there were no reason now to worry.

"If that's the case, it's all perfectly clear," she said. "Of course Bob is only a silly infatuation and it would be too bad to let it spoil your whole life."

"How can you tell, Mother. Maybe I do love him."

"No. Your feeling for Peter is the one that will last a lifetime. Just stop seeing Bob and you'll soon forget all about him. You were a little upset about deciding about Peter. That's all."

"Well, after tonight I'll see."

"No, dear. You might as well start at once while your intentions are perfectly clear in your mind. Settle things tonight."

"But Bob's coming in about an hour. I'll tell him all about it and we can talk it over. I'm sure he'll understand," Ane Marie said, clutching desperately at time.

"You ought to see Peter first, Anne Marie. Get him to come over instead. He'll be so glad that you've made up your mind at last."

Hesitating, Anne crossed to the telephone and lifted the receiver. She seemed undecided, but turned to look at her Mother while her finger jerked the dial back and forth, ringing Bob's number.

"Hello . . . Bob? . . . Yes, this is Anne . . . Oh! . . . Well, listen, Bob. I'm afraid you can't come tonight . . . No! . . . I have an awful headache . . . Well, I'm sorry . . . Yes . . . I do feel pretty terrible . . . Of course . . . I'll see you at Lydia's tomorrow, wont I . . . No, I'm going with Peter . . . Of course . . . Well, goodbye, Bob."

She put the receiver down and looked at her mother. Then she called Peter and asked him to come over, promising some special news. Mother had risen as the phone calls were completed.

"I'll be getting dressed myself now, dear," she said. "You'd better put on a little more rouge." She went out quietly.

Anne crossed to the dresser again and looked at the two photographs. She took the left hand one and laid it, face downward, in the bottom drawer. The

right hand picture moved into the center now and stood alone among the jars and bottles. Anne Marie stood on tiptoes to look over it as she carefully rouged her cheeks.

—o—

GOOD BUSINESS

Margaret Stockdale

Jeremiah P. Noyes, President of the Amalgamated Oil Company of New York and London, stood before a mirror in his bedroom. He scrutinized his face closely and decided that he was a pretty young looking sixty-two. The clock striking three startled him so he turned out the light and climbed into bed, not to sleep, but to think. It had been a long time since he had been out so late and he was glad that Sarah's room was at the other end of the hall. Sarah was all right and had been a good wife, but she felt her age and he didn't. Hadn't someone said that you were as old as you feel? Well, he didn't feel any different than he had at thirty. He had just been allowing himself to vegetate with Sarah. She was too settled, always going to concerts and teas, and calling him "papa" and "Jeremiah" as if he were someone's grandfather. Well, he was, but then, he didn't feel like it. If Sarah had known about tonight she would probably have been shocked, but after all, he had done nothing wrong—it was good business to be kind to your employees. He was really glad that Miss Perkins had developed a good long case of tonsilitis and that this young blonde girl was substituting. Of course, Miss Perkins was very efficient, but she had been with him for eighteen years and what the office needed was youth like blonde Miss Jones. That was purely good business. So tomorrow he was going to notify Miss Perkins that he no longer required her services. He would pay her doctor's bill and a month's salary, and then she should have no complaint because it was only fair to give a younger person a chance and Miss Perkins had had her turn.

For the past week J. P., as his most intimate friends called him, had been taking Miss Jones home from work. No personal interest, he told himself, just good business. The poor girl had to take the subway and two street cars to get home, and if he took her home, she would feel more like working the next day. Tonight though, she had remarked that she very rarely saw any big shows, and feeling philanthropic, he had asked her to go to the Follies. Of course, he had to insist which proved that she was a nice girl. And she was no golddigger because she ate very little and didn't call him "daddy" or "sugar" like they always did. She was quite a little lady. He smiled when he remembered how shyly she had said,

"Jerry is a more suitable name than Jeremiah for a man as handsome and young looking as you."

And he had told her to call him Jerry, except at the office, and she had permitted him to call her "Goldie." Oh, it was all quite respectable and as J. P. dropped off to sleep, he felt that he had been wasting his youth for a long time.

Upon rising the next morning, J. P. took another prolonged look in his mirror. His eyes looked a bit puffy but that was only because he wasn't used to staying out so late. His skin was good, and no one could tell that his teeth weren't his own. He patted the few remaining wisps of hair on his shiny bald head and decided to ask his barber for some good hair tonic. As

his eyes traveled downward he was annoyed to see that he had a rather large waist line. Funny, he had never noticed it before. Well, that could be easily remedied. He had heard some of his friends mention classes in gymnastics.

When he arrived at the office, Miss Jones was sitting by his desk with tears in her blue eyes.

"My dear little girl, what is the matter," J. P. inquired anxiously.

"Oh Jerry dear, Mr. Noyes, I mean, after having such a perfect evening with you last night, I arrived home only to find that mother had another attack and will die if she doesn't go to California."

"Well, well, what is so terrible about that?" Why don't you send her"? said Jeremiah to whom money was the least of his worries.

"I can't afford it," said Miss Jones, dropping her long lashes over her big eyes.

"How much will you need," J. P. asked drawing his check book out. "We can't let anything happen to the little mother that I have heard so much about."

"Oh, I couldn't think of taking so much from you," she sobbed. "It would cost a thousand dollars."

A few minutes later J. P. was wiping the tears from her blue eyes with his big handkerchief and shoving the check into her hands. He was assuring her that she could pay it back whenever she was able and not to worry.

The next morning J. P. received a note from Miss Jones. It read,

"Thanks for the 'loan,' Pop. Mother has been dead for years but I know she would appreciate your taking care of her little girl." Love, Goldie. P. S. The check is cashed.

TOURISTS IN VENICE

Harriet Stephenson

We watched the children play in St. Mark's square
Feeding the pigeons, clustered at their feet.
Cooing and clapping wings around the chair
Where an old man sold corn for them to eat.
The sleek, fat bodies seemed to pave the street
With milling, mixing, shining shades of gray,
And when the noon hour struck, a sudden sheet
Of whirring, screaming pigeons flew away,
The chime of that old clock frightened them every day.

We walked where prisoners walked, and where they sighed
To pass from life to death, we sighed to pass.
We stared about like tourists, curious-eyed.
Poked our heads out the broken window glass
Where years ago men stood to look their last
On sky and sea and Venice's Grand Canal,
But saw the Doge's palace, grim and vast,
And heard the waters slapping at the wall,
An instant of the world that was to be their all.

THERE WAS A WORM

Alice McCarthy

Wilbur was the shyest boy in Lake Town High School's senior class. He did not share the sense of being an overlord of great importance, and attitude which his fellows adopted toward the underclassmen. Since the term began in September, they had swaggered through the halls, hands rammed in peckets, shoulders straight, chests out to show off blue sweaters with white "L's" sewn just in the middle. They strained their foreheads into the correct degree of frown to denote worldly wisdom, and care that lifted them above their light-minded contemporaries. Wilbur did not stride with them. He walked with quick eager steps to reach his next class. His left shoulder drooped from the weight of a brief case, but that did not matter for Wilbur wore a spotted tweed suit instead of a blue sweater.

Fred and Henry, walking ahead of Wilbur to Mr. Huntley's chemistry class, stopped to speak to Joanne Clemens. Wilbur, going over in his mind the equations for the day, plodded into Henry's broad shoulders.

"Oh, uh— excuse me," he gasped.

" 'S'all right, Wilbur old boy, old boy," proclaimed Freddy, clapping him on the back. "We just stopped to say hello to Joanne here," he went on, with the necessary note of condescension to a sophomore, even one with eyes like violets in May.

"Hello, Wilbur," cooed Joanne.

"Gee— Hu-llo Joanne," mumbled Wilbur, a flush rising around his ears to the line of his fair hair. Adoration glowed humbly in his brown eyes.

"Don't forget what we were talking about, Joanne," continued Henry. "We gotta go now, or we'll be late for Huntley. See you later," They moved on up the hall.

"I'm giving her a break this weekend," Fred announced when they had turned the corner to the chem lab, "taking her to the movies Friday night." Wilbur sighed. Think of being able to go to the movies with Joanne, or even Betty or Martha Louise. Imagine his stepping up to the ticket office in his pin striped flannels and blue coat, remarking "two please" in a detached tone. Joanne he pictured in blue, with a floppy hat. The loungers in the lobby reading "Coming Attractions—Next Week," watched with jealous glances as he, Wilbur, held open the glass door while she passed into the darkened theatre. Idle imaginings—Wilbur did not ask Joanne, or even Betty or Martha to go to the movies. He blushed, and almost broke into a run when he saw them in the halls. His shyness became only more acute because he wanted to be friendly and casual.

The chemistry students, without exception, disliked Mr. Huntley. Wilbur hated him with a depth and vehemence that no one suspected. He was a good student in every thing but chemistry. His other teachers realized that his natural ability would be lost in his shyness if they did not help him. With patience they had gotten him to a point where he could recite without remembering to think that every one was looking at him. Mr. Huntley, far from being patient, time after time baited Wilbur for his shyness.

When the class was out of tune with chemical reactions, and Mr. Huntley, in exasperation pushed back his black hair with a fierce gesture, the consequences fell on Wilbur. Swinging his powerful body around on one heel,

Mr. Huntley turned on Wilbur, and his long arm shot out like an accusing conscience.

"You tell us, Wilbur," he shouted, his finger wagging almost in the boy's face. "You're supposed to be a bright boy, you explain for us." Wilbur, sitting in the second seat in the third row, looked up to see all eyes on him. Every one in the three rows of seats on each side turned toward him. Mr. Huntley was perched on his own desk in front of Wilbur's row.

"Uh— uh—," Wilbur stammered. Why hadn't he combed his hair with water this morning? He felt it sticking straight up in back like feathers. He started to raise his hand to smooth it, but another wag from Huntley's finger made him stop.

"I know," he gasped. His face, his ears, even the back of his neck burned. Why did everybody have to look at him? Then he could not remember what he knew. He could not even speak. Why didn't the bell ring? something, anything, so they'd let him alone. If only they'd turn around and stop looking at him. Round, and round the ideas raced in Wilbur's anguished brain. Mr. Huntley was lecturing when thoughts again marched coherently thru Wilbur's mind. As the bell rang he made for the door. He heard Mr. Huntley talking to Freddy, talking loudly so those leaving their desks could hear him.

"Wilbur's mother says he's not dumb," Mr. H. tittered, "just shy. I'd like to know what you call a guy that sits and doesn't open his mouth. What is he, if he's not dumb?" An unwilling laugh joined Huntley's loud guffaw. Wilbur felt the back of his neck getting hot again.

* * * *

Two weeks before the Senior Ball Wilbur climbed on his stool at his table next to the windows in the chem lab, more than half an hour early. A deep frown made his face serious. Turning to the windows he watched the early morning golfers teeing up across the hill. His mother's words as he left home that morning came back to him.

"Wilbur, there's no earthly reason why you don't ask some nice girl like Ethel Mae Higgins and go to that dance of yours."

"Aw, not Ethel, Mom," he groaned.

"Well, I don't care who," she exclaimed irritated, "but ask somebody. Really, you need to assert yourself. You're a nice boy and there's no reason why you shouldn't get up and do things the way other boys do."

"Assert myself!" thought Wilbur, opening his manual and note book to the day's work. "Lets see, what are we having today? O yes, Huntley's performing an experiment for us." He looked up across the long tables spaced evenly on each side of the large square room, to the teacher's table in the middle. "Yeah, there's the apparatus." The morning sun sparkled on the glass beakers and bottles. "I'd like to assert myself with old Huntley." Wilbur swung down from his stool and crossed the room. He picked up a bottle and read the label. "Oh, acetic acid and sulphuric acid." "Wouldn't it be a good one on him if the experiment didn't work." The picture of Huntley standing before the class, blustering and embarrassed, hectically trying to make the thing work, the picture of Huntley ranting and shouting, moved Wilbur to an action which, when he had finished, left him breathless at his own boldness. He lifted the stopper from the Sulphuric Acid bottle and poured the

liquid carefully down the drain in the sink. With a paper towel he swabbed the inside dry, refilled it with water, and put back the stopper.

When the boys began to tramp in Wilbur was perched on his stool, his nose deep in his lab manual. Fred and Henry greeted him casually, not noticing that his book was upside down, and that it wabbled noticeably. Hearing Mr. Huntley's voice in the hall, Wilbur puffed out his chest with a great breath, and set his chin at a firm angle murmuring, "Assert myself." Mr. Huntley entered. Wilbur's chest deflated so audibly that the teacher glared at him. "No girls here yet," he growled, looking over the room. "Nearly time for the bell, too." He checked over his apparatus, then paced between the tables. When the second bell rang and every stool was filled Mr. Huntley began, "As I told you yesterday, I am going to perform the experiment today. Please pay close attention. I shall explain each step afterward." Then Mr. Huntley measured 20 c. c. of sulphuric acid into the beaker. He filled the graduated cylinder and poured its contents into the beaker, then turned on the water faucet. Suddenly he slammed down the cylinder and stared into the beaker. Throwing a quick suspicious look at the pupils craning eagerly forward, he grabbed the sulphuric acid bottle. Raising the stopper, he placed a drop of the liquid on his finger tip, and tasted it.

"I thought so."' Mr. Huntley hurled the bottle into the sink and shook a huge fist at the class. "Who put water in the sulphuric acid bottle?" he shouted. "Speak out now or it'll go hard with all of you." The class, wide-eyed with excitement, sat motionless. "You can't make a fool out of me." "James Clark, go to Mr. Hardy's office and ask him to come back with you." Wilbur's knees began to tremble. He clutched at them with his hands. The principal. Mr. Huntley, was sending for the principal. "I'm not going to tell them," he said to himself, over and over.

"This is most unfortunate, most unfortunate," cried Mr. Hardy, as he opened the door. "To think that any pupil would be so childish." Wilbur felt a twing of remorse.

"I'm going to keep them here until I find out who did it," announced Mr. Huntley, stuttering with anger.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Huntley, we must find the culprit. He shall be properly punished, I assure you. But ah— aren't there some pupils who would be incapable of such an act, or would not have the opportunity," he questioned, glancing over the puzzled and excited group. "If you would excuse them we could proceed much more rapidly." Mr. Huntley considered the class begrudgingly.

"The girls can go," he said. "None of them were here before I was. But the boys have to stay. Except Wilbur," he sneered. "He can go. He's too big a sissy to do it." Relief flowed over Wilbur. His knees stopped trembling. Gathering up his books, he walked out with a firm step, almost laughing in Huntley's face as he passed him. Too big a sissy was he? Well, he had asserted himself and fixed Huntley once and for all.

In the hall he caught sight of Joanne getting a drink at the fountain just ahead.

"Oh, Joanne," he called, "Wait a minute."

"How would you like to go to the Senior Dance with me," he asked brightly, grinning widely at her.

"Why Wilbur," faltered Joanne completely surprised. Then she added, her eyes twinkly, "I'd love to. It's so sweet of you to ask me."

"Fine!" cried Wilbur, almost crowing, "I'll be seeing you." And he set off down the hall, striding and whistling.

ON BEING DISAPPOINTED

Ruth E. Maxwell

The biggest trouble with the world is that there are so many people in it, all with different temperaments and desires. Some want it to rain when others want the sun to shine. Some want to sleep at night when others want to throw noisy parties. Some want to marry the same man or woman. And since the sun does not shine when it rains, since it is impossible to sleep amid noise, since polygamy is outmoded, some are bound to be disappointed. Nobody can always have what he wants when he wants it, just as nobody can always do what he wants to do when he wants to do it.

Although everyone recognizes this fact, none likes it. Therefore, as a kind of defense mechanism, people invent platitudes to the effect that reverses and disappointments are the stuff of which character is made—as though that banality were compensation for these same reverses and disappointments. The truth of the saying is also doubtful. For are there not a number of persons, bred upon hardship, who are bitter and disillusioned and altogether unpleasant? And are there not as many, comparatively free from misfortune who are gay and kind and completely charming? But even if the idea were sound, is character so much more desirable than fun? A great many of us like to think not.

Everyone who gives any thought to the matter, will admit the fallacy of this postulate. There must be another anchor. So people now say that a life of uninterrupted happiness would pall, and that disappointment is necessary to add piquancy and variety to our existence. They, of course, realize that there are enough sorts of pleasure to provide the requisite zest.

No effort to find an ethical reason for disappointment can be satisfactory, when it is a simple fact that the world is too small to adequately accommodate all its inhabitants. This acknowledgement does not, however, make disappointment any the less disturbing. There is nothing so mentally upsetting as to be disappointed. To be sure, if we have reached our majority, a disappointment no longer calls for actual shrieks of rage or wild, savage gesticulations. We repress the physical manifestations of emotion, but we experience the feverishness of it, none the less. Our better selves whom we have encouraged over a period of years, have, by this time, grown in stature. At a crucial time like this, however, these parts of us merely stand off and wag their fingers, while our worse natures, even yet our most likeable selves, stage a tantrum.

Disappointments are like bee stings. The most trivial of incidents can cause the sharpest pain. Who can remember a more bitter experience than rain on a picnic day? Who knows a keener grief than not finding the pony one prayed for? Or, what is more ironic than having an examination on the day of a house party? None of these occurrences are important enough to change our destinies, but they are not too slight to change our dispositions.

Even now, the very thought of being disappointed puts me in an ill humor. But a few moments ago, an indefinite desire of mine was frustrated. I am

beginning to seethe inside, and shall soon boil over, for the more one dwells upon matters of this sort, the more exciting they become.

There was a time not long ago when I was wont to deliver to the victims of disappointments Pollyanna speeches about the value of unpleasant experiences. However, when such a speech was addressed to me when in a similar situation, I was amazed to discover how annoying it was I wanted to scream, "Go away!" This disappointment isn't doing me nor anyone any good. But here it is, and I'll take it and like it, just because I can't do anything else!"

A THORN FOR YOUR ROSE

Prudence N. Goodale

Hefty, whose nickname had become attached to him because of obvious reasons, sank with a thud into a wobbly armchair, and running his thick fingers through his curly dark hair, gazed at every separate article of furniture in his room. Because the book-strewn walnut desk scarred with deep-graven initials and the big college banner above it and the broad bed which sagged in the middle all suggested futility and desolation, he sighed with long drawn sighs. Even the picture of himself in football regalia crouching with the pigskin tucked under one arm and the tinted portrait of a smiling blond girl, failed to bring back a sparkle to his green eyes. There was no escaping the fact that temporarily at least he was broke, cleaned, in fact without a penny, and on his desk a yellow square of paper bearing the awful words "Western Union" at the top left him no doubts as to the fact that he could expect no pecuniary relief from home. Daily, Hefty reflected, he was becoming the laughing stock of the Gunther campus; he had used that very expression in the last urgent telegram to his father,—a loving epistle on which, by the way, he had reversed the charges.

Now his visions of robbing the zoology professor whom he hated anyhow or marrying Annabelle Morrisson, lovely daughter of a steel magnate, or even working part-time in the cafeteria vanished as Henry Mansville Wickersham III, his room-mate, galloped into the room. "Wick" was a tall, thin boy with brown wiry hair which fairly stood on end with interest.

"How's things?" asked Wick. And his friends ensuing groan was eloquent.

"No kale from Dad . . . . why, I was counting on it and so I asked Maud to go."

"You mean you asked her to go to the formal out at the country club?"

"Yeah, ya dumb cluck, what'd ya think I meant?"

"Well, at least, Steve can't take her," suggested Wick. He was referring to big Steve Callowell, activities hound and all-powerful fullback, whose very name brought unpleasant ideas to the mind of Hefty Blake. Under the latter's very eyes he had snatched the chairmanship of the June formal dance held yearly at a local country club. Indeed he had even presumed to invite Hefty's girl, Maudie, to come over to the practice field so that he might show off his flawless punting to her. The thought of partial revenge soothed Hefty for a moment.

"Pretty smart, getting ahead of old Steve . . . . but wait til she hears I haven't a cent, she'll bite holes in the ceiling . . . "

"Why not get her to pay?" suggested Wick. "Isn't it a big honor to go with you?" He had barely time to dodge a flying book.

"Dad hasn't even answered the last one," moaned Hefty, "just doesn't show any appreciation at all."

Wick had paced to the far corner of the room where he stood smoothing his kinky hair and frowning. Suddenly he looked up and said, "Look, Hefty, the dance is exactly eleven days off. Why don't you start polishing everybody's shoes and waiting on table?"

Hefty was silent for some time, then he shook his head. "No one else has any money either," he objected, "I guess I'll have to face Maudie and tell her what's what."

* * * *

From the fragrant warmth of the air and the clear, black of the sky, anyone could have guessed that it was a night in June, and from the joyous murmur that rose from out the Briar Cliff Country Club and Gunther student would readily have told an inquirer that the June formal dance was just getting under way.

The Decoration Committee had scattered roses of all colors everywhere from the long festoons of them that hung over the dance floor to the banked roses that were to conceal the orchestra. A crowd of girls in gay swishing gowns and young men in formal dress surged about the entrance of the Club. They seemed to sway to the time of the music that could be heard from within.

"Lovely night! Lovely girl!" chuckled Hefty into Maud's ear, as they emerged from the Wickersham roadster which Hefty had borrowed for the evening. At every step she took, Maud's white organdy dress floated out around her ankles; she clung to the arm of the beaming young Hefty as he strode forward to the steps, but suddenly he stopped. He was fumbling through his pockets, a deep frown on his brow. Maudie looked up quickly.

"Have you forgotten something?" she asked, hoping nothing could spoil her happiness that evening.

"Well—uh—look," said Hefty, "I left the t—"

"The tickets?" cut in Maud, her eyes growing wide with alarm.

"Oh, no, of course not," Hefty assured her quickly, "Just my handerchief." He sneezed violently several times and then added, "I tell you what—you walk on in, and I'll come along in a minute and meet you inside."

Maud would have objected, but even as she opened her mouth to speak, her companion had slipped from her side and was gone. She walked in the door, but no one asked her for a ticket;—they were stopping only the men.

Hefty had skipped not to the car, but around to the back of the building, scanning every window as he went. The plan he had worked out so carefully had many hitches he had not counted on. He had not thought that most of the windows would be brightly lighted or that they were all hard to reach from the ground. In the reflected light he saw that beside one dark window there was a rose trellis which seemed sturdy enough. The window, Hefty noted, was open and he climbed the creeking, swinging trellis until he got both arms onto the sill. With a yank, Hefty put his head and shoulders into the room, but even as he rested there for a moment, he heard voices behind him calling. Sure that he was caught, he began to think of plausible alibis; the voices were still there, but he realized then that he was in the dark and might not have been seen, so heaving mightily he pulled himself into the blackness of the room where he landed on a soft carpet. All of a sudden there came a burst of laughter beside him and high girls' voices chattering. He crawled across the floor, hoping to evade detection, heading for a crack of light which beamed through

the bottom of some door. Girls were laughing; somehow he could hear every word they said. Hefty was not sure into what part of the club he had walked, but determined to get out some way, he stood up and stepped into the glare of the adjoining room. Gales of laughter and a small scream greeted young Mr. Blake as he stood blinking in the bright room. He realized that there were girls all around him and none of the boys. He turned to run when suddenly Maud with black eyes snapping appeared from somewhere to grab his arm and guide him outside into the hall.

"What were you doing in there and where did you get that scratch on your nose?" she demanded.

Speechless, Hefty stepped to a mirror nearby, getting a shock as he saw not a neat young man in spotless mess jacket but one with a dark smudge across his bosom, with hair in wild disorder, and a bleeding cut across his nose.

"You better check my wrap and repair yourself," said Maud.

In the space of a few minutes, as Hefty, now looking almost as good as new and certainly wearing a contented smile, led Maud to the dance floor they met Steve Callowell whose eyes bore no look of love as they rested on Hefty and the girl at his side. Even Hefty's grin and Maud's quick smile did not take the frown from his face, but he allowed himself a grunt in reply. He looked at Hefty long and hard; there seemed to be something he wanted to say, but before he had a chance to speak the young couple had swished away. Steve was still frowning as he turned to a fellow committee members and asked "Did Hefty Blake buy a ticket for this dance at the last minute?" The others shook their heads. "Why, the dirty crook," fumed Steve, "He thought he could crash this dance because he was related to a trustee."

Steve thought for a long time. He hated this nervy Hefty, hated because he got easily the things Steve had to work for, hated him because he had dared to invite Maud. What if he walked up to Hefty and demanded the ticket stub point blank? He could wait until the end of the next dance and then grab him. No, he decided, that wouldn't work;—Maud would think it was jealousy.

The young couple in question was executing some difficult steps from a new Cuban Rhumba, not knowing that they were the objects of a serious conversation. But as Hefty was soon panting for breath, he suggested that they take some time out. While walking on the open porch where the air was cool and there was no light save that of the moon, Hefty, all in a moment, stopped and told Maud to listen. What she heard was the voice of Steve Callowell as it drifted out an open window. He was saying in a loud, excited voice, "But I've counted all the tickets here in my pocket. I'm sure some one is crashing this dance. But I know how to catch him:—one of us will lead a grand march out of a side door, through the rose gardens, and up to the front door. As they file in, we will demand the stubs of their tickets. Maud giggled,

"Why imagine anyone's crashing here."

"Yes, just imagine," Hefty smiled,

"Let's be the first ones in the Grand March," suggested Maud.

Hefty, eager to atone for his bad behaviour earlier in the evening, agreed, but he was downcast. In spite of his small mishap, the evening so far had been a success, which was now to be ruined by Steve Callowell and his Grand March. It was while they were dancing again that the idea came to him.

"Say, honey," he said, "You look pretty tired. If you don't want to stay late, I'll just take you home now." His voice was solicitous.

"I'm not tired," answered his little partner, "I feel as though I could dance all night."

Hefty nodded an acceptance of his fate, but he writhed as the evening wore on, he shivered every time he saw a committee member, he cursed as he caught a glimpse of his arch enemy. The blare of the orchestra stopped temporarily, then it started a march. Laughing couples fell into line and followed Steve as he walked now in one direction and now in another. After hesitating for some time Steve bent his steps toward the side door of the rose garden with the crowd following in a gaudy serpentine line. Hefty and Maud followed Steve as closely as they could. Hefty was sure that he would be caught, that Maud would never forgive him; he decided to tell her everything.

"Look, Maud," he said in a low tone, when Steve was two steps ahead of them, "There is something I've got to tell you. I lost the — — "

His confession was cut short by a curse from Steve who had caught his jacket on a thorny rose bush. Hefty jumped forward.

"Let me help you," he said, as he carefully pulled Steve's coat away from the bush. Steve only glared and resumed his march but Hefty looked as though the good deed had somehow cheered him. There was a lot of giggling as Steve led the parade toward a darkened path, but presently they emerged once more into a semi-lighted lawn. At the door stood the members of the dance committee; seeing them Steve turned and smiled. Hefty knew why and Maudie thought she did. Then with an abrupt turn the column was directed toward the steps where Hefty walked up confidently and being asked for his ticket handed over the yellow slips with a sweeping gesture. Other couples were quickly filing in to occupy the hands of the committee men, but Steve nearby looked as though he were undergoing a heat attack. Hefty and his fair lady smiled as they passed.

* * * *

Hefty tried to undress in the dark so as not to waken Wick, but he stumbled on something, and Wick opened his eyes.

"Narrowest escape of my life," gurgled Hefty as he extricated himself from his stiff collar. "It would have been a show down if we hadn't sat out that dance on the porch. All I had to do was to grab two tickets from his pocket while we were going through some dark shrubbery."

IMPRESSION OF FLORENCE

Harriet Stephenson

We sat upon Fiesole and looked
On dark gray olive trees, and crooked roads,
Across the narrow Arno and the park,
To Florence' towers lit by the rising sun.
There near the Ponte Vecchio, the shop
Where we bought lace and linen, bargaining;
Beyond, the Place of Michael Angelo;
There that museum we had visited,
It's dome large, looming in the early light.
We looked on Florence from Fiesole,
And turned and looked into each other's eyes
Still with the olive gray reflected there.

MULEBACK

Dorothy Pontious

Riding had long been my favorite sport and pastime. I had prided myself on being able to ride anything from a cow to Uncle Ned's pet Honey bear, thus more ignominious was my defeat when I encountered my conqueror two years ago while I was visiting relatives in Ohio. I had been helping my cousins with **The Life of the Monks,** of which I knew less than they. We had worked strenuously all morning, so, in the afternoon, Bob and Jean insisted that I needed relaxation, and, since, for me, riding was relaxation, I applied to the livery man for a horse. He looked sadly at what must have been my rather apprehensive expression as though he pitied me, and asked if I had ever ridden a mule. No, I never had. "Of course," said he "the stables hold as good riding horses as ever were saddled, but if you want a 'Rock me to sleep, mother' style of ride, you will take a mule." Now I do not consider myself a first class judge of mules. I had only vague notions concerning them. I supposed they would do a large amount of work with very little feed and were immortal. I had heard of one's being driven over the same route by the same boy for eleven years and was still called a young mule. "Well, bring forth the mule," I said. The mule was brought.

He was a meek looking beast—a perfect Uriah Heep of a mule so far as "umbleness" was concerned. At least that was the view I took of him. For a mile or two he paced with calm grace. I thought those old monks I had been reading about knew what they were doing when they travelled on mules. I had high respect for their judgment. Just then my steed began to show symptoms—symptoms of what I did not know, but I soon found out. Dropping his head between his legs, his heels described a parabolic curve in the air, and I got off and sat on the ground. I got off over his head and did it without losing any time. When the first shock of landing in such a graceless fashion was over, I looked at the mule to see if he might be hurt. No, he did not appear to be, but he stood with ears and tail drooping, the picture of injured innocence. Then I felt my anatomy to see how I was. I reported an abrasion on the left leg and a contusion on the lower end of my spinal column. I thought of pronouncing a lefthanded blessing on that mule, on forefathers and foremothers before him, and on children after him, but I didn't. I merely wondered if he would stand fire. If I had had a pistol I should have put the muzzle to his ear and tried him—not that I harbored hatred, but I was afraid somebody might take a ride on him someday and get hurt. However, I had no pistol so that benevolent sanguinary idea was frustrated. After getting up and shaking the dust from my shoes and brushing the sand from my trousers as a testimony against that place, I led the mule carefully home and stated my case to the livery man. When my looks suggested that he should offer to send for a doctor or a Samaritan to do me up in a rag and pour olive oil on my bruises he laughed. And the stable boy who helped him laid down on a bench and laughed—then rolled off the bench and laughed. They had heard my boastings of my ability to ride. It was ridiculous—but I learned a little wisdom. From then on when I felt the urge to indulge my desire for my favorite sport, I chose a different kind of beast from a mule.

MAME

Elizabeth Moore Miller

"Of course, Madame, if you think you can do better some where else——— Good day, come in again.

Say, Mame, did you see that walking house? 'My dear, do you have a slip to fit me?' she says—and I sez 'We might have' and after I drags out all the slips in the store, she up and walks off without buying a thing. Boy what I could do to people like that.

Say, there goes my buzz. The boss must wanta see me. Is the seams of my hose straight? Lend me your powder puff, my nose feels shiny——— say, do you 'spose he's going to raise my pay? Heaven knows I could use it. Keep a peeper on my counter till I get back."

* * * *

"Mame, can you imagine, Mr. Grogan unscrewed his mug long enough to blame me for not showing enough interest in selling slips? As if I don't slave away day in and day out trying to sell his rotten slips. Lots of other places they're waiting with open arms for an efficient sales girl like me. For ten cents I'd quit this job.

Yes, of course, madame, I'm here to wait on customers, I thought you was only looking. These here are the slips we advertise guaranteed genuine crepe. Just a dollar ninety-five. ———Too much, why, madame, the store is actually losing on these garments—just an advertising scheme. You'll take two, size forty-two. Certainly, we'll have them sent out immediately. Mrs. Percy White, 14 Cherry. Yes—today, we'll get them out—I'm sure your daughter will look just too sweet in them. Good bye. Thank you.

Say, Mame, did you hear that—size 42. What a horse her daughter must be! I wouldn't even wear those slips to my Great-aunt Minnie's I get all my clothes at Marcy's—Boy, have you seen those new sport hats at only a dollar forty-nine in their basement? Gee, they're spiffy, so much classier than the dead models around this dump.

Hey, here comes that new floor walker,—my lipstick quick!

Yes, sir, I'll have them put away right away. No, my report ain't quite ready. Oh say, I didn't know it was a rule of the store not to chew gum. Sure, I'll see it doesn't happen again."

Say, ain't he a pill, such a dill pickle,—Hey, Mame, lend me a hand folding up these petticoats. Yeh, put 'em here.

Did I have a swell date last night? Well, you tell me—no you couldn't! Gee, he was divine, not so much in looks but he's got that certain something. You'll have to meet———Say there's a customer for you."

* * * *

"I just thought she'd be the type to be 'looking round.' Boy is this story in "True Love" called **My Dream Man** good—I just eat it up.

What? Oh, yeah, I see that floor walker coming———the Peeping Tom."

BLACK AND GOLD

Jane Dowler

He was waiting for her as usual at the flag pole in front of the large white high school. The afternoon sun shone down upon his blond, ruffled hair and sparkled upon a heavily crested, black onyx senior class ring. His pale blue eyes wandered over the laughing groups of boys and girls pouring out of the opened doors. At the sound of his name he turned and smiled down upon a small dark girl in a blue jumper and boyish shirt open at the throat. Together they turned and walked down the long steps, the strands of her dark wavy hair barely touching the rough, tweeded shoulder.

"My gosh, Tom," the girl beside him said enthusiastically, "I thought that bell would never ring. Old Kendall kept on babbling about electrons and atoms until I thought I would turn into one. The gong just saved me, too, because he was just beginning on the S's. Seemore is a nice name to have when they call on you alphabetically."

"Seemore is a good name anyhow," Tom replied smilingly, "because it belongs to you, Carolyn Seemore," he mused. "I used to have an Aunt Carolyn, but she wasn't a bit like you; she was fat and crabby and always took away my guns and cannons because she said it put the wrong kind of ideas into my head."

At the corner they entered a drugstore and joined a large group of boys and girls who had pushed several tables together in the back of the room. Amid the clicking of soda glasses and the strident noises of chairs upon the hard floor, friends greeted each other and yelled jokes and gossip across the chocolate smeared tables. Suddenly, a short, curly-headed boy rose and drew many laughing faces toward him by tapping his long-handled spoon against the thick green soda glass.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "at the sound of the gong there will be only four more days, seven hours, and twenty-two minutes until we will be post-grads. And yes, Tom Carter, it will only be four more days until you will be on the platform making a speech for our class!"

At this Tom stood up and gave a stiff bow. Throwing back his blond head and assuming a gruff, husky tone, he cleared his throat and said, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"—A bubble of laughter filled the room and the prospective orator resumed his seat affectively twisting imaginary mustaches. Somebody suggested they sing the senior class song and deep unsteady voices and sweet girlish ones blended to the tune of **Auld Lang Syne.**

Carolyn did not sing. Over two broken straws she gazed at the slender boy at her side. How she wishes she were a senior too. She hated being left behind. She studied the golden-crested English T on his ring finger. Only yesterday he had proudly shown it to her. On the inside, she remembered, was neatly carved in English lettering T. C. C. 1933. He had let her try it on and they had laughed because her middle finger was the only one which would hold the ring on. "He will give that to me before he goes to Yale," she thought.

The night of the graduation dance at the Country Club, Tom slipped the heavy ring upon Carolyn's middle finger.

"I want you to wear this always for me," he murmured in her ear.

She only answered, "Yes, Tom," in an even voice. But she was incredibly

happy. She hoped that no one would notice her burning cheeks. Often she would press the hard coolness to her face and remember the strong hands which had so gently placed the gold band upon her finger.

But the next day Carolyn returned the ring.

"Mother would not let me keep it," she sputtered between sobs. "She said that it was too—too silly."

"Aw, gee," Tom comforted her. "Never you mind. Maybe you could keep it anyhow—and not wear it I mean—just as sort of a reminder of me."

"I don't need any reminder of you. Besides, it wouldn't be any fun to have it, and then to hide it."

"Oh, well, darling," Tom replied, "some day I hope I can give you a better one, and with your family's consent, too."

"You are such a dear, and I won't cry anymore," Carolyn said, wiping her eyes on the corner of his handkerchief, "But Tom," she added looking up at him, "just because I cannot wear your ring, you won't, I mean you wouldn't, give it to anyone else would you? I mean"——

"Of course not, my dear," he assured her. "I shall always wear it myself and think how lovely it looked upon your small, delicate hand."

They did not see each other that summer. The Carters went to their cottage in Canada and Carolyn went off to visit her Grandmother in New Jersey.

The week before Tom left for Yale, he and Carolyn and Fred and Liz and Jocks and the rest of the crowd went swimming every day and held a very successful picnic. On Tom's last night home they went dancing at the Club.

Above the strains of **Stormy Weather**, Tom told Carolyn how much he was going to miss her.

"It has been grand knowing you these past two years," Carolyn answered. "I am going to miss you a lot, too. We have had lots of fun together, haven't we? You will write, of course."

During October and November, Carolyn received one letter a week regularly. At school she sang the same songs and struggled with the same geometry lessons and themes which Tom had talked of a year ago. The only different subject to alter the discussion at the drugstore gathering, was a new girl in their class who had won the admiration of all the boys in their group. They talked incessantly about her blond hair and sparkling eyes and very low, southern drawl. Soon she was taken into their crowd and Carolyn noticed that the bantering over the glass table tops became more formal. The cycles of concersation only circled about couples and foursomes, each group intimately discussing diverse subjects. There were no more toasts and no more impromptu speeches, but curiously enough, the Club increased.

The new girl, Sally Calloway, particularly attached herself to Carolyn and was forever taking her to luncheon or for long rides into the country in her new Ford roadster.

"A boy I know in Virginia has asked me down to the Yale-Princeton football game this week-end," Sally joyfully told her one day while walking home with her. "We used to see a lot of each other in Richmond," she continued. "And he is the smoothest dancer. I can hardly wait to see him again. I leave tonight and will probably be home in time for school Monday morning."

"How marvelous," Carolyn exclaimed. But in her heart she was green with envy. Surely Sally, who had seemed so impartial to all of the boys, apparently never favoring one for another, surely she could not be craving to see

her 'Lexie,' or whoever he was, as much as she ached to see Tom. How many times she had pictured herself beside this tall slender boy on the Campus, very distinguished from all the rest, even with his Freshman "dink" and bulky sweater. Talking with him, laughing with him, dancing with him—oh, how wonderful just to think of it! Tom had said in his last letter that perhaps when the Junior Prom came around in April, that he would have her down. But Sally was going tomorrow.

The next Monday, Sally rushed up to Carolyn, her deep circled eyes glowing, and exclaimed shrilly, "My dear, I had such a divine time. You must wait for me after school. I have lots to tell you. And something special to show you."

Sally talked enthusiastically the whole way home, excitedly breaking off from one dance to another tea-dance and back to the formal ball. In Sally's room the two girls lolled on the twin beds, taking off their shoes so as not to dirty the white spreads.

Suddenly Sally jumped up and from her dresser drawer extracted a gold ring and threw it to Carolyn's side.

"And just look what some prize sap gave me," she said laughingly with an air of unconcern.

On the bed lay a black onyx ring with a gold crested English T. On the inside was inscribed T. C. C. 1933. The black and gold glittered forlornly among the creases in the white spread.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Vida M. Hurst

Recently, I was afforded a splendid opportunity to study human nature "in the raw," for I had been entrusted with the solemn duty of "getting ads" for our college literary magazine, "The Minor Bird," by name. All the advice and instruction available under the circumstances was offered to me as this particular publication had never before been distinguished by such decorations. Accordingly, I was launched and bade to try my watery wings which seemed so unsteady and inexperienced that they were constantly on the verge of sinking. Immediately, I begged the services of a sister student, who was also a willing neighbor, and who cheerfully supplied me with both physical and mental support.

Purposely, we remained on familiar territory that first day and soon discovered that, by supplementing each other's knowledge, we were fairly well acquainted with our local stores. A fruit and vegetable market was our first victim, a tempting one at least. We entered rather shakily yet hopefully and approached our mutual friend, "Sam," who was holding forth under a floppy felt hat in a little glass office in the rear of his store. I spoke my little prepared speech concerning the merits of advertising in this special edition of this important magazine and my aide, faithfully joined in the chorus.

"Is that the smallest space you've got for sale?" Sam of the fruit and vegetables, asked us, who, inwardly frantic, but outwardly playful, assured him that he wouldn't want a cheaper one for his goods—w-w-would he?" Suddenly, he interrupted and demanded, "When do you want the money?" for which swift acquiescence we could have kissed his beardy-face, but we didn't. Instead, we proferred a small, home-made contract, and after ad-

justing, with trembling fingers, the carbon paper, told him to sign "right there." As we left the scene of our first triumph, we thought that the mountains of apples and oranges and even of spinach appeared more appetizing than ever before and ready to tumble down at our joyous feet. "Well, Sally dear, it isn't so hard after all, is it? Why, at this rate, we'll be done in time for lunch!" And so we were—a few weeks later.

Every day did not even start out so well and we soon began to realize that we had suffered a stroke of beginner's luck, for every battle was hardly won. Sometimes, the behind-the-counter defense of a skillful proprietor was entirely too strong for us, who, like beggars, were at the mercy of sarcastic remarks and paltry excuses such as the "boss is out to lunch and won't be back this week," whereupon we decided that he was undoubtedly a glutton and when his absence prolonged into weeks, we were sure that he was either a phantom or that he had rightfully died of his greed. Indifference chilled our ambitions many a day as when one manager ignored us, who had entered, bird in hand, to favor more promising customers with fat grocery lists embedded in their fists.

"Funny, how little attention we are getting here," Sally reminded me. "He must have spoted our paraphanelia. Let's come back again some time to surprise him." We abandoned the swarming counter, temporarily, and omitted the next few doorways in order to revive each other's sales talks as well as our own appearance.

"Now don't hold that pencil in too great readiness," Sally cautioned me. "It scares 'em. Pretend you're going to buy their 'darn' place out and then give 'em a bang-up, high-pressure, sure-fire persuasion act."

"And you, Sal, ol' kid," I cut in, "don't look as though you're going to give up any minute 'cause you make me weaken too."

And so on to our duty again after such mental refreshment. Some stores frankly admitted it financially impossible to help themselves or us and regretted it no more than we. A few prospective advertisers were sympathetic without indulging, and others, like the charming young woman in an equally attractive novelty shoppe, encouraged us with both a kind word and a promise for a good-sized "ad." Time and again, we were used as mere information agents concerning data about our school and then, somehow, we instinctively, knew that such friendly interest was to substitute for a sale. Frequently, it became an endurance contest between us and the clerks, as upon one occasion we bargained for business in a little hat and dress shop. After trying on several models, we suggested that the owner should advertise such lovely creations in our magazine saying, "The girls up at college would be crazy to——" She blasted us from under her hats with a most brief but convincing, "WE NEVER ADVERTISE!"

Occasionally, flabby-looking creatures turned us down while the most stalwart individuals often proved the most susceptible. After we had worked our way to the president of a local firm, we usually found him more pleasant and less dangerous than his insignificant employees. Too often we were chased downtown to the main office as when we finally gained an audience with a local bank president who calmly referred us to an unknown central executive. Some places were actually interested in the subject matter of our book, as was a friendly butcher, who begged time to peruse my old battered, sample copy.

One day, when a pedometer would have collapsed under the weight of so many miles if we had had one, Sally burst out with, "SAY, my brother gets his hair cut in here. Let's try!" Jake was a little in need of his own treatment, but being a young and dark, merry-eyed foreigner, he joked and teased and made us explain exactly what we might mean by "P. C. W." "Now ze P stands for ze what, and ze C and ze W?" he asked in staggering English. I was tagging my ally to give up and come away as there was no apparent reason for wasting our time, when Jake declared, "Sure, I buy ze P. C. W. birdie and take her home to ze kiddie." All I hoped was that he wouldn't demand a real bird when we would try to collect and he wouldn't be too much disappointed when he received a mere English magazine.

Gradually, we developed our own trade tricks, such as that of drawing our would-be customers out from behind their battlements by evidencing an interest in some articles displayed in the distance. We soon knew how much to insist and when to desist. We had to be tactful when suggesting that a company should advertise more in order not to appear critical of its trade. On the other hand, if we admitted a thriving business, it would not need the advantages we had to offer. And so we, slowly, but surely extracted our "ads" by all sorts of means. Toward the end of our trail, we confronted a foreign shoe-maker, who repeated, "The miner bird! The miner bird!——oh, you mean one of them there animils wich goes into coal mines n' sich? Wat would I do with one of 'em in my biznes?" Had we been cannons we should have exploded with a very large bang. As it was, we could not even peep a single reason why he should own such an "animil."

Oh well, it takes all kinds of people, you know, and they all go back to nature and bare their fangs or smile "Welcome" when their pockets are about to be plundered.

———o———

NIGHT

Harriet Stephenson

The night is a stack of black cats:
Each eye is a star
Twinkling from afar
Everything else as black as tar.
The night is a gath'ring of bats:
They fly to the light
That burns through the night
The lamp of the moon, so pale, so bright.

Night's the inside of a cave
With a light far away.
In the pale silver ray
The gently stirring shadows sway.
Night is the depth of the grave.
Cold, dank, and dark.
Hope is the spark
Of pale dawn reaching with it's fingers stark.

The Palmer Match Company
Akron, O.

Thompson's
Flower and Fruit Shop
3909 FORBES STREET
OAKLAND

Gidas Florist
3707 Forbes Street Ma. 1753

H. D. Hale
Electrical Contractor
203 Woodside Road
Forest Hills Pe. 1585

Personality Bob
Massage, Manicure, Cutting
Louise Burnel–June Patterson
PERMANENT WAVE
Expert Operators Modern Equipment
5619 MARGARETTA STREET

MISS E. B. MAXWELL
Florist
812 WOOD ST. WILKINSBURG

Kregar & Co.
900 WOOD ST. WILKINSBURG
"Where Good Foods Are Cheaper"

CALDWELL & GRAHAM
DEPARTMENT STORE
Corner Penn Ave. and Wood St.
Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Churchill 0143 Established 1889

NATIONAL BROKERAGE CO.
MANUFACTURERS'
REPRESENTATIVES
Pittsburgh, Penna.

We Invite You to Visit
Our Modern, Well-Stocked Book Store
located in the very heart of
the shopping district.
Presbyterian Book Store
GRANITE BUILDING
Sixth Avenue and Wood Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLAND B. MURISET

Misses Frocks

585 S. NEGLEY AVE.
Tel.—SChenley 2817

Thames Manor,
Appt. No. 9
Near Ellsworth Avenue

T. W. STEPHENS, JR.

Florist

729 PENN AVENUE

Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania

Churchill 5100-5101

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Hardware, Housewares, Ranges, Roofing,
Sheet Metal Work, Sporting Goods
Garden Supplies

5912 PENN AVE
EAST LIBERTY

Graff Brothers, Inc.

HIland 3050

B. K. ELLIOTT CO.

Opticians

When your Eye Physician asks:
"Whom do you prefer to make your GLASSES?"

Say, Elliott's, of course.

126 Sixth St. Pittsburgh

The Forbes Street Market

Meats and Groceries
Vegetables
Fruits

FORBES ST. and DALLAS AVE.

PAUL & LOUIS

RELIABLE HAIR SHOP
Manicuring
Permanent Waving
Facial Massage

6016 CENTER AVE. Em. 9414-15

REITMEYER GOWNS

Where Style Predominates

3903 FORBES ST. OAKLAND

SINGER PEN & GIFT SHOP

FOUNTAIN PENS
for Gifts and to "fit" your hand
Marking of names
Repairing
Favors, Prizes, Programs, etc.
Be sure to say "from P. C. W."

COMPLIMENTS
of the

BETSY ROSS TEA ROOM

3716 FORBES STREET

OAKLAND

THE MINOR BIRD

JUNE, 1935

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Eleonor Meanor ..... *Freshman Advertising Member*
Miss Alta Robinson ..... *Faculty Advisor*

Editor's Note: Perhaps you have wondered as to the meaning of the Minor Bird. Several years ago Robert Frost visited P. C. W. and introduced his poem, Minor Bird, to the composition students. The name was immediately seized upon as a symbol of their elementary struggles in the field of writing. The ungainly little bird on the cover, new, and with fluttery, unsteady-looking wings, expresses a beginner's attempt at flight.

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THE MINOR BIRD

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

VOL. VI JUNE, 1935 No. 3

THE OLD MAN FROM THE SEA

Dorothy Sargent

On the ragged coast of northwestern Ireland, a long thin finger of land jutts out into the sea, its high rocky coasts separated from the mainland on both sides of two narrow bays. This strip of land has long since been named Loughros Point by the few inhabitants who dwelt along its bleak shores. Here the sea is always wild, the mad waves dashing themselves against the rough gray rocks, and the foaming breakers casting misty sprays high into the air. The folk of the Point seldom venture out on that perilous water, and a roaring sand bar, that stretches across the mouth of both bays at the end of the Point, is a warning for any vessel that might attempt to approach those desolate harbors.

And so the people, who still remain in this rugged and isolated place, live in the same small thatched-roof cottages that their stalwart ancesters built; and farm the stony earth in the same primitive way and with the same crude implements that had been used by many past generations. Most of the younger people have gradually drifted away to seek their fortunes elsewhere, only a few of them remaining to work the barren soil and look after the old ones who will not be torn from that cheerless bleak shore. And on mild summer evenings these folk group themselves about their doorsways, the men talking together or quietly gazing at the sea, the women gossiping over their knitting and lace-making, while their sturdy rosy-cheeked children run barefoot among the rocks. Or, in the winter time, when the cold damp winds blow from the sea across the unprotected land, they stay inside their rude dwellings before the open hearths, and stretch their hands and feet toward the bright blaze from the burning turf that in the summer had been cut in the bog and dried in the sun. Then, it is at these times that the old spin yarns and tell to the young tales of the sea, tales filled with fairy-lore and age old superstitions. And often, especially on a stormy night, when the sea roars and rages, and seems to lash against their very doors, they are reminded and tell of the four lads who went out to sea and had never been seen again by mortal eye. Some believe that they were drowned, others say that they survived the dangers of the ocean and sailed to some foreign land. But a few of the older ones, who remember the old man who came from the sea, shake their white heads and murmur about a "merrow".

It happened many years ago, and only a few of the very oldest ones remember the summer evening that the old man came to Loughros Point. The day had been a stormy one with a fierce wind lashing the furious waves into high hills and deep valleys; but toward evening the wind had calmed although the sea still beat and foamed against the rocky wall of the shore. At sunset the people came out of their houses and sat about their doorways, watching the wild waves rise slowly on the narrow strand as the tide came in. And as they watched, one of the younger men suddenly jumped to his feet and pointing out to the sea, shouted, "Look! A boat! It's coming this way!"

They all stood and shading their eyes with their hands, peered across the rolling water to where a small black speck could be seen riding for a moment on the crest of a wave, and then it disappeared, coming up a moment later on another wave and with every rise drawing a little nearer. The people ran down to the rocks and watched while the small speck grew larger, until soon they could discern that it was a rowboat with only one man at the oars. The men grew excited, and shouting and waving, they cried to each other, "He will never make the strand. He will be dashed to pieces on the rocks if he ever gets across the bar."

But the boat kept coming, crossing the bar and riding calmly on the waves straight toward the shore. And while the people watched wide-mouthed with wonder, the dashing waves tossed the frail vessel gently up on the sand. The man got out of the boat, and after pulling it far up on the strand, he began to climb the rocky path toward the group of people who stood silently watching him. They stared at him, for in truth, he was a strange looking creature; a thin bent old man with long white hair and flowing white beard. He had stooped shoulders and a hunched back, and his arms were long and thin, with scrawny and gnarled hands. He wore a short brown sleeveless robe that was tied around his middle by a rope of seaweeds. His bare feet and nimble legs climbed the rocky path with amazing ease for so bent an old man. As he climbed, he looked up at the people above him, and his brown wrinkled face twisted into a wide grin and his pale eyes sparkled mischievously.

Reaching the top, he stood before the group, looking from one to another, not speaking a word, but foolishly grinning at them. And then he burst into laughter, the weird screeches so startling the group that they drew back and some of the children ran and hid behind their mothers' skirts. And then one of the men, a tall stout young fellow with dark curly hair and red cheeks, stepped from the group toward him and said, "Who are you, stranger, and from where have you come? What do you seek here on these shores?"

The old man pointed out toward the sea and in a high shrill voice cried, "I have come from the sea, far out in the sea. I have come to live here among you."

And then he added, as they seemed to draw away from him, "Do not fear me. I am just an old man, and now I am hungry and tired and only want food and a place to rest. And you are good folk, and you will not let an old man go hungry and with no where to rest his head." He glanced at the people beseechingly as he spoke.

They looked at each other, their plain sturdy faces filled with amazement, casting questioning glances at each other, and whispering behind their hands.

"Sure, and I believe he's mad", Molly O'Hara whispered to her sister, Peg. "Who, I ask you, would want to have him in their house? Faith, and no telling what he might do."

"Indeed, and I shall have nothing to do with him. 'Twill be just like my Willy to want to take him home with us. And with all the children we have to take care of." And Peg snatched up a weeping child and rocked him in her plump arms.

No one stepped forward to offer the old stranger food and shelter, until after a long pause, the tall stout young fellow who had spoken first to the stranger, went and laid his large rough hand on the old man's thin stooped shoulder.

"Come with me, stranger, and I'll see that you get some supper, and after that, perhaps, I'll find a place for you to sleep in my barn. As John Pearson

has no kith or kin to tell him what to do and what not to do. I guess he can help an old man when he sees fit." And John Pearson cast a scorneful glance at those around him.

John lead the old man across the field to the group of small houses that stretched along a stony road. The people followed them at a short distance walking slowly and discussing with one another the strange event.

And so the old man came to live at Loughros Point, and as the weeks went by and the people grew accustomed to seeing the queer fellow among them, they ceased to wonder about him. They learned no more than he told them that first day, and for lack of another name they came to call him "the old man from the sea". He ate his scanty meals with John Pearson, and slept on a bed of hay in John's barn. But during the day he roamed about the place, sometimes climbing among the rocks gathering shells and seaweed, or often rowing in his small boat in the dangerous water. In the evenings when the folk of the Point gathered together, he was always among them, listening to the tales that were told and chuckling to himself at what he heard.

Most of the people feared the old man, and warned their children to stay away from him. They were friendly enough to him but usually avoided him whenever they could. Some of the men spoke kindly to him, and a few of the women gave him food when he passed their doors. He appeared to be happy and content, and he seemed to like the people of the Point, all except four young lads.

These four lads were William and Thomas O'Brien, Richard Connor and John Adair; and four more lively and mischievous chaps could never have been found throughout the width and breadth of all Ireland. They were chums, the four of them; all stout strong lads with dark and flashing eyes and rosy cheeks. Always into some devilment or other, they were, but never really meaning any harm, for they were good-hearted lads. Unlike the other inhabitants of Loughros Point, they never feared the old man; on the contrary, when they met him, they called to him, teasing and taunting him, until he turned on them, and shaking his gnarled fist, he shouted at them, cursing them with strange oaths. But the merry lads only turned away laughing and left him trembling with anger and hate. But toward all the others he was pleasant and complacent, and never showed any signs of anger or aversion when he was among them.

One evening as he sat with a group before Richard Calahan's cottage, the talk turned to tales of fairies and sea-sprites.

"Some claim that they have seen such creatures", said George O'Hara, "but as for me, I have my doubts."

"I mind as how my grandfather used to tell of a "merrow" he saw once sitting on a rock and combing her long hair." Richard Calahan told the others. "He said that when he spoke to her, she vanished before his eyes."

The old man had been sitting on the ground near the group, listening to the talk and gazing dreamily out across the sea. At the mention of the "merrow", he turned toward the speakers alert, and excitement showing in his flushed face and flaming eyes. He spoke, and startled by the sound of his high screeching voice, the people turned and looked at him.

"Have you never seen a mermaid?" he asked them, casting darting glances around him.

No one answered and he continued quickly, "I have seen them often. They are beautiful creatures who live far below the sea. I have often come upon one sitting on a rock combing her long golden hair with one hand and holding

a mirror in the other. They are beautiful women with tails like fish, and they often tell me things of wonder and magic."

The stranger grinned into the astonished faces of those around him. "They are kind to me, and always talk to me when I see them. They show me the future, and tell me strange things that are about to happen. Why only yesterday I met one who told me the strangest thing, the strangest thing." The old man fell silent gazing into the distance.

The people remained motionless staring at the old fellow. William O'Brian winked at his brother, Thomas. After a long pause, Richard Calahan asked in a low voice, "What did she tell you, stranger?"

The old man fixed his flashing eyes on Richard's face and getting to his feet, he answered slowly, "A strange thing, a very strange thing."

William O'Brian burst into loud laughter, and the old man turned toward him and directing a look of fierce hate on him, he said slowly in a low voice, "She told me a very strange thing."

Turning his back on the group, he went down slowly toward the sea, his white hair blowing about his bent shoulders, and his short robe billowing about his thin scrawny legs.

Later that night when Molly O'Hara was going to bed, she went and stood before her window for a moment looking out at the sea. And while she watched she saw a boat leave the shore and following the path of the moon, it went out across the bar into the open sea. There were four men in the boat.

The next morning the news spread through Loughros Point that William and Thomas O'Brian, Richard Conner, and John Adair had mysteriously disappeared during the night. Molly O'Hara was churning butter in her open doorway when her sister Peg ran in and throwing herself breathless on a stool she cried, "Molly, what do you think? Four lads have disappeared during the night, and nobody knows a thing about them."

"Four lads! Why, Peg," cried Molly, "I saw four men leave the shore and go out to sea last night. Faith, I saw it with my own eyes, just before I went to bed. I've been wondering about it ever since."

"Out to sea", Peg fairly screamed. "What would they be going out to sea for at that hour? Let us go down to O'Brian's and tell them. Poor Mother O'Brian is about mad with grief."

By noon all Loughros Point knew that the lads had gone out to sea during the night, and they had not returned. The men searched up and down the narrow strand thinking perhaps to find their bodies washed in from the sea. But not even a sign of them could be found anywhere. In the afternoon Richard Calahan and two other men from the Point set out in a boat to search along the rocky coasts. But toward evening they returned without any news of the missing lads.

After dark, the folk all gathered together at O'Brian's cottage, waiting and hoping that at any moment the door would open and the four lads would walk in laughing merrily as they always did when they had played some youthful prank. But it grew late, and the lads did not come. The group was about to break up, and the people were talking of returning to their houses, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and there in the doorway stood the old man. During the excitement and anxiety of the day, the stranger had been forgotten, but now as he stood in the doorway, the wild look in his face, and his flaming eyes, caused them to draw back in fear. He moved slowly to the center of the room and stared fixedly at the group huddled around the hearth.

After a long pause, in which no one moved or spoke, John Pearson got up and moved across the room to where the old man stood. He placed his hands on the old fellow's shoulders, and looking into those fiery eyes, spoke to him in a quiet kindly voice.

"Have you seen four lads about anywhere today, stranger?"

The old man did not answer and John asked again, "Did you see four lads in a boat out at sea last night?"

At these words the old man's face twisted itself into a hideous grin and he cried excitedly, "Four lads in a boat fishing for mermaids!"

The old man burst into loud laughter, the weird uncanny cries echoing through the small house. Pushing John Pearson aside, the stranger stood before the group, and said in his shrill voice, "I saw them last night when the moon was full, rowing out on the bar. And I called to them and asked them where they were going. 'A fishing for mermaids, old man from the sea', they shouted back. And I followed them in my boat and I saw a very strange thing." The old man fell silent, staring into the white faces and wide-open mouths of the people around him.

"And what did you see, stranger", John Pearson asked.

The old man, his gaze fixed in the fire as though in it he saw a wonderful vision, continued slowly, "Four mermaids came up out of the sea, four beautiful "merrows", and they wrapped their long white arms about the lads and pulled them down into the sea. And I called, but they never answered. And after a while, a mermaid came up from the water and talked to me. She said they had taken the four lads to their home below the sea and there they were fashioning tails for them, and going to keep them imprisoned in the caves of the sea." The shrill voice died away, and not a sound could be heard but the roaring of the bar out in the sea.

And while the people watched, he turned and opening the door, went out into the night. They got up slowly and followed him stealthily. They could see him in the moonlight moving slowly toward the bleak rocky shore. And while they stood and watched, he went down to the strand and pushing his boat out into the water, he got into it, and began to row toward the bar.

A rough wind was blowing and the waves dashed high against the rocks, but the boat rode steadily on until it was lost from sight.

And the old man never returned, and the four lads have never been heard of since; but on stormy nights, the tale is still told in Loughros Point.

———o———

COLLEGE EDUCATION

Helen Wilson

I look at the Professor attentively. After each bit of knowledge that flows from his lips, I bend my head and write what he has just said in the notebook lying on my desk. I have no time to put down everything he has said, so I abbreviate. Later I shan't be able to translate my abbreviations, but I'll not worry about that until a test is imminent.

The classroom is quiet except for the Professor's voice which rises and falls as he talks. I realize that he is having a hard time lecturing on an interesting

subject, and at the same time glancing around at the blank faces which look now at him, and now at the notebooks into which his words are being recorded, there to stay until such time as he gets them back, verbatim, in a "blue book". He is trying to decide from their expressions whether they understand his present point, and he may proceed to the next, or whether he must further emphasize that which he has already repeated twice. The students help him not at all. There is the same lack of expression, puzzled or enlightened, on every face. He sighs and goes on to the next point.

I wonder how long it has taken him to prepare this lecture; quite a long time probably. It's difficult material, and he is presenting it in the simplest manner possible. How does he have patience enough to try to drum his beloved subject into a group of blank-faced, note-writing automatons? Occasionally there is a spark of intelligence. Someone, probably a major in the subject, will nod brightly, when he says, "Is that clear?" The rest of us merely stare vacantly at him, our pens poised, waiting for the next sentence relevant to the subject.

Occasionally he asks a question. The nodding student waits a while, then answers correctly, just as the silence is becoming embarrassing. The Professor cheers up. Maybe the rest really know—just didn't bother to answer. I, myself, am sorry I did not try to answer, but I had not realized that a question had been asked, until I suddenly noticed the silence, and the waning look of expectancy on the face of the Professor. After all it is unfair of him to spring a question in a lecture period.

My foot has gone to sleep. I stand the prickles as long as I can, then I uncross my knees and stamp the foot. The class jerks awake, the Professor hesitates—I whisper to my neighbor in one of those stage whispers, so much louder than an ordinary speaking voice, "My foot's asleep!" "Her foot's asleep!" repeats a startled student in the back row. The class sighs and sinks back in its chair. The faces again grow blank. The lecture is continued.

I look at the Professor attentively. After each bit of knowledge that flows from his lips, I bend my head, and write what he has just said, in the notebook lying open on my desk. I really do not hear a word—I'm not quite sure of the subject. A bit of my brain is analyzing the lecture, and transporting the gist of it to my fingers, which push the pen across the paper. The rest of my mind is dreaming, lulled by the low murmur of the Professor's voice.

Sometime, probably the morning of the next test, or maybe the night before —I'll memorize that which I'm now writing. If it interests me, I shall make a mental note to read a book on the subject, and some day, if I ever have time, I may do so.

I wonder when the bell will ring. Cautiously my left hand reaches to the top of the notebook, as if to hold it in place. Good! My sleeve has slipped up above my watch, as I had hoped it would. I don't make the mistake of looking down at once. No use making the Professor's work even more discouraging by pointedly learning the time. When I again bend to take notes, I casually glance at the watch.

As I look at it, the bell sounds. It's a short bell, but before it stops ringing, the notebooks have banged shut, the fountain pens have been encased in their sheaths, and the Professor's last sentence has died half-spoken.

The class has come to life. Conversations are resumed where they were dropped an hour ago. In laughing, talking groups, the students leave the room, all thoughts of lectures and studying banished for five minutes, when the bell will ring again, and in a different classroom, with a different Professor, and a fresh sheet of paper, another lecture will begin.

SPRING
Season Sketch
Katherine Pyle

Mrs. Krezowski dumped her basket of dandelion greens into a newspaper and perched herself upon the high wooden stool by the window to sort them. As she settled the folds of her wide blue gingham apron about her fat figure and tucked a few wisps of grey hair into her starched white cap, she sighed and looked about her. The kitchen of the little mining house was small and bare. The warm spring sunshine, streaming in through the open window, was reflected by the white-washed walls and newly scrubbed floor. The wooden table, in the center of the room was covered with a red checked cloth, while on its top rested a large bowl filled with new green onions and tiny red radishes. Mrs. Krezowski shifted her gaze to the world lying outside the window. In the distance, hills of red and black slate rose to meet an azure sky and as they smoldered, tiny puffs of yellow smoke were caught and swirled by a breeze which mingled the odors of sulphur, damp brown earth and green growing things. Stretching from the slate dumps to the little picket fence surrounding the yard, were broad acres of rutted fields where puddles of yellow water oozed slowly away. Here and there a green bush sprang up or a spindly poplar tree reached scrawney branches to the sky. No blossoming fruit trees shed their blooms upon the barren landscape. Just out-side the window, a tall, lanky, young man, in tattered blue overalls spaded the brown and green sod. Behind him, a fat robin fluttered and yanked at a wriggling worm. A blue fly buzzed in the window, circled the room, and buzzed out again. Mrs. Krezowski's eyes came back to her dandelions. A bright golden flower lay among the sticky green leaves. Mrs. Krezowski's stained fingers plucked it from its bare dangling root. She stuffed the thin stem into the belt of her apron.

WINTER
Season Sketch

The little kitchen in the miner's house was dimly lighted by a flickering gas jet in one corner. The yellow rays that stole across the red checked cloth of the wooden table, fell upon the dark face of Michael Krezowski, who sat eating his breakfast. The giant foreigner gulped down the last of a steaming cup of coffee, rose and crossed the room to the big coal stove. As he opened the iron door, a leaping flame flared out—then vanished. Michael heaped coals upon the fire. He strode to the window and rubbed the frosted pane with his sleeve. It was dark outside but in the distance, the towering slate dumps were alive with blue and orange flames. In the firey glow, Michael could see the gullied fields sheeted with snow. He would not be able to cross them this morning. Then as he turned from the window, he pulled on his sheep skin coat and high rubber boots. Little fat Mrs. Krezowski handed him a shining dinner pail that smelled of onions and savory bologna. Michael opened the door, and as a blast of freezing wind blew out the gas jet, he disappeared into the darkness.

EVENING

The sun went down
And tiny jewels
Gleaming like a huge necklace
Lighted the velvety darkness. —Margaret Rowe.

AN INCIDENT

Thelma Martindale

Well, they were moving at last—pulling out of the station—and six hours should see them in Cleveland. Tonita sank deeper into her Pullman chair, and a look of contentment came into her face as she thought about being home for Christmas. Some professors load it on so just before vacation that you have no time to think about it until it's right ON you. But that's all right, she wanted to be treated like a grown up—after all, this was her second year away at school. A colored porter in a stiff white jacket came through the car and called, "Now serving in the dining car ahead." Tonita looked in her change purse and regretted having paid a dollar eighty-eight for her chair. Mother had said, "It isn't safe to leave your things on those coaches while you eat; I shall feel much better about it all if you take a chair car." So Tonita stared at two one dollar bills and sixty-eight cents change. Perhaps this idea of buying all the Christmas presents before leaving school wasn't so good. It certainly had taken a lot of that twenty-dollar check. Mother and Daddy would expect her to have at least five dollars leeway. Oh, well, she could get some little something—a sandwich and a cup of coffee for . . . oh, . . . fifty cents. Leaving her bags and books, she rose, stumbled down the aisle, and after tugging at two heavy doors, she staggered into the dining car with its thick soft carpet and white linen table cloths set with gleaming silverware and sparkling bottles of water. One waiter led the way to a table, and bowing slightly, placed a menu before her, while another drew out the chair and removed her coat. There were no other passengers on the car—only another waiter standing up front with his arms folded, looking at her. DINNERS . . . dollar and a half . . dollar and a quarter . . . and one dollar. Then, down at the bottom in small print . . .A LA CARTE on the preceding page. Quickly, she turned back a page, noting that the waiter up front had disappeared and (out of the corner of her eye) that the other two were standing, one at the back of the car and the other more to the center, almost across from her. A LA CARTE . . . nothing under fifty cents except the breads and beverages . . . mostly sixty-five and seventy-five cent orders. She thought again of the two-sixty-eight in her purse, and, reassured, turned back to DINNERS. Dinner one dollar . . . well, that wasn't very much to get for a dollar . . . ridiculous! ! Turning back to A LA CARTE, she picked up the pencil and card, resolving to write something down immediately—without the faintest idea what it would be. Just, very simply, she would look . . .and then copy whatever she happened to see first. LAMB CHOPS (2) .75. On the ticket she wrote LAMB CHOP, and looking at beverages COFFEE (pot) .20 and BUTTERMILK .15 she wrote BUTTERMILK. Then Tonita put the pencil down and immediately the order was whisked away.

Hoping they would bring only one lamb chop and charge thirty-five cents, she took a drink of water. Presently the waiter returned to ask her whether she had ordered from the DINNER or A LA CARTE menu. Tonita hastily told him A LA CARTE, whereupon, bowing, he thanked her and reeled his way back again to the kitchen. Tonita was by this time much amused at the thought of eating just a lamb chop (without the trimmings) and drinking buttermilk. For fear of laughing right in the face of that head waiter who again was standing at the front of the car, she turned her head to look out the window. When the waiter finally came back, with long strides, head high, and on his arm a tray, Tonita thought there was a slight quirk to his mouth. On the platter which he set before her lay one lamb chop, a piece of toast and a sprig of parsley.

There was also some bread and butter and a glass of buttermilk. Tonita ate slowly and deliberately, and when she had finished, and refused desert, the finger-bowl and check were brought. She powdered her nose, and then, looking at the check, almost laughed aloud—they had charged only fifty cents.

BRIDGE AS A PSYCHIC STETHESCOPE

Catherine Boyd

There are innumerable ways to judge character, but in my humble estimation, a game of bridge is the best test of all. No hidden traits are so submerged that these bits of cardboard, so foolish and apparently useless when extracted from their proper setting, do not act as competent grapnels to bring even the most latent to the surface. It is an easy matter to smile graciously and flatter one's dinner partner while consuming a tasty morsel of French pastry; quite another matter to imbue one's smile with the same degree of spontaneity when one's bridge partner fails to make the obvious lead. A social error such as neglecting to produce a match when an unlit cigarette has been dangling from a young lady's lips for all of two seconds, can be easily covered over with a prompt apology, and no permanent slur has been cast upon the truant. However, bridge table manners run deeper; a pass after a demand bid can not be excused even after an adept apology on the part of the culprit. Complete humiliation or a frank avowal of ignorance with a bullet-proof guarantee against any such breach of etiquette in the future are the only two alleys of escape; any other path is the mark of a weakling and an imbecile. But not only can negative judgment be formulated from the reaction to this bridge table error. If the proper course is so skillfully maneuvered as to reinstate confidence in the mind of the partner, one can reasonably assume that such a player is sufficiently tactful and competent to handle the most intricate business dealing that industry has ever faced.

Now, despite all arguments to the contrary, there is very little difference between a republican and a democrat, and one cannot, with any degree of certainty, distinguish between a conservative and a liberal on this score, but in a bridge game, it is an easy matter to grasp these fundamental characteristics. Those who jump to game on the assumption of the successful outcome of two finesses, calmly overlooking the fact of their vulnerability, are definitely radicals. If one should follow their careers, one should probably find them either at the top or in jail. On the other hand, the player who stops at game when a slam is definitely indicated, is bound to remain a vice-president all his life.

A game of bridge is also an excellent way to size up one's future life partner. If he or she constantly rebids a suit in spite of constant denials on the part of the respective partners, the answer as to who will rule the roost is obvious. If your partner overlooks slight errors on your part, such as making a misdeal, with cheerfulness and equanimity—it is indeed a happy omen of peaceful relationships, free from bickerings over the temperature of the toast and the relative merits of weak and strong coffee. Furthermore, if a player can sit all evening without holding a card higher than a ten, and still smile and maintain an interest in the game—my only contention is, that in said person lies the perfect mate. Whereas, a constant need to review the bidding because of a player's absentmindedness and lack of concentration, is a valuable warning that the aforementioned player would never listen to anything you might say, regard-

less of its importance; all of which is a marked indication of an eventual trip to Reno. And in closing may I say—Beware of the bridge fiend for if his attentions can be abosorbed by a simple game, his future is definitely limited to the level of a one-eyed jack.

—o—

HER HAT

Prudence Nourse Goodale

Petite Mrs. Teller was sniffing and rolling her blue eyes at Alfred, who, clad in a purple silk dressing gown, sprawled in a vast chair before the fireplace.

"I don't think you ever would have noticed my new hat if I hadn't called your attention to it," she declared, cocking the pancake-like affair over one eye and tucking blond curls up under its slanting brim. Into the mirror she smiled broadly, not unpleased with her smooth, carefully rouged cheeks, her soft red lips and white teeth.

"Well, Alfred, I must be off. At least someone in that whole big church should notice my hat. How do I look, dear?" She bent low over the Sunday morning paper to kiss Alfred good-by, but quickly recoiled, exclaiming, "Why Alfred, you haven't shaved yet; Get upstairs right away. What if some of our friends should see you?"

Mrs. Teller flounced out of the house down the street. Her head held high, her little chin up, she marched up Madrona Street, pausing once to smile ever so slightly at a young naval officer who passed her. When he was several steps behind, she took her hand mirror from her purse, first frowning, then smiling into it.

Somehow Mrs. Teller did not listen to the sermon, but let her gaze wander all about the church. Of a sudden she spied a hat similar to hers in a pew in front of her. Two seconds sufficed for her to flick open her purse, taking out her mirror.

Afterwards as she strode down the aisle out of church, Mrs. Teller wore a strangely happy smile.

—o—

THE HACKNEY STEPS OUT

Katherine Dangerfield

Norman had never, in all his ten years, driven a horse before, and now here he was, jounced on the seat of a rattly four-wheel cart, with the reins of the Doc's spirited chestnut hackney clutched between his tight, tensed fingers. Though it was quite a warm summer day, the hackney trotted down the country dirt road at a clip which made the ancient cart jolt and sway as it hit the bumps. Norman felt very proud perched on the seat beside the Doc—who was a gentleman-farmer when he wasn't being a doctor—and a little scared too. It seemed such a long distance to where the hackney's head bobbed from side to side, and the hackney was so much bigger and stronger than Bob, the pony he rode at home. The hackney, whose name was Cannonball, was a horse of venerable years—nearly twenty, the Doc guessed—but you certainly wouldn't think it to see him stepping out so briskly along the hard dirt road with his hooves making such rapid, cheerful clop, clops. Norman kept his eyes fastened on Cannonball's chestnut ears, and scarcely noticed the green countryside jogging by. The riding master at home always said to keep watching a horse's ears so you

could have some idea of what the horse would do next. Cannonball's ears were mostly pointed straight ahead. Now and then he saw something at the side of the road that made him shy and curvet, but still his ears stayed forward-pricked. At such times, tho, the reins were to be grasped more firmly, for the Doc had cautioned Norman when they started out, not ever to let Cannonball get out of control. Every so often Norman glanced at the Doc sitting so bulky and complacent beside him. He was reassured, each time, to see the Doc's deepset blue eyes twinkling, under the yanked-down, dilapidated felt hat, for his face was so solemn otherwise.

"That's right, boy," the Doc chuckled once, his big voice booming, "Hold him steady. You never can tell what a spry old horse like the hackney here might do when he's feeling his oats. The old boy hasn't had much exercise since he got over that touch of distemper that laid him and the white mare low, and I don't doubt he feels just like goin' to beat the band."

"He—he wouldn't think o' runnin' away, would he, Doc? I mean—th' reins are so long and he's so far away from where we are that it seems as though it might be hard to stop him."

"Well, he might, now. He used to be pretty wild and high-steppin' in his younger days. But I daresay you could hold him. You look as though you got a sturdy pair of arms on you."

"Course Bob—that's the pony I ride at home—Bob, he pulls like the dickens most of the time, and Mr. Hardy—he teaches us kids ridin'—says I handle him swell, but drivin' seems diffrunt—sorta remote control-like.

The Doc laughed and slapped a fat knee.

"I tell you what! I'll give you a ride on the hackney when we get back to the farm. How'd that be?"

Norman looked at the hackney's neck, arched high, and at the powerful albeit old muscles that rippled with each movement of his flashing legs, before he ventured a reply.

"Ye-uss," his voice said uncertainly, "I'd like to ride him . . .swell!"

"He's a good enough ridin' horse," the Doc went on, without having seemed to notice any pause, "But you've got to be a pretty good rider to stick on him. He's a bit sudden sometimes makin' up his mind. Takes a notion to turn when you're least expectin' it and head back for the barn. There's more than one person hereabouts been thoroughly surprised by such a decision. But you, Norman, you now, you could stick on him, couldn't you?"

Norman swallowed. "Well, gee, I dunno." He tossed a moist strand of straight blond hair from his forehead—it was hot work, driving—and glanced dubiously first at the hackney's broadish, jolting back and then at the Doc's face. The Doc's lips weren't smiling, but his eyes were twinkling more than ever.

Then suddenly, as they approached one of the many narrow, mud-rutted lanes which branched off from the main road, the hackney slowed his gait and cocked an ear back as if expecting some signal. When Norman didn't do anything, the hackney swerved abruptly in the direction of the tree-shaded lane. Caught off-guard, Norman was nearly thrown from the seat.

"Hey! where you goin'?" he gasped, hastily trying to recover his balance and pull in on the reins at the same time. "Whoa!"

"He wants to turn in there, I guess." remarked the Doc, unruffled.

"Yes," groaned Norman, as the hackney, in spite of his tugging pranced into the lane, "Sh—shall I let him?"

"Sure," said the Doc, grinning now, "Might as well. I want to see the farmer who lives up there anyhow."

Cautiously Norman loosened his grip on the reins a little, and immediately Cannonball set off up the lane at a trot more lively, even, than before; nostrils flaring, docked tail held high, and harness bouncing in quick gay claps on his smooth chestnut sides. Norman wondered if the hackney thought he was on his way to the barn.

"Old Hackney seems to think he's goin home," the Doc broke in, "He used to belong to the farmer who lives here, and he's never forgotten. Always tries to turn up this lane every time he passes."

The lane ended at a squatting, low, ivy-grown stone farmhouse. It was not at all like the house on the Doc's farm, which rose three-stories high and was fairly sizeable, the Doc said, for those parts. The barn, which lay to the right of this farmhouse, towered above it like a skyscraper over an old-fashioned office building in the city. Cannonball pulled so hard in the direction of the barn that the Doc had to take the reins from Norman. He eased the hackney to a halt in front of the farmhouse, by a white rail fence which protected a small plot of weedy grass and garden from hords of cackling, clucking chickens and turkeys. Grunting, the Doc climbed down from the cart, and the hackney, feeling the reins go slack, took an eager step toward the barn. The Doc caught him by the bridle.

"Guess you'll have to stay here and hold him, Norman," the Doc said, "I should have brought something to tie him with but I forgot. I'll just be gone a few minutes."

"All right . . ." apprehensively Norman eyed Cannonball who was tossing his head up and down and pawing the ground in noisy sweeps with one white-stockinged forefoot. "Uh—all right, Doc, I 'magine I can hold him."

"Here," the Doc took hold of the reins near the bit, "I think you'd better get down to hold him. Get the reins close to the bit, this way."

Norman jumped down. He could scarcely reach the horse's head, but he managed to grasp the reins where the Doc held them.

The Doc was gone for an awfully long time. The way Cannonball kept rolling his eyes and fidgetting, made Norman's knees feel strangely weak. Again and again the hackney flung his head into the air then down toward his knees as far as the checkrein, which wasn't very tight, would let him. Then suddenly he would rub his head against Norman, shoving so hard that Norman almost fell over backwards. Why, oh why, didn't the Doc hurry! Now Cannonball took a tentative step or two forward. Norman dug his feet into the ground and leaned back on the reins. The hackney's mouth felt no more responsive than iron. He stuck his nose out straight and calmly took more steps, just as though Norman weren't there, practically hanging from the champing jaws. With a terrific effort Norman reached up and seized the bit itself, but the hackney only put his ears back and kept on going. He was heading toward the barn.

"Whoa! you darned beast," Norman entreated through clenched teeth, "Whoa!" It was worse than holding a steam engine would be. Then he had an idea. If he kept Cannonball's head turned, the horse would have to go in a circle. Then at least he could keep him from getting to the barn. And the Doc had said he wouldn't be long . . .

'Round and 'round they were going now, the wheels of the cart grating squeakily. Norman gasped for breath. Perspiration poured over his face and trickled down his neck. His arms felt as though they were being wrenched off,

and his feet were being narrowly missed by the hackney's trampling iron-shod hooves.

"Whoa! Stand still! Whoa . . . Oh please, Cannonball, be a good horse," he pled, almost near to tears; then, "Ouch! you darned animal! You stepped on me. WHOA!" With a mighty jerk that actually did bring tears—of anger—to his eyes, Norman pulled the hackney to a brief halt. For a moment he drooped wearily against the horse's sweat-darkened neck . . .

"Been havin' any trouble?" boomed a hearty voice unexpectedly in his ear. Norman jumped, and turned to face the Doc. The Doc's round face was creased in an amiable grin and his blue eyes were regarding Norman quizzically.

"He wasn't so hard to hold now, was he?" the Doc queried, and somehow his voice sounded amused.

"No-o," Norman said slowly, "He wasn't so awfully hard . . . " But he didn't finish the sentence, for suddenly he felt himself butted vigorously from behind. "Urk!" he cried, leaping into the air as though the hackney's shoving head were equipped with horns, and landing face first on the dusty ground, while the reins went flying. With a triumphant shake of his head, the hackney started for the barn.

"Oh!" breathed Norman from a sitting position as he watched the hackney with wide open eyes, "Oh, my!" but then he had to laugh, for the Doc had taken off after the hackney and was pursuing him at a heavy, lopsided run.

"Whoa! you old firehorse, whoa!" shouted the Doc, puffing, and Norman, in spite of himself, burst into a merry peal of laughter.

The Doc returned a few minutes later leading a champing, sweating hackney. The Doc's face was fiery red and beaded with perspiration, and his old felt hat was in his hand instead of on his head. Norman was almost afraid to meet his glance.

"I'm sorry, Doc," he murmured meekly, "He sorta caught me by surprise."

The Doc chuckled and Norman felt a little better. "Didn't I tell you," said the Doc, "that the old fellow was a bit sudden sometimes in his decisions? He took us both by surprise, that time. Well, now, hop into the cart, and we'll be getting back."

Norman did as he was told. The Doc creaked up after him.

"You want to drive back, or shall I?" he asked, commencing to straighten the reins, which had become twisted.

Norman wiggled his stiff fingers reflectively and examined the beginnings of several blisters. "Well, er . . ." he ventured at length, "Mebbe you'd better drive for awhile . . ."

The Doc shifted the reins to one hand and yanked a huge dark blue handkerchief from his pocket. "All right, boy," he said, leisurely mopping at his streaming face, "Guess you've had plenty for one day, anyhow. Or maybe you want to rest up for that ride on the hackney when we get back?" Slyly the Doc peered at Norman, sidewise, from the corner of his eyes; then he clucked mildly to Cannonball.

Norman reached hastily for the sides of the cart, as the hackney started up.

"I guess that's it," the Doc went on, "You want to be all ready to ride the hackney. Or have you changed your mind and decided you'll go for a swim instead. It's pretty hot today . . ."

Norman gulped and managed to control a sudden grin.

"Yeah, Doc," he said, happily, "I think I'll go for a swim, if you don't mind. I'll . . . I'll ride the hackney tomorrow!"

The Doc said nothing, only slapped the hackney's rump with one rein. The hackney lunged forward, making the cart fairly careen down the rutted lane, but Norman hanging on for dear life, didn't even care.

GROWN-UP MAKE-BELIEVE

Virginia Watkins

To some practical, every-day, supposedly mature people with few illusions reading advertisements is the equivalent of a child's unreserved belief in fairy-tales. An appealing fairy-tale is always accompanied by colorful illustrations of misshapen dwarfs, fiery dragons with long scaly tales, plumed knights in shining mail and mounted upon prancing white horses; an effective advertisement attracts the eye with exaggerately bright pictures of ideally happy families, extraordinarily beautiful women and handsome young men and then tempts the unwary to read the brief sloganized copy with its carefully studied appeal.

Any intelligent woman knows that a certain face cream cannot erase lines traced by years of facial expression. Does that woman exercise her intelligence when she looks at an explanation of how "wrinkles begin in the under layer of the skin" and when she reads Mrs. Vanderbilt's testimony that her beauty is the result of constant use of Stone's cold cream? In spite of the reader's mental resistance to the appealing testimony, the idea that she, too, might be just as beautiful takes birth. She pictures herself as transformed and whether or not she ultimately buys the cream, she has enjoyed identifying herself with the beautiful lady of the picture.

Any ordinarily shrewd, sensible business man knows that he will not be able to retire on an endowment plan and travel around the world at the age of sixty; more likely he will be tied down by the same problems which have confronted him for the last thirty years. He may be in ill health, he may be dead. As an experiment give him a steamship company folder and carefully worked out data on the retirement plan. Notice how quickly his pessimism fades as he pictures himself as a well-preserved, well-dressed man of sixty aboard an ocean liner bound for Europe. He may send for the planned itinerary offered free of charge by the advertisement, he may even consult an agent of the insurance company offering the plan for retirement and establish an endowment fund. Whether the dream-trip materializes or whether thirty years hence the accumulated result of the retirement plan goes to meet a mortgage or a hospital bill no one can say, but the anticipation through the years partly offsets the ultimate disillusionment.

I write about a group of people who believe that the products whose names and slogans greet them from every square foot where a billboard or a poster can be erected or plastered are flawless and magical. I must confess that I know of no one other than myself who is weak enough to succumb to the belief in the miracles which these brightly colored tempters offer. Several people have laughed a little ashamedly when I have said that I love the period furniture and the perfect clothes pictured on the pages of the New York Times; these people quickly turn the conversation to the magazine section or the scientific articles. However elusive they may be, I suspect that they too play make believe with the advertisements. I do not condemn them, but rejoice in the discovery of a fellow self-deceiver. There really must be millions of us. Witness the thousands of cakes of Camay soap sold to help win one's "daily beauty contest". The appeal of miraculous change leads to deceit, but is this deception wrong? It

is our way of window shopping for all the attributes and possessions we can never enjoy in reality.

I hear the argument proffered that such deception leads to discontentment or even to building up a permanent wall of unreality around oneself. This argument parallels the one that claims fairy-tales harmful to children. Grown-up make-believe may be harmful if carried to extremes, but who wants to make it more than imaginative fun. If the shop girl wants to pretend that she is glamorous and talented, let her; she will strive to improve herself and enjoy the release from her drab limitations. If the bank clerk wants to break his business fetters and sail off to Jamaica, do not detain him. If the young efficiency-apartment dweller builds for herself a perfect six room house, do not tear it down. If I want to be a figure skater and poise gracefully on one foot at the end of the slogan "They Satisfy" do not remind me what an awkward figure I really would cut. Your reminder would bring me back to stark disillusionment, make me heartily dislike you and tear down my cellophane house with one blow.

—o—

SLEEPYHEAD

Elizabeth Miller

Ruth snuggled deeper into the hollow she had made in the feather tick and reached one long slim arm out into the cold atmosphere of the room to turn off that alarm clock. Dimly she heard her mother moving about in the kitchen. Seven o'clock. She'd just turn over and doze a few minutes. All health guides advised awakening slowly anyway. Her sister began stretching. Why couldn't she lie still just one morning for a second after the alarm had done its duty! Wait till she got a little older—then she wouldn't be so willing to climb out so quickly. The stretching had stopped and Ruth was slipping dreamily into that adorable frock she had seen the day before in Macy's. Suddenly the scene changed and Ruth was at the Easter Monday Dance. Bob had just sighted her and was coming toward her, when a sharp kick on the shin accompanied with, "We gotta get up! We gotta get up! Come on! It's after seven," in Alice's morning treble as she slid out over Ruth dragging half the bedclothes with her, bringing Ruth back to the realization that she must get up.

The window was covered with frosty patterns of ferns and flowers. Ruth shivered, curled up into a tighter ball and decided against getting up for a little while longer.

"Ruth!" sounded from the kitchen. No answer. "Ruth!" more sternly this time. "Get up! This is the third time I've called you and I don't intend calling you again." A pause. "Ruth, do you hear me?"

"Yes, mother, okay." Gingerly she slid her foot over the cold sheet and thrust it out from under the quilts for an instant but jerked it back in so fast that her ankle bone cracked. She'd just get warm again and then make a dash for the bathroom. Ruth wished they had a furnace, and not just dinky little reznors in each room. It was so warm here in bed that she wished she never had to get up.

Down south, it was warm all the time. There she could swim every day. Ruth swam on and on. The sky was blue above and the waves beat up against her as she struggled toward the float. Some one on the float called to her and some boy she didn't recognize, waved an encouraging hand in her direction. The water felt cooler and Ruth imagined she was getting out into the main stream. Some one called to her again. She must be nearer.

"Ruth!" her mother was bending over her and had pulled off the covers. "Breakfast is ready. Why DON'T you get up?"

"Oh, mother, this is cruel. Brrrr—it's cold. I'll have to warm up and I'll be down in a minute. Now, this will probably give me pneumonia—I'm chilled thru." Ruth grasped the bedclothes and pulled them up holding them firmly under her chin.

"I won't call you once more," her mother sighed as she turned to go, and "It's going on eight. Don't blame me if you're late to school again," drifted back to Ruth as her mother went down stairs.

She buried her dark curls into the pillow and wondered if getting up was always like this. Mother never seemed to hesitate. She got up every morning winter and summer at seven o'clock. Ruth didn't want to be late again. Miss Stevenson had told her that one more late would disqualify her for honor mention this coming month.

Ruth heard the shower turned off and a minute later, Bill stuck his tousled head in, and yelled, "Coast's clear. I never saw such a lazy person. If that Jerry was going to take you some place, you'd be up fast enough! Get up." He threw a wet wash rag which hit Ruth directly on the face as she opened her mouth to say something. Bill disappeared and Ruth spluttered.

"There's no peace in this house. I never saw anyone tormented as I am." Ruth twisted to her other side but the pillow was wet. She shifted back a little and lay still trying to recapture the sleepy, dreamy drowsiness that always seemed most pleasant just when it was time to get up.

"Oh, bother, what's the use!" she ejactulated as she sat up in bed and snatched up her bath robe, then dashed in the direction of the bathroom.

Downstairs, the family, seated around the table heard the bathroom door slam and the shower turned on. Mr. Gregg smiled humorously across the table at his wife, "Well, the day's begun."

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WHAT PRICE GLAMOUR?

Helen Birmingham

For the past three years my Christmas present to my father has meant a new tobacco pouch. Sometime during the year father loses his, then I am able to fare forth and replace it. Yesterday on my annual expedition downtown I read over a woman's shoulder the captivating advertisement—"This year—Glamour for Men". Then she turned the page. Perhaps a series of tobacco pouches is lacking in fascination, and perhaps glamour is what the gentlemen crave, thus I meditated. By the time we reached town my mind was made up. This year I would present something that would be novel, yet useful.

I hurried past the tobacco shop without a backward glance and turned into the department store. Like one whose eye is fixed on the inspirational light I marched through the milling throng, to the gallery of gifts. The first object which I saw on the tables for men, was a glass container shaped like a pair of binoculars. This I discovered was a marvelous idea, just the thing when you take your tropical fish travelling. It enables you to see them and them to see you, at the same time giving them adequate air and yet heavy enough to avoid breakage. The sales girl pointed out that it was practically a necessity unless you haven't any fish. I came to her rescue and assured her we did not own any fish. But she was not to be baffled for long, she leaped to the conclusion that father was running a kennel. There was not only a wide selection

of dog couches but if you wanted something smaller, how would a hand-painted dish, high enough to keep the spaniel's ears out of his food, do? I realized that I would have to check her growing enthusiasm for animals. So I said that the only kind of pet my father would bother with is his car. This failed to be a check for I saw immediately that her ardent zeal was easily transferred. Something that had just come in, in fact, the only store selling them in Pittsburgh, was the automobile compass. It was to be attached by means of a vacuum cup with glycerine, accompanied by a gadget called a compensator. A long page of directions for installing that would demand at least a day of any one's time to get the proper adjustment, warned me that any of father's journeys might lead him to Saulk Center, so I thanked the girl and moved on. She was not to be easily quitted, however, because I had not gone more than a few steps than I felt a tug at my sleeve and there she was, triumph in her eye.

"Don't feel discouraged," she cooed, "at last I have the answer. Have you seen the new perfume—Pour un Homme, For a man, you know. It is especially created for men. It has an odor, fresh, clean! Just like the inside of a leather bag!" I had visions of Father smelling like the inside of a leather bag and I looked wildly about for something less unique. There was a whole table with neckties, perhaps I could find something in dark blue with a faint stripe. But the sartorially perfect man is not leaning to the conservative this year, my sales girl informed me, unless you consider this brown plaid tie, which appeared to me to be made of an old sock, but which is termed ideal for town and country. I pictured father at the head of his directors' table sporting the brown sock at his neck. I ventured the remark that Father liked gardening. A new ambition flooded the girl and she disappeared to return a few moments later weighted down by an enormous book. It must have been two feet long. This was a discussion on Wildflowers by House. I considered father discussing wildflowers at all, let alone spreading the book on the dining-room table to read it. The fact that it cost eight dollars for this discussion helped persuade me that onions were his field. I felt sorry for my sales girl but I was wasting my sympathy; she had seized upon a gadget, a leather key case with a small flash light at one end. This was the last straw. My resentment knew no limits. Was she trying to infer that my father had difficulty in locating the keyhole? I left the girl. I rushed to the elevator. I fidgeted at the slow descent. I crossed the main floor at one fell leap. At last I reached the tobacco shop. It was just as I remembered it, the cases filled with familiar shapes. The same gray haired clerk came forward. Happily, confidently I asked to see tobacco pouches, the latest style, of course. That would be condescenion enough to glamour.

"PEGGY'S FIRST DANCE"

Sally Donaldson

Peggy, standing in front of the full length mirror on the back of the closed door; surveyed the blue-eyed solemn-faced little girl gazing back at her as if it were a stranger. Was this really she, this girl dressed in the powder blue taffeta dress from the bottom of which peeped two silver pumps? (Both the dress and the shoes had been a birthday gift from Aunt Grace. Yesterday she had been thirteen). Her eyes, traveling slowly up and down the reflection were wide with awe. It seemed so queer to be dressed in all this ladylike finery, especially when she had always worn the briefest of dresses.

"Oh my!" she gasped running her hands over the stiff shiney taffeta. "Oh my! isn't it just love—ly, but I'm scared, scared to death!"

"Peggy! Peggy!" her father's deep voice called from somewhere downstairs. "Hurry up. The dance starts in about fifteen minutes you know."

Peggy's heart gave one painful jump and stuck in her throat. She stood paralyzed, her feet frozen to the floor. But, at her father's repeated call, this time in a sterner tone, she seemed to regain control of her legs again. Swallowing hard, she answered in a trembling voice, "Coming Daddy." Taking from her big mahogany four-poster bed a soft furry white bunny wrap and a tiny seed pearl purse, she snapped out the lights and started slowly down the stairs.

Her father, waiting impatiently in the front hall turned at the sound of her steps, and catching sight of her as she rounded the curve of the stairs, exclaimed drawing in his breath, "Why look at my Pegg-a-leg." A big grin wrinkling his face, he watched her descend.

"You look sweet Peg," he said helping her into her jacket. "I hadn't realized how fast you were growing up. Thirteen," he continued musingly, "Why chick, you're a young lady!"

"Dad," Peggy interrupted, "do I have to go? I don't want to, I'm scared—please don't make me," she pleaded earnestly.

"Look here now," her father said adjusting his glasses and regarding her with a bewildered look, "of course you want to go, why, you're a stunner, Peg. You'll have all the boys on your trail." ("Confound your Aunt Grace," he thought, "why can't she leave the child alone, to grow up as she pleases? What if she does play with boys all the time?") Taking the reluctant child by the hand, he led her down the porch steps to the waiting car.

Sitting on the edge of her seat beside her father so as not to muss her dress, Peggy watched the fast moving road. If only they would get a flat tire or the car would break down. Anything to prevent her from going. Maybe . . .

"Well! here we are," her father's voice startled her wild thoughts.

"Oh," Peggy said looking up quickly and clutching her father's arm, "oh—Daddy—take me home. I don't wanna go," she wailed.

"Sorry, Peg," her father replied, "I'm afraid you'll have to. You know what your Aunt Grace said." Getting out of the car, he came around to her side, and bowing very low and sweeping his hat to the ground, said majestically, "Madame! alight." Peggy was too frightened to appreciate her father's attempt to cheer her. His bald head did look funny down against his knees like that though. Before she knew it, she heard herself saying goodby. She watched the car until it disappeared around the drive, then turning, she began mounting the broad steps to the long low porch of the white club house. The porch was dotted with lanterns and from the open door could be heard the pulsating rythmn of a jazz orchestra.

"Now what'll I do?" she thought, "I don't know where to go." She was almost on the verge of tears when she saw the tall spare figure of Miss Finks, her dancing teacher, coming towards her down the steps.

Miss Finks had heard a car-door slam and came out to see who had arrived.

"Why, Peggy Morris," she exclaimed, her broad mouth smiling and showing her two gold teeth, "how nice to see you, dear—come right in. Here, dear, I'll take your coat. My, how sweet you look." Talking all the while in her high nasal voice, Miss Finks led Peggy to the coat rack, (the only piece of

furniture in the entire hall), and helped her out of her coat. Then, smoothing back Peggy's dark curls, she took the little cold hand in her large bony one, and led her to the ball room.

Peggy shrank back, and instinctively clutched Miss Fink's hand tighter as they entered the room. It was the largest room she had ever seen; dazzling in its brilliance. The crystal chandeliers, glittered and sparkled, and reflected colored prisms on the shiney wax floor and sprinkled colored drops on the moving figures. Miles away over in the corner, was a very red-faced orchestra, half hidden behind the foliage of palm trees and potted ferns. At first it was impossible to distinguish individuals; to Peggy, the crowd of swaying moving little girls in blues and pinks dancing with their partners in dark suits and shiney black dancing shoes were as one mass. But, gradually, as her eyes became adjusted to her surroundings she was able to distinguish couples. She recognized one couple, a little girl in a pale pink frock and her puffing partner whose moving lips were audibly repeating one, two, three—one, two, —, as members of her own dancing class. Here and there she could see a few others from her own class but, the majority were strangers, pupils from other dancing classes. The confusion, the chattering, and laughing made Peggy feel completely isolated and alone. None of them seemed a bit frightened or ill at ease. Peggy would have been satisfied just to stand in the doorway and watch, but she knew as soon as the orchestra stopped that Miss Finks would take her in. Into that awful mob. She shrank at the very thought; Miss Finks, sensing her discomfort, put her skinny arm around her shoulder. As soon as the music ended, she took Peggy by the hand and started across the dance floor toward a group of boys standing together in a corner. By the time they had gone half way across, the floor had been emptied—all the children either collecting in little groups or seated on the chairs placed around the walls. Peggy felt as if all eyes were turned on her and a wave of self-consciousness surged over her. Some one back of her giggled, she was sure it was at her; and then, those little girls whispering in the corner over by the orchestra—she just knew they were just talk—. Maybe it was because she was holding Miss Fink's hand, so she quickly withdrew it.

Miss Finks marched triumphantly up to the group of boys who had been watching her approach with hostile eyes. Miss Finks, all smiles and little puffing gasps began the introductions. "Miss Morris, this is Mr. Hauland (indicating a tall, dark, curly headed boy); Mr. Jammison, (a short dumpy boy with red cheeks), and Mr. Morton, (a pale solemn-faced boy with dark hair). Each of the boys bowed stiffly his acknowledgement to the introduction, and then stood in polite silence.

"Now I want you boys to dance with Miss Morris"—with this parting command, Miss Finks retraced her steps across the floor.

For the second time that evening, Peggy felt rooted to the spot. She hadn't expected to be left quite so suddenly—and with these strangers. The four stood in awkward silence regarding each other silently. Finally Peggy could stand it no longer. She blurted out suddenly, "Do you play baseball? I'm pitcher on our team." This fact wasn't addressed to anyone in particular. Instantaneously the tension was broken. The boys all began talking at once, their voices betraying their amazement at what she had just said.

"Well," said the tall curly headed one, "well—I'll be—, say — I'm pitcher too, on our team.

"I'm catcher on ours." said the fat boy.

"I'm first ——." A blast of music burst forth interrupting the conversation. The next dance had begun. Almost magically the floor became filled.

Noticing a woman pushing her way through the crowd, the fat boy exclaimed, "Oh, I say, here comes 'Finksey'—we'll have to scram. What do you say we beat it for the dining room? I could eat, you know. Come on let's duck," he said.

Peggy's heart sank—so she was to be deserted already, what was she to do? She looked frantically from one to the other.

"Come on you," said the tall dark boy, "you don't wanna dance, do you?" Grabbing her by the arm, he pulled her after him.

A little thrill ran up and down Peggy's back and giving a little skip, she followed happily. Her first dance was a success and she hadn't danced one dance.

IN THE BOOK SHOP

Sana Mouromseff

Books, books, everywhere! On shelves, on tables, on counters. What a variety! Romances, adventures, mysteries, fairy tales, travel and history! My eyes refuse to leave them. How I wish I could have all the books in the world!

On a table occupying the most prominent position are the expensive editions; the colored plates alone worth the money, not to mention the gorgeous, gold-embossed leather bindings. They are the aristocrats among books, for their inner value is more wonderful than their appearance. Most of them are classics, loved through the years by all kinds of people. At a respectful distance from the aristocrats stand literary bourgeoisie, the popular fiction of today. There are a few pearls among them, but most will be short-lived and can never be compared to the aristocrats that have graced the bookcases in many houses for a long century.

On a counter marked "reduced" the aristocrats and the bourgeoisie are on equal terms and look as if they had been in a great battle. They are piled on top of each other—Petrarch, Dante, Shakespeare, Dickens, Dumas, Hugo meet face to face with modern western adventures, love stories and mystery. They are slightly worn—the gold-embossed leather of the aristocrat is a little dull, the bright coloring of the bourgeoisie is graying a trifle from the dust—nevertheless they are the most popular now, because not always can one buy a classic at a bargain.

Book-lovers and bookworms are busily searching in this pile of reductions. A little old man stands engrossed in a book of travel, oblivious of everything and everybody. At the aristocratic counter stands a portly gentleman. I notice him especially because of the ruler he holds in his hand. But why the ruler? I'm unable to solve the puzzle, until I see him measure several beautiful books, explaining meanwhile to the astonished salesgirl that he had only so much room left on the upper shelf of his new library. To think that such a man has a whole library while most of us, poor souls, have to be content with only a few shelves. All of a sudden my thoughts are disrupted when a beautiful lady, apparently a society matron, enters the shop. All the salesgirls are kept busy bringing her gorgeous old editions. The lady discards them one after another.

"You don't understand," she says fretfully. "There must be some bottle green in the binding. These won't go with my beautiful, new book ends." With

this remark, the old gentleman who was so engrossed in a book of travel and had just finished the tenth chapter, looks up to give the fanciful lady a murderous glance; then quickly buries himself once more in the eleventh chapter.

Again my attention is diverted by another customer—a girl in her teens, thin to emaciation and shabbily dressed. She is buying a thick book and is explaining to the salesgirl that she always bought the thickest book she could find, because she wanted it to last a long time. How I wished to present her with an armful of books, but, alas, I had only fifty cents to spend and was hungry for a book on my own account and had been wavering for the last half hour before a cheap edition of the "Life of the Bee" and a novel of Sir Walter Scott. I finally decided upon Sir Walter Scott and hurried away to enjoy my treasure and be happy in the thought of one more loved volume to add to my big library of the future.

"THE GRAND CANAWL"

Katrina Utne

On this clear windswept night when all the sky framed in the chilling twilight of its blue, promised a few shy stars and a crescent of a moon, I saw the Erie Canal for the first time. We were driving from Cazenovia to Rome and pulled to the side of the white ribbonlike highway which skirted the muddy trench which was once "The Grand Canawl".

At this stopping place a few decrepit buildings leaned over the edge of the water front, holes in their shingled roofs yawning cavernously. The largest of these structures was a hotel—its wide piazza overlooking the water on one side and on the opposite side having for a back view the anvil and hammer in front of an ancient blacksmith shop. Facing the hotel and across a weedy space which was interspersed with cracked flagstones, was an abandoned saloon. The wind swung its rusty-hinged swinging doors and their creaking noise was reminiscent of the days when the boaters made them swing merrily as they entered. To the right of the saloon was an old boarding house which we envisioned in keen competition with the drab hotel, its weather-beaten sign "Lodgings", still hanging above the doorway almost covering the yet beautiful fanlight.

As we were looking, a limping figure approached, swinging a lantern to light his way in the deepening twilight. The man drew near, his stiff overalls and frayed straw hat covering his bent old body. Coming closer, the fumes from his corncob pipe, were growing more distinct. We saw an aged man crossing the road. He came up to us and said, "You looking at the Canawl? You ain't the first. You're not from around these parts, I can tell. Where do you hail from, anyway?"

And without a word of explanation from us, he sat on the running board of the car, re-packed his pipe. He told us that he was past eighty years old and had seen the canal in its heyday, when trade was at its height. In fact, his parents had been little children when the canal was completed. He remembered hearing them tell of the magnificent boat, a golden keg of Lake Erie's fresh water perched on its bow, on its way to the Briny sea. The boat was drawn by four white high-stepping horses who followed the tow path by the water's edge. The arbors of fox grapes that were bordering the canal perfumed the air with their heavy fragrance. The distant echo of the cannons reverberated from Lake Erie to New York since each gun picked up the sound and sent a new boom

down the line. That was a great day for the Canal and, thenceforth, for almost a century lazily did its work. It was almost four hundred miles long and varied from seven to ten feet in depth. For several decades its preeminence as the main artery of traffic between the Eastern seacoast and the Middle West was uncontested, but in the 1850's the amalgamation of seven New York Railways into the New York Central spelled the beginning of the end for the Canal. For, the old man said the Railroad took the men who were the good rough and ready boaters—took such men, fighters as Jotham Klore and Sam Weaver—the best boaters of the Canal. The finest taken away, the sleepy, carefree canal fought a losing battle with the railroad, but it could not stand the competition, and today the "Big Ditch" is no more than its name implies, a long trench partly filled with muddy water and the rotting remains of old canal boats.

The octogenarian rose and with one bony finger pointed to a black hulk eerily rising from the foul water. The old man said "See that there canawl boat? That was a beaut, and I had part ownership in her once, yes sirree, that's the Sarsey Sal—but she'll never go agin!" The man departed and his last mutterings were "Yes sirree, them were the days!"

We took one last look at the saloon, Hennessey's Hotel, and the smithy. The water left in the ditch glimmered in the moonlight. The Sarsey Sal shifted in her moorings. The odor of fox grapes rose with the fog and darkness; and the smell of tobacco smoke filled the air.

———o———

SPRING FEVER

Grace Crutchfield

"I have Spring fever!" After April first those four words are used to explain every foible, every vagary, every ill, and they do. Spring fever is an unique disease; no microbes are required to produce it, and no medicine man can cure it. Strangely, however, it is not dreaded. Everyone falls into a panic at the very mention of scarlet fever or diphtheria, and no one relishes the idea of whooping cough or measles. But Spring fever—ah! that is different, no headaches, no temperature, no swollen glands. In fact, instead of shuddering with vague horror, people smile when someone is diagnosed as a victim of Spring fever. Their own eyes become dreamy, and they take to looking out windows with far-off expressions—in short, they show symptoms of becoming victims themselves. Yet no one offers remedies with suggestions of hot lemonade and mustard plasters: everyone simply smiles.

I have already pointed out that Spring fever is a peculiar malady in that it cannot be dealt with by scientific, medical analysis and treatment. It is queer in another respect too. For centuries poets have written of the harmony between their souls and nature. If their hearts are heavy, it rains, or, as they would say, nature weeps with her suffering children. If they are joyous, nature is just as blithe, all soft, rustling zephyrs and bright, blue sky. Wordsworth, for example, was fully conscious of this harmony. His heart was always dancing with daffodils and leaping up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, you remember. But Spring fever draws no sympathy from nature. Quite the reverse is true. In the Springtime, when the world is fairly bursting with gladness over its renewed life, when trees and flowers are using every ounce of their strength to push their

growth, when rain comes in fitful gusts, and birds are singing with thoat-splitting eagerness while they build their nests in frantic activity, Spring fever floats into the air, lingering lazily, charmingly, irresistibly over the whole earth, above the conscientious and the indolent, the censorious and the vigorous alike. It spares no one; the heavyweight, prize-fighting champion succumbs to the spell just as soon as the flaxen-haired maiden with shining blue eyes.

The amazing thing is that, in spite of Spring fever, the world goes on. The business man, habitually efficient, hears a cardinal calling, calling, calling—as he sits at the desk in his study among his blueprints. The blueprints melt away from his consciousness as his eyes half close, and he gazes unseeingly at great puffs of snowy cloud. But the blueprints somehow get taken care of, and are probably as satisfactory in the end as if they had been examined minutely. The censorious, cynical spinster who has no use for people who stay up after ten-thirty or for those who grow romantic over beauty, may even be persuaded, under the influence of Spring fever and a bachelor, equally censorious and equally cynical, to stroll by the river in the moonlight until midnight. Yet she manages to rise at the usual hour the following morning to correct her arithmetic papers. A football player, a big husky fellow, lies under the magnolia trees in the twilight, his eyes dreamy with—not pictures of an all American team crashing through a tightly-packed line, but visions of a golden-haired girl bending over a bed of poppies in May. But the team welcomes him the next season in spite of his unmasculine thoughts of the previous Spring. The bookworm forgets to study; the prudent forget to be cautious; the vigorous lose their vigor; the ambitious forget their ambition, the dutiful their duty; the critical forget to scold and complain, and the zealous lose their zeal. The world does go on, nevertheless, and without suffering apparently from all these losses and lapses of memory.

Maybe it is because of Spring fever that the world goes on. It gives people relief from themselves and introduces them to new phases of the personalities of others. Under its magic sway, a colorless world becomes a realm of unexpected enchantment, in which ministers sit on fence-posts watching baseball games with completely secular smiles on their faces, in which advertisers temporarily are more eager for your happiness than your money, in which children draw tulips with red and green chalk on the blackboards at school instead of practicing the Palmer method. Caught by the spell, the practical park commissioner urges his fellow-commissioners to agree to the planting of twin beds of hyacinths on each side of a walk, and he forgets that that very walk is in serious need of repair. And the other commissioners, likewise forgetting the cracked and torn pavement, consent!

But perhaps best of all, in the Springtime when the epidemic of Spring fever is abroad, no one suffers from ridicule. In the Fall it would seem ridiculous— nay, ludicrous—to see a college boy skipping about the side lawn with his three-year-old baby sister. But in the Springtime everyone smiles approval as if he were doing the accepted and only proper thing. If a hard-boiled politician came forth in December in a pale pink necktie, everyone would hold his sides from laughing, but in the Springtime people act as if pink were the vogue for politicians as well as infants. Everyone grows indulgent and amiable under the wand of Spring fever. Even the police dogs forget to bark at passing tramps, and gossips actually smile with true kindness upon lovers holding hands.

"'I have Spring fever!" The words are sweet. They suggest the languid, lovely lady who breathes a sigh in the Springtime and with it conquers the world.

UNWANTED CARGO

Sally Aldridge

From my seat all I could see was one big brown eye and a childish profile pressed against the window pane. As the bus lurched forward, the face disappeared and came again in jerks showing tears rolling from the big brown eye, and the under lip caught between baby teeth. One fist waved hesitatingly. From my window I caught a glimpse of the woman in gray and her bald-headed escort, and remembered noticing them in the bus station.

Across the aisle they were from me, and when I first sat down I was looking directly at the bald head, pink from exertion, and the broad side of a black-coated man stooping over two traveling bags. As he stood up, I noticed the woman with him. All in gray, she was, from the tiny gray veiled turban to her smart high-heeled suede pumps. Gray gloved hands flitted nervously from the pale hair to the three gardenias tucked into the deep fur at her waist. One caught a glimpse of a bright blue blouse, and blue earrings emphasized her pert face. Blue eyes were wide open and roved restlessly about the large, bright waiting room, barely pausing at the tiny dark head below her. Then it was that I saw the five-year-old tucked under the arm of the woman in gray. He leaned, or rather snuggled, against her until she noticed him and pushed him away, dabbing with a fluffy muff at the gray skirt where his feet had been.

"Sit up," she said, arranging him upright at a distance from her. "Remember, you're no baby anymore."

The soft little chin set, and the huge brown eyes regarded her soberly. Bird-like, her clouding eyes flitted from the station clock around the room and to the tiny watch at her wrist.

"Oh," she sighed, and again "Oh, dear!" She frowned at the bald-headed one and tapped her wrist watch. "Wouldn't it be late when I have an appointment with the dressmaker. Mother could just as easily have brought him down or sent Cora with him."

At that moment, the bus dispatcher called my bus, and I hurried out, forgetting the three across from me, until I saw the little profile in front of me, and the pathetic little fist waving to the woman and her companion.

The child rode quietly for the first two hours of the trip, sitting stiffly with feet in shiny new shoes thrust out in front of him, and his eyes on the passing landscape. Not far out of New York City, we stopped, and everyone pushed out of the bus to stretch, refresh himself and catch a bite to eat. The child sat very still until the bus driver noticed him and taking him by the hand, they disappeared together, the child reluctantly but finally persuaded.

When I returned, the child was once again in his seat, big eyes fastened on the St. Nicholas magazine I had bought at the corner stand. I sat down next to him, and together we looked at the pictures. We had a fine time laughing and talking, since I didn't mind little boys' feet on my dress, and he had so much to say to somebody. He told me all about Jim, his special friend, and the dog they had found last week. He had heard Jim's whistle, the long sharp whistle which meant he would wait by the corner, and since Mother was busy he had gone down the back elevator to meet him. You see Mother didn't like Jim very well because his mother "didn't mix," she always said. He lived in the apartment right under them and Jim's bedroom with a real rifle on the wall was right under his own. Jim was a big boy, almost a man; he was in

fourth grade in a real school, and he could get out all the time, and they would go for walks together. It was fun, because Jim knew everything, and then they had almost fallen over Spot. Spot was a dog that didn't belong to anybody, and so he went home with them. But Mother hadn't let him come in the house: she said he was a "shaggy, dirty cur," and last night he had run away. Tears filled the brown eyes at the thought of Spot having run away without even saying good-bye. Then suddenly he remembered something, and jumping up, pulled a small bag from his pocket. He emptied five marbles into my lap. They were "mannies," he informed me, and the Carson kids had given them to him when he left. Jim had given him a pretty snail, but Mother had seen it and said he was a naughty boy for thinking he could take it on the trip with him, but Cora had said he could take the little snail to his new home. She said there would be a place for a snail in the big house out in the country, with green grass all around that you were allowed to play on. She knew because she had a picture of Daddy and his new wife, who was little and sunny-looking, and at her feet on the grass was a big white collie dog. Daddy had written that he could romp and play like a real boy out there. Cora had read the letter. Cora was his only sister, and last night she had kept him awake almost all night talking to him. After the lights were out, she had come down the hall and gotten into bed with him. She had told him he was to be a little man now that he was out in the world. He was to be a gentleman, like Jim, and remember his table manners and say his prayers. Then she had made Donnie, no, Don now that he was a big man and out in the world, get out with her on the cold floor. Together they had said their prayers.

Then the eyelids drooped, the tiny body relaxed against me, and soon Don, who was a man now out in the world by himself, was sound asleep. I read the large white tag that was wired to his belt. It read,

To—Mr. Donald Thompson,
251 South Avenue,
San Francisco, California.
From—Mrs. Donald Thompson,
Maryland Apts.,
Riverside Drive,
New York City.

———o———

LATE THOUGHT

Margaret Rowe

Banks have an uncompromising way of closing at three o'clock. It was exactly two-thirty when Elsie suddenly remembered she had to cash a check.

"Well, I have lots of time. It will only take me about five minutes to drive over there those two blocks." she thought as she pulled her coat from its hanger in the cupboard and snatched her purse from the top of the bureau. "Now where in thunder is the door-key?" she muttered as she rummaged through the contents of the pocketbook. A compact, lipstick, a slightly grimy handkerchief, a change purse and a battered package of cigarettes put in their appearance one by one, but no key. With a vicious yank she pulled open the top bureau drawer and looked wildly under the pile of gloves, various boxes of all sizes and shapes, and under a bunch of clean handkerchiefs but there was no key anywhere. She

ran from room to room looking on all the open spaces on each dresser or table where she thought she might have laid it.

"Ouch!" she explained and sat down suddenly, rubbing her ankle. "Someday I'll kill myself on the rocker of that darn chair! That key is in this apartment somewhere I know. I have to have it. I can't go without it 'cause all the family is going to be out 'til six o'clock and this is the maid's day off and I can't get in if I come home early. I was sure I left the dumb thing on the hall table. I'll look again."

But it wasn't under the little silver tray or under the telephone directory. Suddenly something shining from under the corner of the rug caught her eyes. There it was almost hidden under the fringe where it had fallen. "Thank heavens—at last!—Well I still have twenty minutes to get there."

Elsie was closing the front door behind her when she heard the sharp ringing of the telephone.

"Now what's that going to be?" she muttered as she pushed the door open again and ran to pick up the receiver from its little black hook.

"Hello"—

"Yes—this is she."—

"Oh, hello, Dick!—Fine—How are you?"

"Of course!—I had a marvellous time last night! Didn't I tell you so?"

"It was a divine party!"

"What?—Oh, we have vacation until the eighth of January. When do you have to go back?"—

"Sunday night?—aw, that's tough."

"Tomorrow afternoon?—Yes I'll be home.—Sure I'd love to see you, then—O. K.—about two-thirty."—

"Listen, I hate to hang up like this but I just have to get to the Bank and it's a quarter of three."—

"Yeah—see you tomorrow."—

"—'Bye—"

For some reason the car refused to exhibit its usual quick starting ability.

"I suppose if I wasn't in a hurry it wouldn't be zero weather and you wouldn't be tempermental. Aw, come on Oscar be good! I would like to get to the Bank."

After many more groans the engine finally sputtered, choked and then started off. A number of pedestrians looked up to wonder what the green streak was going down Highland Avenue. Just to make matters a little more complicated, there was nowhere to park. Elsie had driven around the block four times but still there was no space where she could leave the car. Coming around for the fifth time, she looked at the clock over the door of the bank and the hands pointed to five minutes to three. As she shifted the gears and brought the car to a halt at the stop-light, she thought.

"Time or no time—check or no check—I'm not going to pay fifteen cents to park this crate. I'll just leave it back there in that alley whether it says 'No Parking' or not. There doesn't seem to be any cop around here anyway."

Guiding the car to the forbidden territory, she locked it quickly and threaded her way hurriedly among the pedestrians and cars, narrowly escaping being completely demolished by a large moving van. She stretched out her hand to push open the swinging door but it refused to budge. She shook and rattled it vainly for it was locked for the day.

"Well, maybe the front door is still open. I guess I'd better go around and see." Suddenly she stopped. "Did I take the keys out of the car?" she asked herself. As she started to open her purse, something fell from her right hand. She made a wild grab for it but it was too late. The keys had fallen through the iron grill over the trap door coming from the cellar of the bank. She stretched her fingers through the narrow spaces but it was all in vain. Three inches below her dangling fingers the keys winked up at her.

"Lose something, lady?" said a voice in her ear.

"Why—er—yes. Those keys."

The owner of the voice knelt down and dangled his fingers through the grating but the keys still lay annoyingly, just out of reach.

Another passerby stopped and looked down the grating and made a fresh vain attempt to reach the keycase. Elsie looked around helplessly. What should she do? Should she go on into the Bank and try to get the keys out when she came back? She glanced apprehensively at her wrist watch. It was two minutes of three. Deciding for the moment on the latter course, she started in the direction of the corner. Suddenly she stopped and turned and ran back to the grating and once more dangled her fingers through the rusty iron bars.

"Oh, me! I don't see how I'm going to get them anyway—" her mind flew excitedly from one thought to another. "—Even if I do get into the Bank at this point I'll have to walk home and spend the rest of the afternoon hunting that extra key I'm supposed to have somewhere. If I have to do that I know I'll get a tag for parking in that alley—it will cost me more than a dollar, too 'cause I think it'll be the second one I've gotten within the twelve months or whatever length of time it is." Just then the first man who had stopped, came up carrying a pair of pliers.

"Got these at the gas station over there. Think they'll do the trick. Yes, it reaches and here they are."

"Thank you just ever so much—I don't know how I ever would have gotten them."

"Oh, you're welcome. Guess I'd better take these back." he said, as he walked away and ran across the street.

With the keys safely tucked away at last, Elsie scurried around the corner just in time to see the doorman unlocking the Bank door to allow someone to come out.

"Is it too late for me to get in?" she asked hopefully.

"Well—now—" he drawled. "What do you want to do?"

"Just cash a check. It wouldn't take me but a minute."

For a moment he hesitated and then continued. "Alright—go ahead."

Elsie approached the teller and pushed the check along the marble shelf toward the man behind the cage.

"Well," he said, turning from the pile of crisp new bills he had been counting. "You're a little late, aren't you?"

"I am." she sighed. "But you just have no idea. It's a wonder I got here at all."

———o———

PARADOX

A frown, a plaint, a sigh, a tear—
Why should they make me glad?
A smile, a touch, a look, a kiss—
Why should they make me sad?

—G. P. C.

VICTORIA HRUSHKA

Mary Seaver

I.

She was born in an isolated cabin in the great North Woods of Montana. Her father, a big burly man of Bohemian descent had christened her Victoria—Victoria Hrushka. The day after her birth Victoria's little Indian mother had died, leaving the baby to the sole care of her father, who, never before having had the care of a child, was quite at a loss as to what to do. There were no close neighbors in these great woods, so no one was near to help him. The bewildered father went every day to the big lumber camp ten miles distant, and worked until evening. Some one must be found to care for the child while he was gone.

A week after he had buried his young wife, John Hrushka took the little seven-days-old Victoria and wrapped her warmly in blankets. It was mid-winter, and a high, icy wind howled through the tops of the great pine trees. But winter or not, help had to be found. Plodding the long cold miles to the lumber camp, Hrushka carried Victoria to the first cabin of the camp. Here lived an old Indian woman and her daughter who served as the cooks for the lumber men. After much persuasion, Hrushka succeeded in getting the younger woman to go back with him to care for the child.

Little Victoria, still in the arms of her father, began to squirm in her blankets. She had slept all through the long walk and now was hungry. The woman, Nonka, who was to care for her, uncovered the child. She saw a little dark round face, high cheek bones, and penetrating black eyes. Long, stiff, black hair hung low on her forehead, seeming to make the eyes more piercing. The lower part of the face was unusually heavy, thick little lips accentuating the appearance. A sturdy, determined howl issued from the tiny body, but after a drink of warm milk, she at once fell back to sleep.

* * * *

Five, ten, fifteen years had rolled by. With the passing years Victoria had grown to know the struggle of existence. At the age of ten Hrushka determined his daughter should go to school, as she was likewise determined to go. In the years of hardship and struggle, Hrushka had worked on and on without a break. At every stumbling block he silently thought out his trouble by himself, and with indomitable will he overcame every obstacle in his path until he had found more profitable work. Finally he had become foreman of the lumber camp. With each pay, he saved it all with the exception of the small amount they had to use for food. Victoria not only must go to school, but later she must go to college.

The child went to a little school which had been set up for the children of the lumber camp. While there, she made no friends, but worked steadily at her lessons. Her far-reaching mind grasped everything the teacher could give her and more. Other children around her affected her not at all. She was silent and determined—a determination from which no one could turn her. The other school children taunted her, even as to her appearance. But not one did she seem to hear. The queer heavy features of her baby face had become more and more pronounced. Her head hung forward from her prominent, rounded shoulders, letting her thick black Indian hair fall the lower over

her low forehead. In the long years spent in the great silent woods with no one but her father, Victoria had never once thought of what she looked like. Silently she had helped him to save and now silently, she was working to get that for which the money had been saved.

II.

At the age of twenty-four, Victoria entered the University of Montana. It was for the first time in her life that she had been any place larger than the village made up of the lumber camp people. A new life confronted her; she must associate with other people and make friends. This latter was the most difficult thing she had to do, being taciturn and unwilling to confide in anyone. She had the quietness of the Indian about her. Never in her life had she had any affection for anyone other than her father. She seemed to have no emotions, either of love or hate. Remarkably strong of will and nature, extremely brilliant, she went through the first three years of her college life with not much variation from her old way of living. She associated more freely with her fellow students, but for the most part she was busy at her work. She took readily to modern ideas and spent much of her time with economics, social and political.

It was in Victoria's senior year that Miss Harris came to the University as dean of women. A difficult task was hers to counsel and control girls only a little younger than herself. But at that time, the University was testing the new idea that a dean should be young, that she might have more in common with her charges.

One evening in late Spring while Miss Harris was sitting in her room, her telephone rang. It was a young and apparently cultured man asking to see her at the earliest moment possible. Wondering slightly, Miss Harris agreed to see him that same evening.

At the time appointed, he called. Opening the door, Miss Harris found her caller tall, blonde and prepossessing. He was almost pretty with his hair curling back from his forehead and large blue eyes. His complexion was smooth and glowing—almost like that of a child. Upon entering he gave his name as Mr. Richardson, speaking in a well-modulated voice. He was courteous and showed a beautiful grace of manners. Miss Harris asked him to be seated, and when he had done so, he began his story.

Victoria had attended a small Presbyterian Church in which Mr. Richardson was the tenor of the quartet singing there. She had inquired as to his name and his address and from that day, three months before, she had been writing him. The letters were fiery and filled with the idea of woman doing her own courting. She had set forth argument after argument and asked him over and over again to see her or answer her letters. Each letter she had signed "Yours for the Victory." Victoria had fallen violently in love with the tenor. The madness of the emotion came to her after all the pent-up years of her life; it came with all the rush of her primitive nature back of it. It was her first great emotion and he was the first handsome man, so entirely every opposite of her own type, that she had ever seen. She began to take care in her dress. Her hair was neatly combed and she began to use rouge and powder. The emotion came to her with a strength so devastating that she was willing to go any length to gain what she desired. It was a new thing in her life, and her strong will and brilliant mind worked only for that which she wanted. Mr. Richardson never answered one of her letters.

At last she became desperate. She patrolled the street in front of his house until he came home one evening. She begged him to marry her,

threatened him with everything she could think of if he did not. If he wouldn't marry her she would give herself to him anyway. It made no difference to her. She was consumed with her passion for him. Upon his refusing her this, she burst out with the wild but none the less determined threat to kill him and herself, too. For a number of days after, she waited for him regularly repeating her begging and threatening. At last Mr. Richardson began to really fear her insane, and had gone to Miss Harris to see if she couldn't help in some way.

Just as Miss Harris was promising to do all she could, and the young man was rising to leave, Victoria passed down the hall by the open door of Miss Harris' room. She looked in, saw the young man, but walked on quietly to her room on the third floor.

When Mr. Richardson departed, Miss Harris sent for Victoria to hear her version of this mad story.

Ten minutes later Victoria came. She walked quietly up to Miss Harris and before the puzzled Dean could say a word, Victoria spoke in a dull monotone,—

"I know what you want, Miss Harris, but you don't need to say anything. I promise you I will give you no more trouble." With that she walked quietly out and to her own room.

Miss Harris, always having believed in Victoria, continued to believe. At that moment the president came into the room and Miss Harris told him of Victoria, and of her promise. The president, knowing Victoria, said he was quite sure the girl's strong will would pull her out of this thing. Thus the subject was dropped for the time being.

Later in the evening, Miss Harris went to tell one of the teachers, Victoria's class adviser, about the whole thing. Miss Williams' room was on the second floor and she found her coiling a long rope and laying it in a corner.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Miss Harris.

"Oh, I was just seeing if my 'fire-escape' were long enough. I tied the rope to that big hook up on the ceiling and found that it just reached the ground underneath my window. You know they had a fire over in one of the other buildings last week, and it just made me think to test out my rope. I'd hate to be caught up here sometime. I think we ought to have all the girls test the ropes and hooks in their rooms."

"Yes, it wouldn't be a bad idea," said Miss Harris. But the next moment she had forgotten all about fires and fire escapes in telling Miss Williams the surprising story of Mr. Richardson.

Night passed—and the rush of classes next morning. At noon an importunate instructor telephoned to ask why the ever-present Victoria Hruska had not attended her class and given her assigned report. Miss Harris promised to ask Victoria at lunch, but Victoria's place at table was vacant, and the girls said she had missed breakfast also.

"Oh dear," worried Miss Harris, "I hope she is not out dogging that reluctant young man," and she sped upstairs to Victoria's room to make sure of her suspicions. She rapped on the door but received no answer. Then noticing that the door was standing ajar, Miss Harris pushed it open and walked in. The room looked empty. Then she turned to the window, and stood transfixed. A scream caught in her throat as she glimpsed the swaying figure hanging from the fire escape hook. Victoria would cause no more trouble.

MRS. BIANCO

Prudence Nourse Goodale

Into the small courtroom which was already filled with deputies, clerks, anxious parents and the usual hangers-on, Mrs. Bianco bustled, esconcing herself in a chair immediately below the judge; from this tactical point she glared up at the officers facing her. Presently a young woman said to her, "John's case will come up in this morning's sitting, but you must wait until you are called."

Mrs. Bianco snorted, "Wait! Just wait till I get that kid back. He'll know better than to squeal on me." Her eyes blackened and the corner of her mouth lifted in what might have been a smile. There were marks of former beauty in that woman's face; now black hair hung about a pale, much wrinkled countenance. The corners of her mouth hung down, and when she leered—it happened often—one noticed that a front upper tooth was missing.

During the court proceedings Mrs. Bianco sat still as an image save that her eyes, ever moving, shifted now here, now there. When a deputy led into the room John Petrucelli, a thin, pale boy of about twelve, Mrs. Bianco leaned forward in her chair, clutching the arms of it, staring at the boy. He must have felt her gaze instinctively for he turned toward her, and drew back with a start. John started to cry, with long sobs shaking his whole body. "I won't live with her!" he gasped, "let me stay here at the Home. Please let me—" A young social worker hurried to his side, speaking to him in a low tone. He stopped crying, and wiped his reddened eyes with his shirt sleeve.

The judge spoke, "Mrs. Bianco, three months ago John was brought to us as an orphan. We placed him in your home to be under your care. Last Friday a policeman picked him up on Herron Hill. John said he had no home, but when we looked up the record and reminded him of the fact, he admitted he had been with you. He said that you had beaten him and had not allowed him to go outdoors except to go to the store. Is this true?"

"Mister judge—yer honner," she cried, "John's a liar. I couldn't no more trust that boy than nothing. Ya ain't heard any complaints from the neighbors, have ya?"

The judge admitted he had not. Evidence was lacking; it was hard to determine whether the boy or the woman was telling the truth. At length he said, "Mrs. Bianco, you will have the custody of John until this court may rule otherwise."

Sobbing, John followed Mrs. Bianco out of the court room. He walked very slowly. Soon they were alone in the long outer corrider. Mrs. Bianco wheeled suddenly on the boy, striking him a heavy blow on the face. As John smothered a scream of pain, Mrs. Bianco laughed.

—o—

A JAPANESE PRINT

Across a cool twilight sky
Hangs a willow bough,
Dripping green.
A silver moon sees a robin
Perch a moment
And flutter to her nest.

—G. P. C.

JIMMIE

Margaret Stockdale

Jimmie Arnold was on his way home from school. Instead of lingering at Mike's confectionery store or the baseball field, as usual, he hurried by both attractions with only a flip of his wrist as he yelled:

"Hi, fellows!" to some of his "gang".

Jimmie's brown curls were tousled and his face was dirty from the day's activities. A pencil mark reached from one brown eye to the tip of his freckled nose, and the corners of his mouth were smudged with licorice. One grimy hand kept jerking at the strap over his shoulder which held his books, and the other hand was thrust into his pocket. With his head bent, Jimmie was deep in thought, so deep, in fact, that he kept coming perilously close to trees and walls, and he had a vague recollection of bumping something once that jumped and made a noise. Of course there was reason for all this. On the way out of school, Jack Peters had called to him with a,

"Hey Jimmie, are ya goin' to the show tonight? It's a swell one—Tom Mix and his horse. My Mom's takin' me."

Thus Jimmie's preoccupation. He knew he was not allowed to go to movies on school nights, and although he was young, he knew too, by experience, that if tonight was to be an exception, his success depended upon the humor of his family. He hoped Mom hadn't found the dirty inner tube he had left under the bed, and he hoped, too, that Dad hadn't had a bad day at the office because that always made him grumpy.

When Jimmie entered the house, he remembered to wipe his feet on the doormat and to use the back door. His mother, a plump, pretty-faced woman with black wavy hair, was busy in the kitchen, and after giving her a sticky kiss and washing his hands, Jimmie said he guessed he'd practice. His mother scanned his face anxiously, and then asked,

"Aren't you well, son?" Not only was Jimmie home early, but he was actually stating his intentions to practice.

When Jimmie's half hour was up, he played on for an extra five minutes, and then from the living room came a plaintive little voice,

"Mom, can I go to the movies tonight? It's a good one, and it won't be there Saturday."

"Well now, Jimmie, I don't know," began his mother from the kitchen, and then came a loud crash from the vicinity of the piano. Mrs. Arnold sped to the living room, and there on the floor in splinters were her two precious cloisonne vases with Jimmy sprawled in the ruins. Jimmie looked up at her, his face a combination of surprise and grief.

"Are you hurt, Jimmie?" asked his mother.

Jimmie struggled to his feet, apparently unhurt, so she continued,

"Why are you so careless, son? You know I was very fond of those vases. Why can't you be careful?"

Jimmie regained his powers of speech at this point.

"Gee, Mom, I didn't try to do it, honest I didn't. I was just sort of swingin' like on the stool, and it got goin' pretty fast, and when it reached the top it stuck, and I slid off into the cabinet, 'n' then the vases just fell off."

"How many times, Jimmie, have I told you not to swing on the stool?"

"Aw gee, I'm sorry, Mom, but look, I haven't spent any of my allowance for this week-end, and if you will let me go to the movies tonight, I'll have thirty-five cents left to buy you new vases."

"How can you speak of movies at a time like this," said Mrs. Arnold solemnly. "If you are going to replace my vases, you won't be able to go to the movies for six months," and she walked from the room shaking her head hopelessly.

While Jimmie cleaned up the remains, he tried to figure out the cost of the vases. Six months were twenty-four weeks, and fifty cents a week would be—but his mother interrupted his calculations.

"Jimmie," she said, "I want you to take the ashes out, and remember, don't come up in my clean kitchen afterwards with dust on your feet."

Jimmie scrambled to his feet. Here was another chance. He could redeem himself, and maybe he wouldn't have to start paying for the vases until next week. Tom Mix was still foremost in his mind. He tramped down to the cellar, kicking over an empty bucket in his haste.

"What are you doing Jimmie? Must you make all that noise?" called his mother from the kitchen.

There was no reply except the sound of boxes being dragged across the cellar floor. As the dust began floating up to the kitchen, Mrs. Arnold hastened to close the door.

Jimmie hauled the boxes out and piling them on his wagon, pulled them down the street to a vacant field and dumped them. Returning to the house, he made an attempt to brush the yellow dust from his clothes, and then went up to the kitchen. He sat down backwards on a chair and put his feet on the rungs. When his mother entered the room, he began poking at the open work in the back of the chair.

"I was just thinkin' Mom (this with his head down) that maybe I could start paying for the vases next week. That show I was tellin' you about is Tom Mix and his horse, and Jack Peters is goin', and gee, Mom, can I go?" Jimmie raised his head and found to his surprise that his mother had been standing beside him since entering the room. Her arms were folded, and she observed him sternly.

"Jim," she began, "don't mention the movies again. You certainly can not go. Mrs. Reding just phoned and said you had been very rude to her, today. She said you bumped her clear off the sidewalk and never even pardoned yourself."

"Aw gee, Mom, I wasn't rude to her, but she's such an old fusser. Every time she sees me, she wants to kiss me and anyway, I didn't even see her."

Now Jimmie, when my friends take an interest in you, I want you to behave like a gentleman."

"Aw gee—"

"Say no more about it, Jim."

At that moment, Elsie, Jimmie's sister came in. She was a plump girl with a sweet face like her mother's and had dark curls that were tied with a red ribbon. Elsie went to high school, and her present world consisted of boys and more boys. Jimmie was often a great trial to her, but sometimes when he polished her shoes or sharpened her skates she pulled for him with the family. Maybe she would be his middleman, so he followed her into the hall.

"Well, what do you want?" she said, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh, I just thought you'd be wanting me to do something," said Jimmie glibly.

"Hm," said Elsie. Jimmie wasn't deceiving her. She still used that method herself when she wanted something.

"I'm going to clean out my cupboard," she said, taking advantage of this unexpected opportunity, "and you can help."

"Now, you can burn that boxful of stuff," she was saying, when the doorbell rang. "I think that is Bob," she said, and ran out of the room, leaving Jimmie, Bob being the present heart-throb.

Had it been any other time, Jimmie would have walked out himself or done something to tantalize Elsie. He snickered as he thought how mad she would be if he dressed up in some of her clothes and showed himself downstairs. The temptation was great, but suddenly his eyes fell upon the picture of a horse above Elsie's bed. That reminded him of the movies and he decided to straighten the cupboard himself and surprise Elsie. On the very top shelf he found an old Hallowe'en costume. This he tried on, and after posing in front of the mirror for a while, he suddenly thought of how the "gang" would razz him if they could see him now in a girl's Gypsy costume. In his haste to get it off and shove it back into its box, he tore the hem. He continued his job, dusting boxes in a kind of hit or miss way, and looking into them all, fingering the contents before replacing them. Once, he paused to read some letters he found tied in a blue ribbon, but soon threw them back in their box after muttering "mush" under his breath. The blue ribbon he threw away. It was dirty and anyway he couldn't get the bow tied again. In one corner he found two pictures, one of a boy with his arm around Elsie and the other of the boy himself. Across the corner of the second picture was written "To my Sweetheart".

"Gee, girls were funny," Jimmie reflected. Only last summer these pictures had been in the frames that now held Bob's pictures. Well, since they were lying on the floor maybe she didn't want 'em. He could use the cardboard for a kite. Downstairs went Jimmie and into the living room where Elsie was assuring Bob that there had really never been anyone else.

Bob was a tall, thin, red-haired boy, and his freckled face was an unnatural pink as he sat up guiltily on the edge of the couch at Jimmie's entrance.

"H'lo," said Jimmie briefly, not pausing to pardon his interruption, "Say, Els, can I have these to make a kite with," and Jimmie held the two pictures, right side up, in front of the couple. It all happened so suddenly that Jimmie wasn't sure what it was all about. Bob's pink face had become pinker, and rising to his feet, he had grabbed his hat and started from the room without a word. When the front door banged, Elsie slapped Jimmie and left the room in tears. She hadn't taken the pictures though, so perhaps he could have them, and he stuck them behind the piano for future use. He guessed there was no chance of Elsie's helping him to get to the movies. She was cross now, but then he remembered the cupboard. Upstairs again he went.

"Was the cupboard all right, Els," he asked. All the response he got was having the door slammed in his face.

He wandered down to the kitchen again. His mother said to him, "Elsie's friend left in rather a hurry, didn't he?"

"Uh huh, yes'm," muttered Jimmie as he gazed rather dejectedly out at the winter twilight.

"Mom," he started again in a few minutes, "you like Mrs. Peters, don't you?"

"Why yes, son, I think she is very nice indeed. Why?"

"Well, she is taking Jack to the movies tonight and I thought maybe you—"

"Jimmie, I don't want the movies mentioned again this evening. When your father comes in, don't annoy him with your fussing either, or I'll have to tell him how bad you have been today."

Jimmie's dejection became more pronounced as he saw all hopes of getting to see his favorite fading, and he sat down behind the kitchen door.

When Mr. Arnold, an ardent golf fan, came in ten minutes later, he was still sitting there. His father, not seeing him, began to talk to his mother.

"Did you have a hard day, dear?" he asked her. "I wonder if the children have much night-work tonight. I see they are showing golf lesson number four by Bobby Jones at the movies tonight. I thought we might all go. Where is Jim. Has he been good?"

Jimmie practically leaped from his corner.

"Gee, dad, that's swell! Sure I've been good. Tell him Mom. I practiced extra time, I carried out the ashes, I cleaned Elsie's cupboard, and I'm going to buy Mom two new vases instead of going to shows for six months—starting tomorrow. Sure I've been good," and Jimmie clung to his father's arm as if he were afraid this answer to his prayers would suddenly vanish.

Mr. Arnold looked from Jimmie to his wife and back to Jimmie again with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, son, I guess if you've been that good all day, we can manage the show tonight."

A CORNER IN HUSBANDS

Jane Dowler

"Have just landed from Aquitania stop will arrive at 4:00 P. M. stop. Paul." A pair of sleepy green eyes blinked lazily through long dark lashes. Then quite suddenly, as the words on the yellow slip of paper ate their way into an awakening realm of consciousness, Nora's eyes searched out the meaning of the printed message. She sat up quickly and, pushing back the silken coverlets, jumped out of bed only to sink back on it again, dazed. A brilliantly jeweled hand ran wildly through red tinted hair. "It just couldn't be! It just couldn't be!" she repeated again and again. "Paul coming here! But he is dead. He has got to be dead; I buried him!" A tall dark figure flashed into her mind. Such a sweet husband, but oh so unbearably poor. How handsome he had appeared in his uniform! Slipping on a flimsy pink negligee she walked over to her dresser and ran a comb through tangled hair. "But he is dead," she told herself again as she vigorously patted powder on a small upturned nose. Served him right, going off to some silly old war and leaving her alone. And now he had come back. A sudden thought struck her, steaming out the frantically twisted lines in her pale face. "A bigamist", she thought wildly. Her eyes grew wider, her lower jaw dropped. She clutched at the silky flouncing frills of her dressing table. "Not poor little me," she moaned. "But how could he be so inconsiderate?" Her social position! And her bridge club—heavens! She would have to attend every meeting to keep budding tongues silent. Well Paul couldn't help it," she guessed. Darling Paul who had danced so divinely. She sighed. "But he is dead," she said aloud.

"Who's dead?" Art wanted to know as his rotund figure emerged fresh and pink from his morning bath. His bald head shown above a fringe of dark hair. A large diamond ring sparkled ostentatiously upon one of his fat fingers.

"Oh, nobody you know," Nora faltered as she hid the telegram behind her.

"Ummh—how nice you look this morning, my dear," Art said with admiration. Then he added grudgingly. "And no wonder. Another new negligee. Honestly you will run me into the poorhouse, Nora, buying those fool lacy things. What happened to the blue satin one?"

"Oh, but darling, I just couldn't bear that one. It had such droopy sleeves and they were always getting into my coffee cup. Artie, you are so grumpy to your little wifie in the mornings."

"Well I wouldn't be," he shouted at her, "if you would stop perfuming my shirts. Phew, this one smells like Christmas Night in a glue factory. Even Hawkins sniffs at me as though he pitied me. And if there's one thing I can't stand, it's being looked down upon by one's valet."

"Well then get a new one," Nora retorted, "I don't like the way he ties your ties anyway. Be sure to wear your spats this morning, dear. It's quite chilly and I wouldn't like you to take cold."

Art looked at his huge frame in the long mirror and laughed. "Maybe if you had some of my weight you wouldn't have to be running to that expensive young specialist all the time."

Nora's eyes narrowed. Art saw her squeeze the handle of her hand mirror and not staying to see if its use was to be a practical one, he hastily withdrew from the room. He was man enough, however, to slam the door as he left and Nora bit nervously at the edge of her handkerchief.

"I mustn't cry. I mustn't cry," she told herself. "I'll ruin my make-up." Then she turned to her maid. "Bring me the phone, Marie. I'll talk to Ronnie, that's what I'll do. A true poet, Marie. I always feel as though he understands. At least he comforts me whether he understands or not. He says that I am a little mysterious, isn't that exciting? Ronnie tells me that I remind him of a moonbeam playing on dark waters. And that my movements are like the soft ripplings that shiver under the yellow light." She hugged herself slightly in sheer delight. "Oh the adorable infant! He is so restful. And he is so fond of me too, Marie."

At precisely four o'clock that afternoon Paul, a handsome man in his late thirties, arrived bag and baggage. Nora sobbed and wept on his shoulder, her curly head resting helplessly against his tall thin body.

"They told me that you were all shot to pieces," she wailed.

Paul only looked at her and said: "Nora, my dear, you are getting more beautiful by the day, you don't look a bit older than you did when I last saw you three years ago. Not a sign of an extra chin. But you have changed the color of your hair. Did you tire of being a blond?"

Nora ignored his last words. "I thought you were dead," she was sobbing.

"Imagine forgetting I had an adorable wife like you," Paul exclaimed. "I deserved to lose you."

"Do you mean that you lost your memory?"

"And identification," he added. "Tell me, did you cry very much when you buried me?"

"Why Paul, I was sick for weeks and weeks. I thought I couldn't stand it. I was so lonely. That is why I married again."

"Yes," Paul answered sarcastically. "You hardly waited until I was cold in my grave."

Nora protested. "You know one's first love is the strongest. I always have loved you."

"Oh you wonderful darling! Everything is going to be all right again. But tell me, dear, where shall I put my bags? I should like to get cleaned up for dinner."

"Your bags," Nora asked in a surprised voice as she noticed them for the first time. "You can't come here."

"Why not? You're my lawfully wedded wife, aren't you? You are no longer married to what's-his-name now that I have appeared. You can have your second marriage annulled and then we can start all over again. Won't it be magnificent, dear?"

"Yes," Nora answered. Then, "I don't know" . . . .

"Of course it'll be," Paul assured her. "Incidentally, have you learned to cook yet, dear? You know, I think that is one reason why I went away to war. I didn't like that slovenly habit of dunking just to soften rubbery biscuits." "But then," he added, looking around the luxurious living room, "I don't suppose you even stick your pretty little nose inside the kitchen anymore. I suppose—"

"Paul," Nora interrupted him excitedly. "Art is coming in the driveway. Hurry up to the spare room. He mustn't see you. Walton! Walton, where are you? Oh here you are. Take Mr. Craft's luggage to the guest room next to mine immediately."

Paul stood still. "I want to have this out with him now."

"No. No. Give me a chance to talk to him. I'll have our dinner sent up to your room at seven o'clock where we can have a nice little chat by ourselves. But please keep out of sight."

Paul had just disappeared up the stairway as Art came in the front door. He kissed his wife and sat down with the evening paper.

Nora looked at him. "You look tired, dear. Did you have a hard day at the office? Suppose we both lie down until eight and then have dinner sent up to your room. It is so peacefully quiet there."

"I'm not tired," Art retorted. "And I am as hungry as a bear."

"But, darling," came a sweetly wearied voice, "I am so tired I couldn't eat a bite. Besides, I haven't ordered dinner until then. Have Walton bring you some crackers and milk and please don't disturb me until dinner, will you dear?"

Art merely grunted and settled himself deeper into his chair.

At seven o'clock Paul was in a jubilant mood. "What's this new husband of yours like?" he asked gayly. "Will he be hard to get rid of?"

"Art is a dear," Nora replied wistfully. "He sends me flowers every other day. But let's talk about ourselves. We were very happy together once."

"Yes, and we can be happy again, too."

"But, darling, I'm not sure" . . . .

"But of course you are. What fun we did have! Do you remember the old gang down at Joe's? They were a real bunch. I shall never forget swimming in the city fountain!"

"Oh, that night!" Nora exclaimed. "We were both soaking our feet in hot water the next day. It's a wonder we didn't die of pneumonia. Remember how that policeman chased us too—I mean until Tommy knocked him out. Tommy certainly paid plenty for that! I think he sponged meals from us for a month."

"And look, sweetheart, I still have that scar on my arm where you threw a vase at me. Has your aim improved any? I hope not. Art looked pretty healthy to me."

"Art! He didn't see you, did he?"

"Oh no. But I just couldn't resist looking through the keyhole as he passed along the hallway. No wonder he keeps up his strength. He seemed to be drinking a glass of milk and mumbling something about eight o'clock dinners."

Nora jumped up. "That reminds me, Art and I have a dinner engagement."

"Break it," Paul suggested with a wave of his hand.

"I couldn't, lamb. But I shall plead a headache and come home early. Au revoir!" She blew a kiss to him and silently closed the door.

Nora picked daintily at the food before her and leaned back into the large velvet arm chair as she watched Art jab at slippery oysters smartly arranged in the half shell. He ate with a healthy appetite. She kept up a light chatter until Art pushed away the remains of his strawberry short-cake, his favorite dessert, a satisfied grin upon his full face. She dipped brilliantly painted nails into a crystal finger bowl and then looked imploringly up into his eyes.

With a helpless gesture she began:

"Art, I am in the worst mess. I just don't know what to do. Paul has come back."

"Paul who?" Art demanded with pretended interest.

"Paul Craft, my former husband."

"I thought he was dead!" His grey-blue eyes were nearly popping out of his head. He was leaning forward now, deep lines in his flabby face.

"So did I. But it seems as though there has been some horrible mistake about identification."

Art comforted her. "Don't you worry your pretty little head, my poor dear. Of course there will be that nasty business of divorce. But then all we shall have to do is get married again. It will be rather fun. I enjoyed it the first time. We'll take a trip to Bermuda on our second honeymoon."

"You always make everything so simple and easy. Still, Paul was so sweet."

"You're not thinking of going back to him?" Art asked aghast. "If that man were within two miles of this place, I would cheerfully ring his neck."

"Art, don't get so excited, I haven't said that I was going back to him!"

"I don't see how you could when you have said you have loved me all along." He reached for a cigarette. The box was empty. He excused himself and went in search of a smoke.

Nora relaxed in her chair, but not for long. She heard Art talking to the butler in a loud voice. She flung open the door. Walton was carrying the dinner tray from Paul's bedroom.

"That man in this house," he bellowed. "Let me at him!"

Nora ran, pleading, after him. They entered the room at the same time. Paul was enjoying a cigarette by the fire.

"So you have come back for your wife, have you? Well she is my wife." Art was trembling with rage and as he spoke he shook a pudgy fist before Paul's astonished blue eyes.

Paul jumped from his chair. "She's my wife. I married her first."

"Boys! Boys, please don't argue," Nora mourned hysterically.

"Well then you tell us which one you are going to marry," Art challenged.

"Well, I" . . . ." she began uncertainly.

Just then, Walton appeared at the door. "Mr. Ronald Berkley to see Mrs. Van Carlton," he announced.

Nora's eyes lit up. Ronnie! He always popped up at the right moment. "Tell him I shall be down immediately," she said to the butler. Then she turned at the two glaring husbands. She smiled slowly, maliciously. "Gentlemen," she said, "I am going to divorce you both and marry Ronnie. Dear Ronnie! He says that I remind him of a moonbeam."

PICTURE

It is midnight,
And the sun hangs low
Like a flaming torch.
Around us the sea is molten gold—
A glowing light.

Sentinel, grim and stark
That guards the arctic wastes,
The great north cape looms before us,
In the glory of the night.
A vision dark.

—Margaret Rowe.

RETURN

Jane Wehr

The evening train rumbled away with a gentle drone and left him standing, a solitary figure in a shimmering valley of birch woods. Homeless he was, one of many who have known and lost security. But he had tasted the wine of spring air, he had heard the first gurgle of spring in the rusted gutters, and had fled the hard city streets. No longer could he stand in lines or eat from yellow bowls or sleep in hot damp beds. Death by inches was not for him; he was a lusty youth. His hair grew back, defiant, dark, around a face, pale from a sunless winter. From dust-faded trousers and dirty shirt, he raised his eyes and saw a thin green sky; blue hills grown tender with new leaves; above the hills, cold granite cliffs; below and all around him the wood, the white slim birches with leaves that shivered in silvery waves over the warm earth. This was like the country of his childhood. A crooked smile stirred his lips, half gay, half wistful; he kicked the gritty cinders and when they fell, spattering across the railway ties, he had gone.

Through the stillness of the wood he ran, his clumsy shoes discarded, his bare feet cool against the earth. There was no path, but he walked carelessly: past young birches swaying in timid clusters; past a rough, intruding fir tree with thick mossy trunk. He smiled at the rabbits as they bounced by him in confusion. Past grey rocks rising like unearthed bones, half hidden by dark ferns, he went, and in between the rocks the birches squeezed and raised contorted branches. Then the ground grew softer, the fir trees clustered closer, in blue shadow, and the granite rocks reflected sheer sides in a deep quarry pool. He stripped off his dusty clothes and paused a moment, white and glowing, before he plunged and broke the water. Down, down into the cool depths where it

grew dark and cold, then slowly up until his head burst through in a shower of drops. He struck out across the pool; a sketchy trail of water-bugs and myriad tiny fish radiated away from their disturber; his splashing feet left in their wake a trail of bubbling froth. When he reached the steep side he clung to a heavy tentril of ivy and rested, head out of water; he rubbed his arms and neck and chest, doused his face and hair, but always his head came up crisp, curly with dewy drops of water. Pushing off from the side again, he swam and cavorted in solitary playfulness, while an occasional green leaf fell and floated in the pool.

The crickets were still shrilling, belated bees swayed on flowers, bent beneath their weight, but in the sky the swooping bats and night shadows were gathering. The youth had climbed, white and dripping, to one of the bare rocks where he sat with legs crossed, knees drawn up, plucking berries from a crooked sprig. He was becoming a part of the woods, a fawn-like creature, happy and wild; but in his heart he remembered another lad, the boy of city streets, in ragged cap, who stood on windy corners and grabbed at rolling cigaret butts, who sauntered, hands in empty pockets, after the self-conscious, giggling girls; who slept in welfare houses and ate at soup-kitchens; who watched the ice break in the river and heard the trains rumble away with shrill wailings. Then at last he, too, had left, had hopped a freight, clinging with grimy hands, whirling past strange towns, strange houses, strange faces, unable to let go until he had found a refuge . . . the refuge of this peaceful valley, this dark pool and deep silence. He had never feared silence; but there were moments when he had feared loud noises, heavy smells, rough kicks, and always dirt—filth. He looked at his hands; they were clean and strong. They had always been strong, but cleanliness was something new. He jumped up and ran to the edge of the quarry pool, saw himself darkly reflected, a lithe, white figure bending over granite ledge—even his face was clean; a smile rippled for a moment; then was lost in the splash.

When he finally emerged, it was almost dark. He reached for his shabby clothes and found them jeweled with dew, but warm against his skin. The stars, high in the sky seemed to wander together above the pool like little lanterns; back in the woods a few birches still gleamed whitely. An owl moaned from some bare cliff, but the sound seemed as sweet as any music Pan might blow. Wearily he stretched himself on the ground and laid his cheek against the soil; a wind treading softly wrapped strong arms around him; he closed his tired eyes and pressed his body close against the earth. The poor, the homeless had found relief.

SNOW AT NIGHT

The world is black and white.
The graceful forms of trees
Stand out sharply
Against the sheet of snow.
Points of starlight
Dot the black sky.
A woodcut—
And a silence
As soft and deep
As the snow. —G. P. C.

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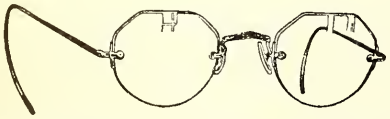
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NOTES

NOTES

THE MINOR BIRD

JUNE, 1936

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To Miss Alta A. Robinson, *teacher and friend, whose helpful assistance and sympathetic understanding, have endeared her to us all, the* 1936 Minor Bird *is dedicated.*

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THE MINOR BIRD

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

VOL. VII JUNE, 1936 No. 1

SPRING REBELLION

Jane Dowler

Cathy plunged her hands into the foaming dish water and quickly jerked them out again. The water was scalding hot.

"Damn!" she muttered aloud and then was completely surprised at herself.

She bent her young, dark head and regarded the reddened hands drawn into ugly lines deepened by their constant soakings. For the first time, she sensed the destructiveness of the soapy water to the tissues of hands. Little furrows of thought gathered above her quiet brown eyes. Funny, she mused, that she should think of that now. She never had before. Then, she could not help the picture of Lil's smooth, white fingers that flashed unwarningly into her mind. She would like to have hands like that. Perhaps if she used a little hand lotion before she went to bed at night—but then, no; for Lil would surely tease her about having a new beau, and she could not stand that. She knew she would never have any more beaux. Indeed, she had never had one tenth as many as Lil, but then, there had been a few nice ones. Besides, who ever heard of a girl of twenty-eight still having beaux? Mother and Daddy and Lil could not get along without her now; especially since they had let the maid go. And Lil was too busy having a good time. Lil was beautiful. She was white and creamy all over, except for the dark lines above vivid blue eyes which contrasted with her blond hair, and the small lips that were a brilliant red.

Cathy turned on the cold water spigot and again sank her hands into the water, temperate now. The early spring sun shone on the diamond-like sparkle of white suds and as some vanished, others sprang up into transparent balls with rose and blue and green studded in the nothingness. Cathy sighed as she watched the bustling water. She had never felt like this before. There was a strangely exciting glow within her and she was sure that somehow this day would be different. She took an exceptional joy in junking all the glasses and plates together in the pan, the debris left from Lil's gang last night and that of the breakfast dishes, alike.

Yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, she had washed, first the glasses, then the silver, then the cups and saucers and plates, leaving the pans and the skillets to the very last. She had done that forever, it seemed. This was new and amusing. She watched the suds evaporate angrily as yellow rings of grease formed around the sides of the pan. A soggy crust of bread floated on the top. Suddenly the sight became distasteful to her and she turned away and took the broom and started sweeping the kitchen floor. It was natural for Cathy to turn from the dish pan to the broom, from the dusting to the scrubbing. Her hands did not remember the idleness

they had known several years ago when they were young and pretty. Then Mother had warned her to take care of them; and especially did she emphasize this fact when John McCalmont was calling quite frequently to see her. That was just after Mary's wedding and Mother's friends all took her by the hand and said: "Well, I suppose you'll be the next daughter to go." She was nineteen. Nine years had passed and she hadn't married; few men had been interested in her. At first Mother had worried terribly about it; she couldn't understand why John McCalmont had drifted so completely out of her reach and had married the little Simonson girl two years ago. But now, Mother said that she was glad to have her own dear girl with her, to be near her always.

Cathy opened the back door with a jerk and pushed the dirt off the stoop. A breeze flung some of the dust back into her face. She sputtered and started to close the door, when she suddenly stopped, her senses awakening to the delight of the softness, the warmth of spring. Straightening up her tall, thin, body and flinging out her arms gratefully, she stepped outside and felt the air flow gently over and around her and through her. Cathy's eyes turned involuntarily skyward. It was blue, oh so very blue, and against it she noticed new little buds shooting out from the ends of the reviving old maple tree. She forgot the house behind her; she felt pleasantly alone and happy because of the smell of the warming earth, the new grass, the splash of yellow made by the daffodils in the small garden. Cathy wanted to walk in unison with the air and the patterns made by the twirling, inmature leaves. She wanted to feel the warm sun beating down on the back of her neck.

Cathy looked at the two yet unprepared breakfast trays for Mother and Lil and laughed softly to herself. Turning her lithe form quickly, she ran up the steps. If only she could get out before Mother asked for her breakfast and Lil screamed for her coffee. If only she could get away from that sunless stairway before Mother said, "I think we shall have baked alaska for dinner tonight, I'm sure you'll find time"—and Lil suggested that she make some cookies since some girls were coming into play bridge. The sandwiches she had made for the picnic last Sunday, she thought irreverently, had been soggy Lil said, she must remember not to put so much mayonnaise in the next time.

A robin, on a branch just outside the upstairs window, gave out its spontaneous song and Cathy immediately loved and hated it at the same time, so afraid was she that it might awaken a burst of requests:—"Cathy, run the tub for me will you?" "Cathy, how warm is it out, do you think it warm enough for my new suit?" She peeked in at her sister to see if she were sleeping soundly. Lil's mouth was open, she lay dead to the world. Without hesitating, Cathy walked over to Lil's dresser and picked up from the floor a smartly turned hat and pulled it over her dark, straight hair. The brim curved becomingly over her face. Pleased by the enchantment of a new hat, she snatched up Lil's silver fox scarf and suede handbag and softly slipped from the room.

As Cathy swung down Fifth Avenue, her old suit felt less shabby under the spell of the fur scarf, her hands less sturdy as she closed them around the envelope bag. True, she had some misgivings as she rode to town on the bus. She wondered what Mother and Lil would be saying. Suppose Mother should burn herself making toast? Heavens, they might even set the house on fire if they attempted dinner!—but then, she comforted herself, they would probably go to the restaurant down the

(Continued on Page 41)

JUD

Dorothea Speyer

The wind tore into Lena's room with piercing shrieking sounds. Lena stirred restlessly in the big double bed where she lay. Her dark kinky head was barely visible above the torn blue blanket which surrounded her ample figure. One of her hands lay out on the white pillow, a wrinkled brown hand bearing on one of its stubby fingers a thick band of yellow metal. The rain came down in torrents and now and then a sudden gust of it would come in and completely wet her already sodden coverlet. The faded gingham she had tacked over the cracked glass windows flapped drearily on and on. Suddenly, a terrific pounding sounded throughout the shell-like house. Lena jumped from out of the bed, her face a mask of fear, her brown beady eyes popping out of her smooth, black face. She listened. It came again. This time accompanied by piercing shrieks of, "Lena, Lena open up. It's only Carrie and Masie." She slipped on the cold wet floor gingerly and her bare fat feet pattered swiftly out of the room, down the murky creaking staircase to the door, which she quickly opened. Two colored women greeted her. Both in long white nightgowns covered by filthy, ragged-looking coats. Their skirts swirled in the wind, exposing their thick brown stockingless legs.

"Lena, we just got the news and came here as quick as we could."

"What news?"

"Lena, Buck just came home, and he done tell me that Jud, that Jud—"

"Jud what? For God's sake tell me. He ain't dead," she said in a low terrified voice.

"No, he ain't dead, Lena, but," grimly, "he's trapped down town where that flood is, and Buck said maybe he'll never get out alive and see us all again."

Lena's voice rose to a queer high pitch, and her mouth twisted strangely, "Carrie, don't talk like that. It ain't so. Come inside for I die of the shivers, and tell me all Buck said."

Carrie put her arm through Lena's and they walked slowly into the bare, square room, and sat down upon the broken black leather sofa. "Buck tol' me that Jud called up the police station from the plant where he's night watchman 'bout ten this evening, and said, 'I'se standing on the desk, boss, and the water's rising 'round me and their ain't no way to get out. Please, for the love of Jesus send round a boat or someone to save me so I can get back to see my Lena once mo'."

Lena's strange hysterical voice rose, "Carrie, he couldn't be dead. I'se got to find him. I'se got to find him I tells yo', and I'm going now to look for my Jud."

"Is yo' crazy? You can't find anyone at this time of the night. Why glory be it's past three o'clock, and besides the rivers ris'n, every minute, and the dear God alone knows when it'll be up here. The water's an inch deep on the streets from this here rain. Buck says we got it in our cellars now. Lena, yo' oughtn't to leave yours and Jud's house now. What if anything should happen to it?"

"I'se going to find him." Lena flung back as she raced upstairs into her dismal room and switched on the discolored electric light. She threw off her white night-gown, and while the wind and the rain blew she dressed—hurriedly, half-crazed. Her hands shook as she tried hooking her soiled red dress. Her body quivered as she tightened the belt of her black coat. Her fingers could scarcely tie the torn shoelaces of her scuffed brown shoes. "Carrie," she cried as she ran down the stairs, "I won't come back till I've found Jud."

"Lena, Lena you's got to listen to reason." But the door slammed behind Lena. The wind howled. The rain pounded all the more on the roof. Carrie slumped back on the couch, and addressed her companion, "Buck always said she had a crazy streak in her. Come to think of it he was right."

Lena ran through the chilling rain over stony sidewalks, over dirty, muddy streets, over little rivlets of inky water. She looked at none of the other furtive shadows scurrying along the dark streets. She did not see the water now only a few inches deep, rising slowly but surely. She ran on, and on and on. From time to time her wet hand mopped the equally damp creased brow. Little beads of perspiration stood out on her upper lip and her mouth hanging open, exposed to view several gold teeth which gleamed in the wavering light of a street lamp. Directly across from her she saw a little church, and dragging her weary limbs she reached its doorstep. She sank down on the clammy stone, and wearily put her head into her lap. Then the tears came, wild rebellious tears which could not stop. Finally, the sobbing became more irregular and Lena raised her face. Her eyes, swollen with grief, were almost numb with pain. She managed to stand up and began walking at a slow steady pace. She knew where she would go. At the police station they would surely known where Jud was. They must know. For hours she trudged along, the rain beating on her care-worn face, her feet soaked through and through. Each time she took a step the thick muddy water squeezed through her thin soles against her frozen toes. Her ankles were sore and chapped from the water constantly brushing against them. The wind blew against her back pushing her on and on and on. As the dull, grey dawn appeared she came to a stone building which she knew was the place she wanted. She had been there once before with Carrie to try to get Buck out of jail. She opened the swinging door to be greeted by a sleepy man in a blue uniform.

"What do you want, woman?"

"I'se come to see if yo' all know where ma husband is," Lena replied, "I'se afraid he's lost in the flood," she said timidly.

"So's a lot of other people," he answered gruffly, jerking his thumb to the left, "Right in there. They may be able to tell you something about him but I doubt it."

Lena walked softly into the adjoining room. It was filled to overflowing. Men, women, and children were standing, sitting, or reclining on the floor. Some were weeping quietly; others sat just staring ahead; still others had that fearful-on-edge look upon their faces. A few policemen sat behind a long table running through lists of papers and answering the telephone from time to time. Lena walked up to one of the men who was thus engaged.

"Please sir," she said as she twisted her fingers together, "could you tell me if a man called Jud Jackson's been found dead—or alive?"

"Well, I really can't say. We haven't got the complete lists in yet." Picking up the telephone, "Hello, yes, I've been expecting a call from you. It's eight o'clock already. I'll tell you if we come across anyone answering to that description."

Lena waited patiently. Her hat and coat and shoes all dripped water. Her hair fell in bedraggled strings on her thick bent neck. The man had at last ended his conversation, and looked at her questioningly.

"What's your name?"

"Lena Jackson, but can't you find out if Jud—"

"Listen here, Mrs. Jackson, you just set yourself down on this chair, and rest and we'll tell you if we find anything out about your husband."

(Continued on Page 45)

THE BOX

Dorothy Sargent

Among the folks at White Mills, Henry Green had the reputation of being a good farmer, for his were the most fertile and productive acres in the whole county. A thin erect man with a long scowling face, and always dressed in worn faded overalls, he was a respected member of his community and was looked up to by his neighbors in spite of being a close-fisted crafty miser. People said of him that "he could squeese juice out of the stones on his land". It never failed, that in a season when everybody's crops went bad, Henry had enough put away to tide him over, and usually he was able to sell to his neighbors at high prices. Too penurious to keep a hired-man all the year around, he used one only for a few weeks during a particularly busy season, but more often, he was through haying, or thrashing, or corn-cutting long before any of the other farmers, and at such times, he was always willing to help them out—for a good share of their crops.

The summer that young Robert Blake came to White Mills, Henry had finished his own haying early, and for two days had been helping Charles Spencer. He was returning home with his team and empty hay wagon at dusk one evening, and was driving along the road that ran past the Blake place, when in the distance he saw a dim light glowing in a lower window of the house that stood back from the road among a clump of fir trees. Pulling on the reins, Henry brought the horses to a stop, and sat staring at the land that had once been old John Blake's corn fields, but which was now almost covered by a second growth of shrubs.

Henry could remember how different the place had looked while old John was alive and giving every ounce of strength to the earth that he farmed, with no one to help him after his son Clarence ran off and left him alone. Henry's only memories of Clarence, with whom he had gone to school in childhood, were full of contempt for the frail, dreamy-eyed boy who hated farm work. After Clarence left, a youth of nineteen, Henry had never seen him again; had never even heard his name mentioned until one morning, about a month ago.

Henry recalled the incident that had taken place that morning when he had been in the village and seen the idlers around the general store surprised by the unexpected appearance of a tall lanky stranger. He was a young fellow, couldn't have been more than thirty, dark complexioned, and with a thick crop of black straggly hair. His brown face was drawn and lined; his gray eyes, under shaggy brows, gazed off into space and seemed not to see the curious-faced men who were lounging about the doorway of the store. Ordering a can of beans and a loaf of bread at the counter, he had stood silently waiting while grocer Long wrapped the bread.

"Stranger hereabouts?" grocer Long asked, trying to sound indifferent.

The man focused his gaze on the fat red-faced grocer, and after a moment's pause, answered, "I'm Robert Blake".

"Robert Blake!" repeated the grocer. "Any relation to the Blakes that lived here in White Mills?"

"John Blake's grandson", he answered.

"Well! Well! Old John Blake's grandson!" Long ejaculated. "Then you must be Clarence's son. Haven't heard a word about Clarence since he left here when we were youngsters together. Are y' plannin' to settle, or are y' jest visitin'?"

"Planning to settle", Robert had replied briefly, and picking up the can

of beans and the bread, quickly left the store.

"Did y' hear that?" Long had called to the group of men who stood staring up the road after the stranger's swiftly disappearing figure. "Clarence Blake's son! And he's goin' to farm it."

"Queer, ain't he?" remarked young Bob Shaw. "He sure don't waste no words."

"That fellow'll never be a farmer. I can tell it to look at 'im. Ain't got it in 'im", declared Ezra Sloan.

And Henry reflected that Ezra had been right; for almost two months had passed and Robert Blake had done nothing to the farm, nor had he made any attempt to fix up the tumble-down buildings. He only wandered about the hillsides or stayed locked up in the old house for days at a time, and scarcely ever came into the village except to make an occasional trip to the store. White Mills folks didn't like strangers, especially ones who stayed so much to themselves; and they had soon come to distrust "that queer Blake fellow". Tales began to spread around about why he had come to White Mills, and what he did at the old house.

"It wouldn't surprise me one bit", Henry had overheard Mrs. Spencer say to Emma, his wife, "if we found out that he's an escaped criminal, or something just as bad. It ain't natural the way he hides up there away from everybody. I remember his father, and the way he was always poring over a book when he should have been helpin' his Dad."

"He certainly is queer", Emma replied. "I was in the store the other day when he came in, and he looked at me so funny it gave me the chills. It ain't safe to have him around."

"That's just what I say", Mrs. Spencer declared. "Why it's gettin' so I'm scared to go out in the day-time, let alone, at night. Jennie Shaw came over to my place last night after dark to have me put the flounces on that new dress she's makin'. I said to her, 'Jennie, it ain't safe for a young girl like you to be walkin' these roads at night. No tellin' what might happen with that queer Blake fella runnin' around. You can't be in such a hurry for this dress', I says to her, 'that you couldn't wait until to-morrow.' She jest laughed and said she wasn't afraid. You wouldn't catch me doin' it."

Henry Green had little interest in Robert Blake except to hope that he would sell off the old place cheap, so he could get that piece of woodland that bordered on his property. To-night, as he looked at the idle fields, he thought that "young Blake must be a fool to let all that land go to waste."

Henry picked up the reins, slapped them sharply against the horses' sleek sides, and continued on his way. Ahead of him, right along the roadside, he could see Blake's ramshackle barn with its broken weather-beaten door swaying on one rusty hinge. He came up to the barn, and as he was slowly driving past, a man appeared in the doorway and called to him.

"Hey, stop a minute, will you?" The man crossed the road and hurried up to the wagon where Henry was sitting. From his tall thin figure dressed in a dark suit of neat "city clothes", Henry realized immediately, that he was Robert Blake. The dark brown face turned up toward the farmer was not unhandsome despite the long thin nose and the sharp hatchet-edged jaw.

"Are you going down across the bridge, mister?" the young fellow asked.

"Only way I know of to get across the river", Henry answered in his deep sullen voice.

"Would you do me a favor then?" Robert asked, 'There'll be a dollar in it for your trouble."

"Wal", Henry drawled, taking a large red handkerchief from the pocket of his overalls, and wiping his face, "depends on what it is."

"I've got a big box of old stuff here

in the barn that I'd like to get rid of," young Blake replied. "I've been cleaning out the place, and I've found a lot of old rubbish that I can't burn, and that I don't want lying around. I thought the best thing to do with it was to take it down and dump it into the river. If your going that way maybe you'll take it along with you?"

On the way to the river with a dollar in his pocket, Henry decided not to dump the big box in the water, but to take it home and pry off the lid, which he had perceived to be securely nailed, to see if there was anything in the rubbish that he could make use of. Nowadays, people were always throwing things away without even stopping to think whether or not they might want them sometime.

In his barn, Henry lifted the heavy box down from the wagon and taking his axe was about to open it, when Emma came to the door of the kitchen, and called him to dinner. Henry put down the axe, and went on in to his meal, thinking that he would open the box in the morning.

The next day, Henry decided to put off the pleasure of opening the box until after he had had breakfast. When he came in from the barn after milking, Emma, her thin stooped shoulders bent over the stove, was getting the meal ready in the big kitchen of the farmhouse. Henry sat down at the table and while Emma poured steaming coffee into his cup, she spoke to him.

"Ezra Sloan stopped by here this mornin' on his way in t' town, Henry", she said with a little catch of excitement in her voice.

"What's he goin' in t' town this mornin' fer?" Henry mumbled, his mouth full of oatmeal.

"He said he was goin' fer the sheriff", Emma answered.

"Sheriff!" Henry exclaimed, setting down his cup, and staring with astonishment at his wife's flushed face. "What the deuce does he want with the sheriff?"

"Seems something has happened to that young Jennie Shaw. She went off yesterday afternoon and never come back. Her mother's about crazy worrin' about her."

"Oh, she's probably jest gone off to the city like that there Spencer girl did when she left home", Henry remarked, unperturbed.

"That wouldn't be like Jennie. She wasn't the kind to be always hankering to go away. She was more of a home-girl than Betty Spencer was. That's what her folks don't understand. She always seemed content enough at home. They think somethin' happened to her, so Ezra says."

"Well, I got other things to think about", Henry said, as he pushed back his chair and rose to leave. "Bill Jones is comin' to buy a horse, and I see him drivin' in the yard now."

Henry left the house and hurried out to meet Bill Jones who had just driven in to the yard in his wagon. The two men walked out to the pasture, and Bill looked over a horse that Henry had for sale. Henry drove a hard bargain, but Bill needed the horse, and the sale was quickly made. Afterwards, the two men stood leaning on the pasture fence, gazing up and down the narrow yellow ribbon of road that ran along the edge of the pasture.

"Did you hear about that Shaw girl?" Bill asked, after a short pause.

"Yea", Henry answered, "but she'll probably turn up soon."

"Oh, I don't know about that", Bill answered. "Last night when she hadn't gotten back by midnight, her father routed a lot of us out of bed to make up a search party. We scoured the whole country, and even went over to the old Blake house, and there, by gosh, the whole place was deader than a tomb, and not a soul there. We called and pounded, but nobody answered. Some folks think there's some connection between this girl's disappearance and the Blake fellow's leaving."

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THE MAN WITH THE DEEP-SET EYES

Anne Hamilton

Half-obscured by darkening twilight shadows and fog drifting in from the river, the rows of high narrow brownstone houses on both sides of the street, stretched in an unbroken wall to the river bank. Here and there a light glimmered hazily on the dark mass of buildings, and a tall street lamp at the corner cast a pale circle of misty light on the pavement below. At the far end of the street, dimly outlined in the fog a young man was leaning on a low parapet overlooking the river. The collar of his gray coat stood high at the back of his neck and his hat brim was pulled down over his face as he stood motionless, his hands clasped in front of him, looking out toward the river.

A burly blue-coated figure swinging a short stout stick, sauntered down to the street toward him. As he approached, the young man started suddenly and gripped the black leather case that lay on the wall in front of him, glancing quickly over his shoulder at the policeman and then away again, relaxing his hold on the leather case as the sound of the footsteps grew fainter and then disappeared. He resumed his former position, staring fixedly before him toward the river which was now completely hidden by darkness and fog. After a time he turned and began to walk slowly down the street, peering up long flights of steps at the dark houses. Stopping suddenly in front of one of them, he examined a cardboard sign that hung slightly askew on a curtain just inside a lighted window of the house. He put his foot on the first step, hesitated a minute, then mounted rapidly to the door, and twisted a metal bell which could be heard echoing inside. A few seconds passed and then came some clicking sounds on the other side of the door, followed by a narrow stream of light which widened as the door swung open, creaking.

A large, lumpily-built woman with a sharp beak nose and small beady eyes, stood in the doorway, one hand on her hip. The other hand rested on the door-knob which she tapped rhythmically with her fingernails as she surveyed the young man before her without speaking. He stared back at her silently, the light streaming on his white face, his dark sunken eyes studying her intently.

"Well?" she inquired in a harsh rasping voice when his inventory appeared to have been completed.

"You have a room to rent?" the young man inquired in a low even voice.

"Yes. You can come and look at it. Top floor. Small but comfortable. Two dollars a week—one dollar down."

They climbed the steep stairs without further conversation and entered a small attic room. She lighted the gas burner and stood waiting. The young man glanced about him, fumbled in his pocket and handed her a bill.

"I'll take it. May I have a towel, please, and some water."

"Yes. You'll get that. What's the name please?"

"Oh—uh—Smith . . . John A. . . ."

"Yes, of course!" she murmured as she left the room, closing the door behind her.

* * *

Though it was still very early in the morning, the little green-fronted fruit shop on the corner of 7th Avenue was already astir. A ragged black-eyed little boy was vigorously rubbing a window on which was painted in white letters "Tony's Fine Fruits and Vegetables." Two women were moving away the wooden stands, stacking apples, cabbages, and tomatoes in neat rows. One of them, plump and middle-aged, with streaming black hair, was hustling about jabbering in a high-

pitched voice at a small squat man in greasy black trousers and a blue shirt who was sweeping the dusty floor boards and answering in sharp gutteral monosyllables. The other was a tall, dark young girl wearing a red silk waist, a green skirt and dangling gold ear-rings.

Outside in the street the early morning sun was shining. A street cleaner was pushing his cart along by the curb and stopping now and then to sweep a few papers off the surface of the firm thick layer of dirt which overspread the sidewalk and gutters. From time to time a yellow and red trolley clattered down the tracks, and automobiles swept by at intervals, but the surging morning crowds had not appeared as yet.

A young man in a gray coat with a black leather case under his arm sauntered slowly down the street glancing into the narrow dirty little shops. As he reached "Tony's Fine Fruits and Vegetables" store he stopped, watched the two women arranging the fruits, and asked the price of oranges. As the girl indifferently took his money and filled a brown paper bag with the oranges without looking at him, he regarded her intently. At the same time the older woman watched him curiously from the corner of the store where she was emptying a sack of apples—her eyes resting on the well-fitting tweed coat, the drawn white face and deep-set black eyes and the strange twist at the corner of the lips. The young man turned away and sauntered along the street. Having gone some yards beyond he stopped, turned and looked back toward the fruit store. Then he crossed the street and walked back toward it again, this time on the other side of the street. He stopped almost opposite it, lit a cigarette and stood smoking and watching the young girl in the red waist and green skirt as she moved languidly among the fruit stalls outside her father's store. Presently a long brown touring car rounded the corner and came to a standstill a few yards away from the young man. A man in a polo coat, smoking a cigar, got out, passed close by the young man in grey and then crossed the avenue toward the fruit store. He spoke a few words to the girl, pointed toward the interior, and as she entered the store he crossed back to his car, again passing close by the young man on the corner who dropped his eyes and began to walk slowly away. In the doorway of the fruit store the man in black trousers and blue shirt appeared. He looked quickly to left and right and then stepped out on the sidewalk. Suddenly the motor of the touring car roared in a loud rising crescendo, the next instant the sharp staccatto rattle of a machine gun revereberated in the street as the car swept by the fruit store, turned the corner and was gone. There was for the fraction of a second a heavy silence all along the street, then the sound of shrieking shouts and running feet. A circle of figures was closing around the heap of greasy black trousers and blue shirt that lay on the pavement, just as a plump woman with streaming black hair burst from the fruit store and fell on her knees howling, "My God! My God! Tony! They got him."

On the other side of the street a thin young man in a gray overcoat stepped on a cigarette and walked quickly away around the corner.

* * *

Late that night, on the top floor of one of the brownstone houses near the river, a thin young man with a white face and dark sunken eyes, was pacing slowly up and down his narrow attic room. Now and then he would stop, lean his forehead against the window pane and stand motionless, his hands clenched. Then with an impatient gesture he would resume his pacing. Presently he stopped, drummed his fingers on the table and then going over to the bureau opened a drawer and took out

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THE REGANS

Florence Smith

Mrs. Regan pushed back her plate and surveyed her family with satisfaction. It was Saturday morning, a lovely sunny morning; the sun came in the kitchen windows and shown on her children's busy faces, six of them, arranged like steps around the big rough table, happily eating their last bits of breakfast bacon and eggs, and just as happily carrying on small arguments between mouthfuls.

Tom, the eldest, on Mrs. Regan's right, was her very favorite, although if you had asked her, she would have emphatically assured you, with her proud affection covering the brood, that all were "favorites."

Tom, a strapping lad of twenty with a shock of unruly red hair, kept the small arguments from mounting to the volume of quarrels by joking first with one and then another. His unfailing good humor smoothed out the friction like the proverbial oil upon the troubled waters. With blue eyes twinkling, he poked a bit of fun here and railery there until the nettlesome one succumbed with an apologetic giggle—"Got the flivver buzzin' again, Mom." he beamed. "Guess you're second cousin to that pet of yours if your greasy jeans tell the truth." Tom's grin took on a rueful droop as he scanned the caked grease on his overalls, the result of his morning's tinkering. "'Twas a grand morning to be out tho'." he said happily as he indulged in a reminiscently deep breath, his ready smile returning and warmly encompassing the whole family. Then, as he glanced out the window, he started up and exclaimed, "Hey, mom, I do believe the postman is turning in our gate—and with a letter too!"

Excitement, wonderment, consternation rushed in successive waves over the Regans. A letter for them was an occasion. Of course Pa's monthly insurance check arrived about the first of every month but this wasn't the first, this was the twenty-fifth. "Now just sit still all of you," sternly ordered Mrs. Regan. "Tom'll get the letter and we'll all see what it's about." The entire flock settled in rigid anticipation.

Ma was the personality of the family; the children all took after her. Pa wasn't really missed. There were enough of them to keep each other busy. Four years ago Pa had "passed on", a smallish, thin man with nose glasses and mouse-colored hair. Timidly accepting things as they were, he never had quite understood how he could be responsible for this large and boisterous family. He had sat and read his newspaper so quietly after work that now the children didn't feel his absence anymore than they would have felt the absence of a shadow in his corner.

Mrs. Regan sat waiting with the five, her elbows on the table, the sun touching her hair (her pride and joy) not a gray hair either, a great mop of it, pushed up and fastened insecurely with two large pins. Her bright blue eyes were friendly even as they enforced obedience. Around them no worry lines nor frown lines showed, only little laugh wrinkles, as there were too about her full red mouth. The skimpy wrapper of faded blue accentuated her plump, strong figure, deep bosomed with well muscled arms.

After Pa's death, Mrs. Regan had supported her family by doing neighborhood bakings and washings. Tom worked at the grocery store five days a week; that helped but there were a lot of mouths to feed and the rent to pay, so "Pa's check", as they called it, was always badly needed.

"Looks like a real letter and from New York, Ma!" announced Tom, handing Mrs. Regan an impressive looking envelope.

With great dignity, as the occasion demanded, Ma opened the letter and read:

Dear Sister-in-law:

I have long intended visiting you in Bonneville. You know I have never seen my brother's children; so, I am arriving Saturday at six. Please meet me at the station as I will have a heavy grip.

S. Matilda Regan.

"Glory, that's today!" tragically exclaimed Ellen, who sat next to Tom. She was a thin little girl of eighteen with light gold hair hanging in a straight bob against her lean cheeks. Just before the arrival of the momentous letter, Mrs. Regan had watched Ellen picking at her bacon listlessly and had sighed to herself as she concluded Ellen was studying too hard at night school. "Should go to college," she had thought, "Ellen has brains." But there were just some things Mrs. Regan could not do.

"That's Pa's rich sister he was always talking about," continued Ellen in a high-pitched, excited voice. "What'll we do? Where'll she sleep? What will she eat? Oh, she's awful rich."

"Maybe she'll bring us something." chorused the twins, Terrance and Michael. The twins always seemed to think and yell in unison. "Bicycles, I bet," asserted Michael, "with red paint", added Terrance. "Oh, Terry, then we could use our dollar and forty-three cents for the Fourth of July, whoopee." shrieked Michael. For six months, the eight-year-old twins had scraped and saved to get a bicycle and by dint of much errand running and some paper-selling, had that munificent sum tucked away in a red bandana. One of their chief joys was to scurry up the rickety stairs to the old dresser, get out their hoard, carefully count it and with the utmost caution, stow it away again. Terrance's black locks would mingle with Mike's rusty ones as they held mysterious whisperings over their fortune.

"Two bicycles in a suit case," sang out twelve year old Maggie derisively. "She's 'sposed to have most a million dollars and no family of her own, wouldn't it be wonderful if—."

"Gracious!" Ma cut short the rambling Maggie, "we'll have to clean something fierce. This house is a wreck. Let me see—." She checked the house mentally. "We'll give her the twins room, they can both sleep on the couch in Tom's room and—." Here yells of protest from Mike and Terry drowned out Ma until Tom made a threatening pass across the table at the little boys. "Now," went on Ma unruffled by the outbreak, "someone will have to go to the store and get sugar, bacon, raisins, and, oh, my land o'love I forgot, Pa's check is all used up, whatever will we do?" and she stopped in consternation.

"Now you young 'uns just set where you are 'till I get you all going on something," Ma started in afresh. "We've got a weeks work to do in a half day but I know I can count on us Regans—wait!" and she scurried to the pantry, poked among the shelves and at her call, the girls followed, peeking in boxes and shaking bags, all of which gave back empty sounds.

"There's nothing much here, Ma." stated Ellen forlornly. "We've eaten about everything this month. If only Pa's check was due! Here's some prunes, a half bag of corn meal, a few slices of bacon and all the rind, one can of condensed milk, some rolled oats." and Ellen enumerated other items as unpromising, her voice nearing a tearful stage. Fun loving Maggie with arms akimbo relieved the tension by bursting into uproarious laughter. "Think of serving Aunt Matilda porridge and prunes for breakfast with mush and milk for lunch and nothing but a promise for dinner. I can see her settling her fortune on us Regans," and she shook her flaming curls in mock despair.

However the others looked dubious and cast anxious looks at their usually resourceful mother. She was their staunch ally in every predicament and now in their loyal hearts, they yearned to help solve this unexpected problem. Even the little boys still sat, wide-eyed, at the table, forgetting to scramble for the last bits of food on the plates, forgetting even to deliver tickling punches at each other or to kick shins unmercifully under the table.

"Hmmm, let's see!" Ma surveyed the scene, hands on hips, sweeping in family, ceiling and food supplies with one all-inclusive glance. "Ummm Hmmmm," she continued with a bit more force as if ideas were beginning to unloosen. "We'll just set down a list of all we've got so as we can know where to commence. What else did you find Ellen?"

Ellen, flushed and anxious, emerged from the little pantry. "Well, there's three eggs, a half loaf of bread and, oh, Ma, there's three boiled potatoes." Ellen ended looking so tragic that Maggie, ready for another whoop, was checked by a look from her mother.

"Never mind," struck in Tom, "She'll have to take us as we are—but it will be sort of awful, I expect. She, being used to swell things all her life. Maybe it will be a tonic for her like Cod-Liver Oil, you know."

"Cod-Liver Oil, me eye." expostulated Maggie.

"We've just got to get down to business, children," Ma started in again. "We can always kill a chicken or so." Exclamations of delight burst from the twins; the other children brightened except brown-eyed Luke. The children loved the rare treat, but Luke loved his pets. Mrs. Regan often said Luke "took after" his Pa. Though more vigorous and ambitious than his father, he was soft spoken, fond of reading, had a passion for pets and took but little part in the family arguments when they waxed warm.

"And I'll mix up a mess of biscuits. Biscuits and chicken make a whole meal with very little fixin's. My, I wonder how long Aunt Matilda will stay. And you, Mikie, dear, run over to Peter's and borry a half pound or so of coffee while Terry goes to Miz Brown's and gets all the bread she won't be needin' 'till Monday; I'll bake then, the Lord bein' willin'! Maggie, you hustle over to Jones's store for a pound of butter and two pounds of bacon on trust and a peck of potatoes and any fresh fruit he has. Goodness knows, we've been customers of old Si Jones' long enough for him to give us that much, but course we'll pay on the first when Pa's check comes in. And everybody remember," here Ma turned impressively to each one in turn catching his or her eye, resting last and somewhat fiercely upon the twins, who cringed slightly, "don't ask for a second helpin' nor take much butter. You can make us for it later—"

"Now girls, you and me'll set the house to rights while Tom and Luke sees that our yard and surroundin's is all tidied up." Ma seemed to be marshalling her courage and forces at last, as was her systematic wont. Too well she knew Matilda's fastidious ways—everything the best, everything scrupulously clean, only the daintiest food. She sighed. The little house held too many children; it never looked clean long; then, too, it was an old little house with innumerable batters and scars. She had never been quite sure which of the children made the deep carvings in the window sills which even successive coats of paint failed to cover.

The paper in the kitchen was peeling badly. Too many washing days in Ma's week steamed it off. The rattling loose boards of the undersized front porch were warped to the danger point. The stair carpet had either holes or mended spots on every step. The glow of the warm May sunshine upon the weather

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AH, GANGPLANK!

Margaret Rowe

The great white liner lay at anchor in the quiet black water that was the harbor of Cadiz, Spain. She was ablaze with lights and the little round portholes gleamed like diamonds in the velvety blackness. The brilliance seemed strangely alien to those dark shadows where the ghosts of Spanish galleons seemed to lurk, fearful of attack. Perhaps it was on such a night that Drake had "singed the King's black beard".

A smaller boat chugged painfully away from the shore towards the liner laden with weary sightseers. As the tender came nearer a dark patch could be seen in that brilliant area, formed by two great iron doors which lay open against the ship's side thus making an opening through which the passengers would embark. But our skipper didn't seem to aim very well for it took him several trials to come alongside. The engine was thrown into reverse and the water churned and foamed out from the propeller, but something was wrong. We were at least twenty-five feet away. We paused for the skipper to decide what to do next and the stern drifted precariously near the other ship. Just as we were ready for the crash the engine began to pound and we moved away to begin the same process all over again. After repeating this performance at least five times we finally made it, but the deck didn't match the hole in the ship. There was the cavern yawning a good fifteen feet above the heads of the people on the tender, with no plank going to reach that distance without being positively perpendicular. The other gangway that could have rescued us—the steps—were securely lashed to the side, preparatory to sailing. For a few seconds there was a baffled silence. The white stars blinked above us, the black water sloshed mournfullly against the ship's side, and the faint far-away lights on shore seemed to move another mile farther. A cool wind had come up and we shivered in spite of the memory of a scorching day.

Surely refugees could not have looked more bedraggled—a hundred or more tired sightseers stranded at eleven o'clock just outside their floating home. All of us were grimy and dirty from the three hour train ride and tired from trying to "see" Seville in one day.

"Oh, my feet," moaned a large woman, gazing forlornly at the toe of her dusty brown shoe. Two little boys ran across the deck toward the rail to watch the sailors and tripped over her, one of them sprawling headlong. "My goodness!" she exclaimed shrilly, "why doesn't your mother look after you?"

Three young men, their hats jauntily on the backs of their heads, stood near the stern and discussed heatedly how they would remedy the situation.

"Well, why don't they do something?" a pale thin woman in an unbecoming green dress murmured querulously, while the pretty doll-like lady in the the huge cartwheel hat adjusted it carefully for the hundredth time that day and sighed softly, not forgetting to assume the expression she thought was that of the "Tragic Muse".

Heads began appearing out of portholes and those more fortunate individuals who had not gone to Seville and had been safely aboard for hours, stood leaning over the rail 'way above us to watch the excitement.

There was more or less undercurrent of talk and argument going on on the tender. Everyone had his personal solution to the situation, but nothing happened.

The pompous old gentleman, "tailored in Bond Street," knew we'd have to go back to shore and get on another tender.

An athletic soul, looking the picture of the typical Big-game hunter in a pith helmet, carrying two cameras and

a tripod with a pair of field-glasses hanging around his neck, wanted them to let down the rope ladder so he could go aboard like the Customs officials did at every port.

Sailors tried to look businesslike and threw ineffectual ropes here and there to tie us up; remarks flew thick and fast between those on the tender and those on the ship. German, Spanish and English. How much was friendly conversation, how much orders, and how much swearing, I shall never know, but for a few moments it looked as though a grave international situation might arise.

Gradually the humor of the situation began to dawn on us—

"How is it up there?" someone shouted up.

"Just fine. Why don'cha c'm up sometime?" called down the life of the party, the one on every ship that always has the proper saying for a situation.

There was a mutter of disapproval from the victims below.

"Never mind," he continued. "We'll tow you to Lisbon."

"How was Seville?" asked a new voice as another head appeared at the rail and addressed space in general. "And where did you change boats? You didn't leave here on that thing."

"Fine, to the first questions, but we don't like Spanish food!" was the vigorous reply made by our athletic friend. "And I don't know, to the second. We just got herded on here and I guess someone forgot the measurements or dimensions. Got any food up there?"

"Nope, but we had a marvellous dinner here on board not long ago."

"Why bring that up?" called one of the three boys who had not as yet come to any definite solution. "I'm starving! Hey, Bill, throw me down a sandwich."

"Bill" disappeared momentarily, but soon returned with the treasured article. "Here she comes—whoops"—the lucky man made a wild lunge but the tiny piece of bread and cheese landed with a discouraging 'plop' in the slimy irridiscent water between the two boats. A wave passed by and the little disc floated merrily out to sea.

"And me with not even a cigarette!" he moaned.

"Aw gee—look—that's our porthole right up there." I sighted wearily, pointing to the little black yawning circle just above me. "If I was only a monkey or something, I could clamber up the side and crawl in. Bed might just as well be ten miles away as up there."

"How much, lady? How much?" the tall blond boy, standing near the stern, began addressing the figures above him. There was a roar of laughter as the vision of the Moroccan "salesman" exhibiting his wares from his tiny boat flashed into their tired minds. "What you geeve, lady? What you geeve?"

When the laughter and giggles had finally subsided, we found ourselves moving slowly toward the other gangplank, the solution to the problem—the clackity steps, that could be hoisted up and down to meet any requirements—which the sailors had unlashed and put into working order. The tender bumped comfortingly against the landing and had a decided list to port as everyone tried to be first off.

Slowly we plodded upwards, still chuckling a little but too tired for anything but the thought of sleep. With a feeble 'Good Night' to our friends we stumbled wearily down to our cabin and fell into bed.

SOLITUDE

Along the lake at night
My feet sink deep in the black sand.
The waves, quietly washing in the darkness
Make me lonely.
The glittering lights across the bay
Recall a ballroom floor
And scraping feet . . . .

—Martha Bright.

AN ENGLISH IDYL

Lillie Pace

I went to Cambridge University in England last summer to study English and History and at the same time learn something about England and English people. The day after I arrived in Cambridge I met three Americans and since we were all feeling a little homesick and lonely we planned to go to see Ely Cathedral on Sunday. Now the country around Cambridge is very flat, there are no real hills at all, and only a few inclines, so that is alive with bicycles. Every one rides them, from the time a child is able to reach the pedals with his short fat legs until he is grey and worn with many years. Therefore, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for us to rent bicycles immediately and plan to pedal the brief sixteen miles to Ely. Dot was fortunate in selecting a shiny new blue and silver bicycle, with many accessories, including a bell; Bill's and Tom's were less obviously new, but still good bikes; and Peggy, my landlady's daughter, offered me hers. It wasn't new, she told me, as a matter of fact, it was about seven years old. But it was easy to pedal and the tires were fairly reliable. So I accepted it gratefully.

Early Sunday Morning Tom and Bill appeared—very much the correct cyclists, with iron bracelets clamped around their ankles to keep their trouser legs from flapping in the breeze, and a wire basket on their handlebars filled with pumps and tools, because English tires are notoriously temperamental and apt to go flat at any time. Armed with a huge lunch and a heavy coat I appeared at the front door at the same time that Peggy came around the side of the house pushing my bicycle. It wasn't until I got down on the same level with the vehicle that I had any misgivings. The seat was a good twelve inches above the part of me which was to rest there and the expanse of handlebar dismayed me. And then suddenly I remembered that it had been years—many years—since I had ridden a bike. Still Bill and Tom were whipping around the common with safety and daring. Well, so could I. There was really nothing to it. I stowed away my lunch and coat in the wire basket and waved a merry goodbye to Peggy. Grasping the handle bars firmly and putting one foot on the pedal I shoved off. The bicycle rolled a few yards while I groped vainly for the seat, and then stopped. I half fell, half jumped to the ground and stood there feeling rather silly. What was I to do? I couldn't reach the seat and surely one couldn't ride sixteen miles standing up. Finally, after a consultation, Tom decided he should hold the bike until I was up on it and sitting down, then he could give me a shove and off we'd go.

It was awfully high up on that bicycle and I felt none too certain of my ability to guide it, but once I was settled on the seat there was nothing to do but keep pedalling. To add to my confusion, I discovered that English brakes are applied by manipulating levers, one on each end of the handlebar. The lever on the right side stops the front wheel, but has nothing to do with the rear wheel, so if the rider presses it vigorously he is over the handlebar and lying on his nose in the street. The lever to apply, therefore, is the left one, the reverse of course to an American instinct, which stops the rear wheel. "Press the left one, the left one," I muttered fiercely to myself, while, "Keep to the left side, the left side," patiently reminded Tom, and we were off.

About a mile outside of town we met Dot. She was impatiently waiting for us in front of her "digs", and looked very snappy and business like in a pair of blue shorts and a sweater. I slowed down slightly but didn't dare to stop. I still hadn't figured out just how I

could stop (when the time came), being perched up so high on my ancient vehicle that my feet dangled several inches above the ground, which looked very remote and hard, and still fearing to get serious about using the brakes. In no time at all Dot and Bill were out of sight, but Tom stayed behind and pedaled along with me. At first I had a glorious feeling of power, almost as if I were flying. The sun was bright, but not hot, and a soft breeze cooled our faces. There were other cyclists, who looked friendly and smiling, but always passed us and were soon out of sight. Tom was anxious to get along faster, but I have always heard that a steady pace is better, so I kept on and Tom stayed with me—even though a little impatiently.

"Isn't it glorious", I called, after about a mile of steady riding. And suddenly, without warning I felt a twinge, ever so slight, in my knees. I refused to think of it, but the twinge kept returning, each time a little sharper and more and more often, to remind me of all those wasted years when I hadn't ridden a bicycle at all. The twinge grew worse and became a pain. I looked at Tom who seemed full of energy and decided I would bear my agony in silence. I wouldn't tell him how awfully my knees hurt. I pedaled around and around, the pain became almost unbearable, I couldn't think of anything except my knees, but I refused to open my mouth. Suddenly Tom said, "I'm thirsty, I wonder if there's not a pub along here somewhere."

A pub. That meant we should have to stop and I could give up pedalling for awhile. Hope brought new life to me and put new pep in my legs. I speeded ahead with all the strength I could muster and searched the landscape with a determined eye. The pub came into view and in my anxiety I fell off my bicycle a good half block down the road. My legs felt as if they were made of well cooked spaghetti as I wobbled into the pub and sank down only half conscious on a barrel chair.

Five glasses of lukewarm water and fifteen minutes of inactivity revived me, however, and I felt quite chipper as I climbed up on the high seat again and Tom pushed me along till I got my feet pumping again. This feeling of well being and glowing health lasted for nearly two miles, and I began to have the most enchanting mental pictures of touring Northern England and maybe even Scotland, a la bike. But slowly and relentlessly, my knees started complaining again. This time, however, I got no second wind, and desperately, I suggested that we stop and eat our lunch.

Tom and I finished the last bits of cheese and biscuits, and decided, seeing that we had not yet gone half way, that it was silly to try to make Ely that day. Some other time perhaps when I should have had time to get in training. Suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by wild halloos. It was Bill and Dot, of course, who had stopped to eat their lunch just a bit farther up the road and thought they would try to find us. They were raring to go, and after much talk, Tom pushed me back up my ancient seat and started me on the road to Cambridge alone, while the three of them carried on to Ely.

Only I and my bicycle alone in the whole of England wheeling our way back to Cambridge. It was a horrible feeling, knowing that seven miles lay between me and my lodging house; seven miles over which my spaghetti-like legs had to pedal me; and I was perched so high in the air that I had to keep going. Should I stop, the bicycle would have to be pushed home, unless I found some obliging person who would hold it while I climbed on again. Although it was just past noon when I left Tom and the others, I couldn't help but worry for fear night

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HARRIETT'S GOLD

Martha Bright

"Please, Mother, let's go up to the attic today. You promised, you know, just as soon as school was out, and I can hardly wait to see what is up there in those old trunks and boxes. Please, Mother, can't we today?"

Little twelve-year-old Mary Blakely's blue eyes opened wide, and her round childish face showed unmistakable signs of anxiety as she begged for her mother's consent to explore the old, deserted attic.

"All right, Mary," Elvira answered finally, "we'll go up this very afternoon. But first we'll have to find some old clothes to wear, because that place is probably very dirty. I doubt if anyone has been up there since Mother used to hunt out old dresses and frock coats for your Uncle William and me to wear on Hallowe'en many years ago."

Shortly after lunch Elvira Blakely and her young daughter put on their oldest clothes, pinned large white scarfs around their heads, and started off down the long empty halls toward a dark, creaking staircase, leading upward to the attic.

This cob-webbed room with its tiny windows and low rafters was only a small part of the huge house which, in the days of carriages and gas lamps, had belonged to Nellie and Horace Lamberton. Years later, however, their daughter, Elvira, suddenly found herself at the head of this household with only a few of the old servants left, and it was not long after that before a great deal of the former Lamberton atmosphere disappeared. Elvira comforted herself by believing that big houses with many servants were out of style, but, rather than sell the old place, she managed to reduce expenses by partitioning off the back of the house, and living with her own small family in the front half.

The old attic, about which Mary had been so greatly concerned, was located above the servants' quarters in that part of the house which had been shut off from the rest. Consequently, it was something of an adventure for Elvira and Mary on this bright June afternoon to tiptoe down the deserted, musty corridors, and gently push open the door leading to the tiny garret above.

During the next few hours the mother and daughter found it a most exciting pastime to blow away great layers of dust on top of trunks and old port folios, then carefully lift out pale ruffled dresses and wide-brimmed hats, or perhaps a package of letters. Mary was especially delighted with a china doll she found tucked away in the folds of a hoopskirt, until she suddenly caught a glimpse of something shiny away over in a far corner of the attic. In a few moments the doll was forgotten, and she was dragging out into the room a small chest—a sort of wooden treasure chest, with brass handles on either side. Forcing open the lid, she peered inside.

"Mother, what do you suppose this is? There's a lot of money in here—gold money. It's not real, though, is it, Mother? Oh, it couldn't **possibly** be real!!" Mary spoke incredulously, as if finding gold were a thing which happened only in story books. She searched her mother's face questioningly.

Meanwhile Elvira's mind was racing backward to her childhood days. She could remember only too well the significance of that chest of coins.

"No, Mary," she replied slowly, "they are not real—just make-believe coins." Then she added in a low, far-away tone, which caused Mary to stare at her in amazement, "There's a long, long story connected with that chest. It belonged in a peculiar sort of way

to your Great Aunt Harriett—Harriett Reed. Do you remember her picture in the album downstairs, that picture of her as a young girl of twenty?"

"Why, yes, Mother," Mary answered quickly, "I remember. She was such a pretty girl then. But what happened to her? You never told me anything about Aunt Harriett except that she and Grandma Lamberton hated each other. Why, Mother? Tell me . . . "

Elvira gazed down into her daughter's face and found it strangely serious and puzzled.

"Yes, Mary," she said after a moment, "I think I will tell you. I was just ten years old when it happened, but Mother explained it all to me when I was older. I think by now you, too, are old enough to understand the story —tragic though it is . . . "

Then in the dim twilight of the attic room, with the dusty chest opened before them and some of the coins spilled out on the floor, Elvira Blakely told this story—a series of events which had taken place some thirty years before.

* * * *

"Apparently it all went back to about 1895 when Jacob Reed, my grandfather, died and willed the greater part of his property to my mother, Nellie Lamberton, and a much smaller amount to his other daughter, Harriett Reed. As you might expect, Aunt Harriett became extremely jealous of Mother's good fortune, and it was not long before a serious quarrel broke out between the two sisters which in the end resulted in Mother's firm refusal to allow Harriett to live with her. I always felt sorry that Mother had treated her own sister so miserably, but since I was still so young when I found out what had happened, I never said anything to Mother about it."

Elvira spoke as simply as she was able so as not to confuse Mary's mind, but she sometimes found it hard to compensate for her mother's selfishness. Now she went on . . .

"Ten years went by during which the two women neither saw one another nor corresponded. During this time in which Aunt Harriett was compelled to live alone, constant fear of the poorhouse considerably weakened her mind. Barely able to make ends meet and keep herself decently clothed, she developed an intense desire for wealth—metallic, tangible wealth—any kind, as long as it resembled actual coins. This childish longing reached the point where she would go to any extreme to obtain these coins. Somehow she acquired the belief that her father had hidden a chest of gold in the old attic of his house—this very house we are living in now—and with the image of this chest uppermost in her mind, she determined to come to live with us, regardless of the quarrel she had had with Mother many years before. She thought that in this way she could get hold of the hidden money."

"But, Mother," Mary interrupted, "Grandma wouldn't ever allow her to come, would she?"

"Even though Nellie Lamberton had a quick temper," Elvira replied, "she had a good heart occasionally. But let me go on with the story . . .

"It was about three o'clock one afternoon in April, 1905, when a carriage turned in at the stone pillars from Fifth Avenue and started up the winding road toward our house. From the upstairs window I watched the two horses sweep around the curve at the top and come to a standstill before the front entrance. Then I saw a small, thin, very poorly dressed woman step out, murmur something to the driver, and walk slowly up toward the door of the house.

"Just at that moment I heard Mother hurrying to the front door to greet the visitor. I could tell by her step that something had displeased her.

" 'Harriett!" I heard Mother call out, 'what in the world has brought **you** here?' The moment she said 'Harriett' I knew that the visitor was her older

sister whom she had not seen for at least ten years. But to my great surprise, instead of greeting Aunt Harriett affectionately, Mother merely remarked in a flat voice, 'I'm glad to see you, Harriett. How have you been?'

"Then I listened, dumfounded, from the top of the stairs, as Aunt Harriett replied just as quietly, 'Hello, Nell. I suppose you're wondering why I'm here, why I had the courage to come. It's simply because I couldn't bear to live alone any longer! And you have **so many** empty rooms, Nell. Please let me stay, if only for a little while. I'm sure I won't be any trouble.'

"Mother told me later that she had been terribly startled at Harriett's appearance. Ten years had made a lot of difference. She could remember her as an energetic young woman with still brownish hair and a smooth complexion. Now she saw standing before her a bent, old woman, thin and worn, her features drawn, and her face and hands wrinkled. She was wearing a dark, ragged-edged suit, with a faded blue shirtwaist beneath. On her head was a small black hat, which only partially hid her streaked gray hair. . . . However, in spite of her appearance, Mother was not at the moment feeling sorry for Aunt Harriett. Instead she was puzzled. Mother fully realized that there were a great many rooms in our house growing dusty from disuse, but she could not understand why Aunt Harriett should arrive so unexpectedly and insist on staying—perhaps forever. And she kept wondering what Father would say. He never liked Harriett Reed from the very beginning . . . But then I heard Aunt Harriett speaking again.

" 'Nellie,' she was saying in a low voice, 'I can stay, can't I? Please, Nellie, don't make me live alone again. After all, I **am** your sister.' She spoke so pitifully that Mother was forced to be hospitable to her. So she took Aunt Harriett upstairs to the guest room and told her dinner would be served at six sharp.

"That night at dinner there was an extra place set at the table. I noticed right away that Father resented Aunt Harriett's presence. However he was trying not to show his feelings by keeping the conversation bright and cheerful. Now and then Aunt Harriett smiled feebly, but soon her small, dark eyes dimmed again, and she continued eating in silence.

"During an awkward pause Mother struggled to remark quite casually that she liked Aunt Harriett's dress. But I knew in a moment that she had said the wrong thing, for Aunt Harriett became greatly a r o u s e d and she snapped out, 'Oh, I have had this old thing for years! I need a new dress badly, but I cannot afford to buy one. Oh, if I only had m o r e m o n e y. MONEY! Yes, MONEY! It's the only thing that counts in this world!' Her voice had climbed to a high pitch, and her eyes lit up for a short second. But suddenly they met Mother's glance, and the two women glared at each other. Aunt Harriett had a way of harping on money which especially irritated my mother.

"Several weeks went by, and then suddenly Aunt Harriett became very sick. The doctor said she had taken a slight stroke, and that it would be impossible for her to leave her bed for some time. Then, when he left, he told Mother, 'I would advise you, Mrs. Lamberton, to do exactly as I say, and by all means make Miss Reed stay in bed. She is a very sick woman. Good-day, Madam.'

"We watched him through the door, as he stepped into his carriage and drove away. 'He's a queer sort of person,' Mother remarked to me. 'I wonder—why—he made it so clear to me that I should keep Harriett in bed . . .' But then she shrugged her shoulders and started out toward the kitchen to give the cook orders for dinner. I think,

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"PIE"

Alice Viehman

My father is a stern man with tired, brown eyes and graying hair, but he was not always so. When he was younger, with crisp, curly hair and merry lights in his eyes, he could think of the nicest games to play on winter evenings. When he picked up the evening paper, it was the signal for action. I would carefully take off his glasses and lay them on the mantel; Sonny would sit on his foot, hugging his leg with both arms; Dotty would hang tightly on one arm; and Jane would tickle him just ever so little until he slid out of the soft-cushioned arm chair down on to the middle of the living room floor. Then we all jumped on him, hopping and squealing, "Let's play Pie and Choo-choo." Mother would hurry in from the kitchen, wiping her wet, soapy hands on her apron. She always had to rush around and move the nest of red-lacquered tables and the blue floor vase which had been Aunt Martha's because we might knock them over. Then she barricaded the tall grand-father's clock with chairs to keep it from being upset. A little metal thing on top was loose and often fell off; once it had fallen and jabbed a round hole in the flowered seat of one of the chairs, but Mother said, "Chairs could be fixed but little heads couldn't." Then we played Pie.

Dad was the baker and he rolled up his sleeves carefully while the four of us lay on the floor, a row of giggling, squirming "things." Jane, the second-oldest, always shrieked to Sonny, the only boy, "You squirm and squirm like a wiggle worm." Daddy and Mother always laughed then and got her to say it over and over when any relatives came to call.

Then Dad stalked up to us with slow, 'seven-league' steps like the giant whose house Jack climbed into. He grabbed Dottie first, she being the littlest, and asked her what kind of a pie she wanted to be. She always said "Butterscotch" because she had never tasted that kind. He would put her on the floor and roll her over and over like a piece of dough on a rolling pin. Next he put in the filling—which was mostly tickling. The others lay and laughed and felt all tickley inside just watching the butterscotch pie being fixed. Then he picked her up by both hands and feet and put her into the oven (behind the big, wooden-armed divan) and shut the door with a sharp smack on little panties. Now it was Sonny's turn and he always giggled most when the filling was being put in his feet. Then Jane, who was very moddest and tried her best not to laugh too much; and finally myself,—I always carried the cat by the neck under one arm. Tabby had a part of the pie too, or she would have felt slighted. She meowed, half-choked, all during the baking but always lived through it.

When we were all in the oven, the baker sat down to the piano to play the time away until the pies were baked. He always played "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" with one hand, singing new words he had made up—about pies-baking and things. But when he came to look at the pies, they were always gone and he had to hunt for them, wailing loudly, "Where are my nice Pies?"—"Who has stolen my Pies?" But he always found the Pies hidden in the same places; Jane under the side-board, flat on her face, her feet sticking out at one end; Sonny beside the book case, standing straight and still against the wall; Dotty, under the table, peeking out between the rungs of a chair; and I behind Mother's apron which she held over me like wings. Daddy found each wriggling Pie and bit into its arm while the other pies popped out of their hiding places to watch, only to scramble back in again

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FIRED!

Jane Terry

It was five o'clock—time to call it a day. After mopping his moist brow, Mr. John Clark tucked his blunt, stubby pencil behind his ear, and with sighs of relief, slowly arose from his straight-backed office-chair.

Mr. Clark was an elderly man, perhaps sixty or a bit over, but he carried his old age remarkably well. Not only were there traces of black streaked hair thinly covering a bald spot on top of his head, but also, he bore no deep lines of worry across his smooth high forehead. No, Mr. John Clark had never had a serious worry in all his simple, uneventful life. Uneventful, excepting his wedding day. But having a wife without children did make his married life uneventful. It seemed a bitter shame, too, since he loved children so much, and had been hopeful that some day he could gaze down into a red-cheeked, blinky-eyed, chubby little face and say, "You are mine!" Mary, his wife, had been a school teacher before she married John Clark, and though she was well educated, she turned out to be a quiet, simple little wife. John Clark never had to worry about his dinner being ready when he came home from work, nor that she might want a new dress every time they passed a show-case. Mary Clark had few wants, and demanded little of her husband. Perhaps that is in part the reason why John had never gone very far in the business world. Mary made no attempt to press the shyness and matter-of-factness out of her husband. He had had his same drafting position in the Reality Steel Corporation for thirty years. There were no advancements because he lacked spunk, initiative, and even the manner to make his bosses aware of him. Yes, Mr. John Clark took life very easily and simply.

One great redeeming feature John Clark did have, nevertheless, and one that aided him financially. Cabinet-makers are useful people, and he in particular; for, soon after his wedding, he had built by himself a small bungalow in a suburb of a large eastern city. After thirty years he and Mary still lived in this bungalow. Money had always been scarce to them, and since the depression, his salary, never a large one was cut almost in half. To top this off, John Clark had never been able to lay aside money for a rainy day. In the first place, he did not earn much; secondly, his wife spent a goodly sum on household expenses or rather on grocery bills (for they were both fond of good food); and thirdly, what little money he had speculated, had been snatched away in a swindle. And so the Clarks lived on from month to month, depending entirely on his twenty dollars a week (a depression salary).

After he left his desk at five o'clock that May afternoon, John sallied down the main aisle of the stuffy office-room with a smile on his face, for he was thinking of Mary, and the lamb-stew she had promised him for dinner. He accidentally bumped into one of the short, bobbed-haired secretaries who was powdering her nose, watching her face instead of where she was going.

"Pardon me," he muttered absent-mindedly as he reached for his straw hat on the tall rack in the corner beside the door. He was wondering why he could not wear his straw hat all the time, it was so comfortable, but at that minute, he heard the deep harsh voice of his boss calling unquestionably his name. Turning around, John Clark saw the chief engineer beckoning him to his desk.

"Yes, Mr. Walker?" he exclaimed quickly moving over to him.

"Ah—Mr. Clark, ah—there's a matter I've been wanting to talk to you about for some time now. It's rather

hard for me to tell you, because it isn't very pleasant." Mr. Clark moved his hand nervously up to mop his brow, and looked squarely at his boss who was ten years younger than himself, but he did not open his mouth. "I guess it's a——," Mr. Walker cleared his throat several times and continued. "It's an old story to you that this steel company is being gradually absorbed by the big ones. Our trade is lower all the time, and we must cut down on engineers and office forces. You are aware that there are a few young men around here on whom we depend for new and modern ideas, and a—" he cleared his throat again, "they're stepping right into your shoes. You and Mr. Alden and Henry, you know. You all are getting on in years and a—," but he got no further, for John Clark had suddenly turned white as a sheet, and fumbled around for a chair to fall into. "Miss Watkins, get some water for Mr. Clark!" But John Clark only faintly heard this. His head whirled and his body trembled.

"My God! Fired!" he muttered half out loud, and suddenly felt that his head was bursting! "Fired! What would Mary say! Where could an old man get another job! Why were they so damned indecent as suddenly to tell an old man he was fired? Yes, fired!" His whole body vibrated, and his breath came in gasps. "If only I could tell him the damned impertinence of a man ten years younger than me telling me I'm fired! Firing an old man!" All this he said under his breath, while uncontrolled tears trickled down his hot cheeks, and blurred everything before him.

"There, there, old man; gosh, you don't know how bad you make me feel, but we're all going to be hit. They're cutting my salary down a good bit, and anyway you can stay till the end of the month—almost four weeks, you know. I'll give you another month's pay in addition. Here, drink some of this water," and he took the glass from the girl. "I know what an awful shock this is to you. Here, you go in there, and straighten yourself out a bit. The whole affair's a darn shame." The boss, a head taller than John Clark, put his arms through Clark's and supporting him, lead him slowly into the next office-room which happened to be empty. The chief engineer, beads of perspiration rolling down his square, ruddy face, did not linger there, but hurried out with a damaged conscience.

Mr. John Clark sat slumped in a swivel chair, arms and face resting on the desk before him. He straightened up a second and managed to pick out his large white handkerchief from his trouser pocket, although his hands shook when he attempted to blow his nose and then wipe his blood-shot eyes. "I must pull myself together. But Lord!—I'm fired—no money saved! Oh Mary, what will she say? I can't face her! It's cruel, I tell you, cruel! I can't go home now, and tell her I've been fired. No, I won't go home 'til I have a job! She won't know. She'll never know!" His mind whirled on and on. He sobbed and buried his face within his folded arms on the desk top. Suddenly, he stood up "Yes, I'll go look for a job now. I'll not go home to Mary 'til I find one!"

Wiping his eyes dry, adjusting his bow-tie, and setting the straw-hat upon his perspirey head, John made his way slowly out of the office, haggard and weak. Once on the sidewalk, habit directed his steps in the direction of the Fourth Avenue Street Car that always took him home, but, as if a ghost had suddenly thrust a skeleton hand across his way, the realization that he had just been fired again was ablaze in his heart. Weakly, he leaned against a stone building for a second or two, and then turned his steps in the opposite direction. But where would he go? Not home—he could not face Mary. She was so sweet and faithful—always

working so hard for him. Now that he had no job, she would be forced to work all the harder. "I must get a job to-night! To-night I must!" With this resolution, his steps showed more speed, and he neared the parkway crowed with trees of delicate pink magnolia blossoms. His dark blue suit-jacket was wrinkled behind, and he looked like every other business man at that home-going hour. But he was not going home. Where was he going? He did not know.

Crossing the street, he entered the park fragrantly scented by the magnolia blooms. He slouched onto the nearest bench. Stretching one arm along the bench-back, he absent-mindedly gazed on the steady stream of passers-by, and his thoughts wandered. "They were in such a hurry—all returning home from work. They had jobs! Chattering, clattering humanity, fools for being happy! If they but knew he was thinking about an old man thrown out of a job without warning. How would they feel if they had to sell a bungalow they built themselves, for that was exactly what he would be forced to do? Would they laugh if they had to starve their dear ones, make life a failure after so many years of smooth-running? Look at them chattering, clattering, chattering, clattering!" Humanity sped past. "Why were people always rushing—they made him dizzy. Why couldn't they stop and think? Rest as he was doing—just resting a bit before going home to dinner." He tried rationalizing, but such trickery could not fool him. Constantly he was reawakened with the sudden shock that he had been fired. A salty film blurred his eyes.

"Buck up, old man, or this will be the finish of you," he found he was attempting to scold and threaten himself. "Think, I must think where to go first, how to get a job. God, if I could only think clearly." This he muttered as he clutched at the bench with both hands. But instinct told him that jobs were not found while sitting on a park bench, so, arising with difficulty, for he still felt weak from the shock, John Clark joined ranks again with the "chattering, clattering humanity."

Making his exit from the park, John stepped over to the curbstone at the corner of the avenue, and gazed up and down Forbes Avenue. To his right, across the street, he noticed the different store-signs. "Richard's Furniture Store," "Wagner and Dunhill Seed Store," "May's Drug Store," "Betsy's Dress Shop" with bright orchid-colored clothes in the window, and "Forbes Avenue Restaurant." John Clark decided to cross the street, and then slowly walked past "Richard's Furniture Store," and on, until he came to the restaurant. The evening was so warm that he stopped to mop his brow, and to take stock of his surroundings. "Where shall I go now to ask for a job?" he found himself saying aloud, but at this minute, the savory smell of fried onions filled the air in front of the restaurant. John took a deep breath and a faint smile of approval swept across his face. "That smells like lambstew! Poor Mary! She promised me lambstew for dinner! Gosh, but that smells good! I hope she isn't worried! Oh, Mary darling, if I had some of your lambstew now. I'm so hungry." His hand pressed against an empty stomach. "But I can't eat before I get a job! Yes, I've been fired, and have to get a job, and Mary mustn't know!" He looked into the restaurant and noticed a cashier sitting idly behind the desk near the front entrance. John Clark was suddenly seized by the desire to confront this cashier and ask him an embarrassing question. And then that lambstew! The next second, he realized that he stood face to face with the cashier, a stout, red-faced fellow, whose blue eyes stared at him as though he, John Clark, had committed some dreadful crime, and now stood

guilty, before the tribunal to hear his fate. How he got there, John did not know, or could not remember.

"Yes, sir?" questioned the cashier, but John Clark could not pronounce a single word. He only stuttered, then caught his breath and tried again, still he could only say "a-a-a-a-." He swallowed with a loud gulp. The stare from the cashier paralyzed him. His mind dizzily swam around.

"I can't ask him for a job! I'm afraid to! I can't speak! I must get out of here!" Grinning foolishly, the elderly Mr. John Clark flushed crimson up to the roots of his hair, and down to his neck. Beads of perspiration rolled off his forehead and brow. Quickly he turned and almost ran out to the sidewalk and away from the restaurant. As he rushed on, he wondered why he had made such a fool of himself. Why he couldn't ask for a job, he, an old man!

The humiliation of asking for work! For money! No, he had never experienced such an ordeal before. His life had been sheltered from harrowing experiences by a cloak of sturdy good fortune; but now, this day in May, that cloak was swept away. The man found himself face to face with misery and mishap.

John Clark knew that he was ruined. Why would anybody want to employ an old man? Just at the office, not two hours ago, they had told him that young men, only a third as old as himself were takng his place. They had new ideas to offer. What had he? Only a brain, faded, worn out, and filling up with cob-webs. But it was humiliating to imagine mere infants capable of ruining his life. It was, indeed, impertinent and darned unreasonable! He pictured himself an outcast, a good-for-nothing. But he wasn't! At least Mary wouldn't think so. With this thought of her, a sharp pain shot across his conscience. She ought to know what had happened to him, but John had not the heart to face Mary to say that he had failed!

The chattering, clattering humanity again sped past John Clark, only this time they wore their best clothes, and hurried to be in time for the first show, instead of home in time for dinner. John realized how the hours fled past and that night and darkness would soon be upon him. He had to find a job before darkness. His steps hastened, as he resolved not to make a fool of himself again. He would never forget that embarrassing scene in the restaurant.

Directly before him, he read the words, "Donald Hotel" on a large red and gold sign. "I'll go in here, by George," he said aloud, and not giving himself time to debate this action (that would make it all the harder for him), John ascended four stone steps and entered the lobby of the "Donald Hotel." Quickly he went to the desk and waited in line. There were two ladies and a gentleman ahead, waiting for their mail. Finally he was aware of a "It's a fine day, sir."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "and—oh, by the way, do you need anyone to do clerical work or—a—take charge of this desk or a—a—anything at all?" he added hastily.

"Well, I'll tell you, if he's young and attractive, I can use him very well."

A sickish feeling crept through John Clark's body; his eyes blurred, and his head swam. "Oh well, never mind. Thank you!" Slowly he groped his way outside blinking continually to prevent another embarrassing scene. What was the use? Nobody wanted an old man! He had reached the stage of complete abandonment, a moment of irresponsibility and of not caring what happened next. But in this moment a miraculous thing happened.

Mr. John Clark did not notice a shabby, ill-shaven, dirty, ragged man approaching from the gutter.

"Please, Mister, gimme something to eat; I'm so weak, I can hardly stand

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VICTIMS ALL

Thelma Nieser

Joseph P. Hallan, Gustave Jerry, Ronald E. Kerry . . . but which of these three men, if any, would answer the description? A small scar over the left eye; eyes, dark blue; height, five feet ten inches; age, now about thirty-one. . . . that comprised his decisive information. Investigate these men . . . . Hallan, Jerry, and Kerry . . . that, as a federal agent, was his duty. The right man MUST BE FOUND! But why wasn't Joseph P. Hallan listed in the town telephone directory? All this ran through Peter Reed's mind as he trudged through the snow up the main street of that little country town, Doranville.

Charles Dodson was the "to be found" man's right name. Eight years ago he had been a promising you man in the business world, working as a teller in the First National Bank of New York city. But at the very beginning of the collapse of Wall Street, his crime was detected. He had been using the bank funds to play the stock market and with the fall of Standard Oil he lost everything, was unable to replace the stolen money by inspection time, the theft was discovered, arrest followed, conviction, and sentence to twenty years in Sing Sing. During the big jail break two months after his confinement he was among the few who escaped successfully. Eight years ago that had been! The federal officers were still searching for Dodson, scarred, blue-eyed, five feet ten inches, about thirty-one, handsome, and probably now engaged in some successful business. He wouldn't be the type to turn into a dangerous criminal. He hadn't been the type to submit to reparation for his crime in the oblivion of a prison.

The air had grown sharp and cold and in the thickening dusk the constellation of street lights became brighter. The snow still fell and whirled about in the air and the small stores that lined each side of the narrow avenue were splashed with the large, soft snowflakes. It was nine o'clock and even the few people who usually loitered in the town square were being driven home by the blustery, gusty wind and the wet snow. Reed tugged at his heavy coat collar, pulled his hat further down over his eyes, and tried to hurry, pushing his way against wind and snow. He had just decided to go to his hotel and begin his investigation the next morning, when he spied a small figure huddled in one of the shop doorways. Reed hurried up to the little figure. "Say, little fellow, what's wrong?"

"I don't wanna git my papers wet," whined the newsboy as he came forward a little.

"Well . . . let's see kiddo . . . how many do you have there? . . . only five left . . . well here's fifty cents . . . how's that?"

"Gee . . . that's swell! Thanks Mister."

"And I wonder," continued Reed, "if you know a Mr. Hallan . . . Joseph P. Hallan?"

"Hallan . . . Joseph P. Hallan," the boy repeated and his mouth twisted up in perplexity. "Ya . . . ya don't mean Lazy Joe, maybe, do ya?"

"Well . . . maybe that's the man, son . . . maybe that's the one. Now run along home."

"But what do ya mean 'maybe that's the man'? . . . Lazy isn't anythin' around here. He loafs on the outskirts of town . . . in old Five Acre Woods. Maw says he's the laziest man there ever was . . . never does nothin' . . . he's just a bum. Ya don't wanna see him, Mister . . you with your swell clothes?"

"It's alright kid . . . here's a quarter. Now run along."

Instead of going to the hotel, Reed took a taxi to the outskirts of town, paid the driver and told him not to wait.

The taxi left and Reed turned, walked slowly away from the wide, white highway, and started down the road into Five Acres. He plodded along through the deep snow. Before him there was a narrow, winding road that turned and twisted its uneven way among the giant, jungle-like trees. The woods, at one time a beautiful public park, but now degraded, was dark and shadowy in the pale moonlight and here and there thin willowy trees jutted out along the slushy, white road. Behind these small straggly trees stood tall, thick-trunked oak trees. Soon Reed came to a small clearing. There were huge high rocks there, a small fire burned, and a tall thin figure crouched over the small flames. Reed watched him awhile. The figure rose, walked over to a bench, and sat down pulling the wilted rim of his tattered hat over his eyes. The figure sat huddled up on the park bench and around him fell a damp, heavy snow, sometimes almost rain, that weighed down the branches of the tall wood trees. The thin man pulled again at his hat and the wet snow from the rim fell onto his thin shoulders. Reed made a slight noise and walked into the clearing. Joseph P. Hallan was not startled. He turned slowly and looked at the stranger.

"Are you Lazy Joe?" . . . was all that Reed dared to say.

"Lazy Joe . . . yep . . . laziest man there ever was."

There was a deadening silence and Reed wondered if this was really Joseph P. Hallan. How would he find out? Then it came rather unexpectedly. Did Joe really suspect anything?

"Yep . . . Lazy . . . but ma real name is Joseph P. Hallan . . . sounds sorta important . . . doesn't it?—but everyone calls me Lazy Joe . . . How's a come yer away out here stranger?"

"I've lost my way", began Reed as he scrutinized his first victim for those certain marks of identification.

"So you've lost your way . . . have ya? Well . . . ya see that road there . . . take it and when" . . . but Reed didn't care for the explanation. He was more interested in Joe's appearance.

Lazy looked about the right height —five feet ten inches. His face was pallid; his little, pug-nose was flat; and his thin grey hair straggly under his small, slouchy brown hat. His short coat collar was turned up about his ears, his hat was now pushed far back on his head, and his shaggy, dusty trousers, with ragged cuffs that looked as if they had been chewed by field mice, almost reached the tops of his high dull-black shoes. His eyes were, Reed could see in the dim light, a sort of glassy light brown, and his forehead was smooth—there was no scar, and from his grey hair, he judged that Joe must be at least over forty.

"How'd ja ever get away out here", Joe chattered on.

"Just lost my way . . . but I guess I'm on the right track now . . .Thanks."

Reed found his way out of the woods easily enough and was soon back on the main highway. Before him stretched the deep, snow-covered highway—an undulating plain of snow, untouched, as smooth as white icing on a cake. He stamped through the insolent smooth whiteness, a far-away engine whistle droned through the silence, and Reed muttered "No . . . that's not the man."

* * * *

A few days later Reed located the victim of his second investigation and after a late dinner started down the little avenue from the town hotel. A dense, suffocating fog enveloped everything and the high street lights were smothered in a yellow mist. Center Avenue, the main street of Doranville, too was dark and the musty light of the corner street lamp sent faint rays of illumination into the dingy, little shops. Now Reed turned and entered a small street. Here, through the grey-

ness of the night the high black lamp posts made shadows, a darker grey, along the narrow sidewalk, and the picket-fence that lined each side of the street cast heavy jagged shadows on the rough cobble paving. There was no sound but now and then a cool breeze touched Peter's hot cheeks. He seemed to scuttle along the sidewalk beside the high iron fence now, and peering through the iron rails into almost solid blackness, he could discern in dim outline the Jerry mansion.

There was one light in the big, massive house and even that one ray of illumination did not penetrate the atmosphere. Surrounding the large gabled house were huge, bare trees. Their smooth trunks were streaked by that one pale light.

The immense iron gate creaked and groaned as Reed pushed all of his weight against it. He slipped through a narrow opening and the gloom that enveloped the bulky, broad house seemed to touch him and a shiver tingled through his spine. Soon a rattat knock resounded through the hollow-like house. A small hunched man with a pointed nose, shrivelled cheeks, and thin, pinched lips opened the door, but not too widely.

"Who's there . . . what da ya want", a thin voice snapped.

"Are you Mr. Jerry?"

"Yeeess . . . well?"

"May I come in a moment."

"Well . . . oh, bah, I suppose so. But if its money ya want you just might as well not waste your time . . . I'm sick and tired of those charity workers."

"But I'm not from any charity organization."

"Come in then," he whined. He led Reed to a large room down at the end of the dark hall. It was in this room that the small, faint light flickered. Reed seated himself in one of the hard, straight chairs and then turned and faced the dark, withered man. He switched around in his chair and perched on the edge like a bird. His fierce, shaggy eyebrows looked exactly as if they were false and his eyes beneath were hard and glinty—and decidedly not blue.

So this was the typical miser, Reed thought. His helpful friends at the hotel had told him that Jerry was "money mad" and getting even a cent from him was just like trying to shake a penny, once meant to be an example for the other ninety-nine cents, from the little elephant bank.

Reed scrutinized his victim in every detail for any mark of discrimination. A scar . . . no there wasn't any scar. His face was just a mass of withered flesh, dying as the soul of the man was dying. Jerry was small, too, and not anywhere near thirty-one. That time in his life had long passed.

The sharp, thin voice pierced the silence.

"Well...Mr....Mr...."

"Ross."

"Well Mr. Ross . . . what da ya want snoopin around here?"

"I've been told that you are greatly interested in procuring from our Reliance Insurance Company, a policy," Reed stated in a precise, professional manner. I know that it is a matter which" . . . but Reed did not finish.

"Insurance . . . bah, . I never want to hear the word . . . do you think I look like I'm going to pop off?" Jerry leaped from his perch, waving his little thin arms like a young bird fluttering in his first flight.

Reed rose. He had obtained all the information he wanted. "I'm sorry, Mr. Jerry, there must have been some mistake," was all that he said as he turned.

Reed slipped through the narrow doorway again, bade Jerry good evening, and scurring down the gravel path through the darkness, he muttered, "No . . . that's not the man."

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FATHER AND THE CROQUET CYCLE

Marjorie Bode

We started out with the croquet course in a quiet way, never dreaming what all might come of it. Some chance visitor happened to remark about the ideal conditions of our side yard for croquet, and very soon we had a set of frail little wire wickets arranged in conventional fashion. Four little wooden balls and four little wooden clubs, all gayly painted with red, blue, green and yellow stripes were the implements. My little friends and I used to have congenial croquet games, followed by tea-parties, ice cream and such harmless stimuli. It was all great fun for little girls.

Once I was practicing alone with the intent of defeating all my friends in the next game. Father came out and watched me. There was the turning point in our lives so far as croquet is concerned. Father must explain split-shots to me, that delicate procedure of placing your own behind another person's ball, and, by striking your ball precisely, affecting something of a billiard. The explanation was not enough: Father demonstrated. He demonstrated with balls zooping this way and that, some rolling to their intended destination, others going over the hill. Soon I was no longer being instructed; I had become merely a croquet ball caddy.

That evening my uncle, a friend of his and another gentleman plus Father (in super croquet form) started a foursome that grew to be more deadly than any golf foursome. This croquet quartet was content for only a week with the little set that had afforded me and my friends such pleasure. I say "had" and I mean "had"—we poor little girls were lucky if we were able to play croquet in the mornings and early afternoons. The men had definitely shown their superiority.

Father had croquet balls specially constructed of some bakelite composition which proved to be much tougher than our pretty little wooden balls had been. Another member of the foursome, a perfectly rational gentleman, had heavier mallets constructed with which these fiends were able to knock balls at least twice the former distance. No longer was the croquet course conventional; it had evolved into a twisting, rambling course which started well at the back of the house, crossed a stone walk, went up a hill and wound around to the side of the house. Special wickets also had to be made to withstand the ravages of these heavy balls. All in all, we grew pretty specialized. We read croquet rules, we bought flashlights to use in the many games that otherwise could not have been finished due to darkness; and Mother, Father, Sister, Brother all played croquet.

This went on during the famous period of "Tom Thumb" golf, and people got in the habit of telling Father how clever they thought he was to have gotten such an idea from the miniature golf courses. Father made them understand that this croquet masterpiece was no child of the "Tom Thumb" golf courses—it was his original idea, and he had fostered it to its state of completion. Poor Mother stood it pretty well. She would call patiently, "Fred, telephone," over and over again while Father argued that somebody certainly was "Dead on" somebody else's ball. ("Dead on" someone's ball is a term you will understand if you have any croquet blood in you at all; if you haven't, it doesn't matter for then you don't understand this anyway.) Mother also would comfort Fritz and me when we gave up all hope of ever getting through the middle arch. To get through this arch, it was necessary to drive your ball across a stone walk and up a hill. Mine always was thrown

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THE CORSAGE

Sally Donaldson

Nancy stopped before the florist's large show window, flattened her small pug nose against the glass, and let her eyes travel slowly over the display of corsages arranged on a revolving disc-shaped mirror. There was every imaginable type of flower; some that Nancy had never seen before. They looked so lovely, she thought. Each corsage had a twin that went down and down into the depth of the mirror. Nancy gazed enraptured while the disc went around and around. She was looking for something, her own special corsage, the one made up of eight little red rose buds. She had stood like this every day since the Easter display had started, wishing and wishing that she might have that corsage for Easter. Mother just **had** to give it to her. If only she could let her know how badly she wanted it, and if she could only make her realize that she was old enough for one. Of course there was the money. Yesterday she had gone into the shop and had asked the bald-headed be-speckled clerk the price. When he told her that by Easter morning the price would be double what it was now, her vision of having the corsage almost vanished. Why, mother would never pay such a price for anything so perishable as that. Two dollars and fifty cents seemed an enormous sum. The allowance she received every Saturday, of twenty-five cents, couldn't begin to pay for it. Nevertheless, she could still look and pretend. And besides, she was not positive mother would not buy it; because she had yet to ask her. Easter was still three days away. She would ask to-day, as soon as she got home from school.

"Mother", Nancy said, perching her small self on the arm of her mother's chair.

"Yes, dear?" mother asked absent-mindedly, without glancing up from her knitting.

"Mother", putting her cheek against mother's, "wouldn't you like to ask me what I want for Easter?"

Mrs. Black caught her lower lip between her teeth, turned her head away a minute, then continued in a rather muffled voice, "Why—why, yes, dear—perhaps that would be a good idea. Just what was it you had in mind —one of those fuzzy bunnies we saw in—

"Mother!" Nancy cried, jerking her head up and sitting as erectly as any one could on the arm of a chair, "Mother", she repeated emphatically, "What would a girl twelve want with a bunny?" (The scorn on the last word must have put all stuffed bunnies to shame.)

"Oh", mother replied submissively, glancing up quickly at her dark curly-headed daughter, "I—a—must have forgotten that you aren't—

"I want a corsage, red rose buds, to wear on my new coat—to wear Easter morning to Sunday School." Nancy's words tumbled out.

"A—a corsage", Mrs. Black said weakly, "don't you think you're a little young?" Seeing the rising storm of protest in Nancy's face, she added quickly, "You'll have to speak to your father first and see what he thinks."

"Oh, he'll just say to ask you", Nancy interrupted again tossing her head. "He always does."

"Well, we'll see", mother answered, "but, I really don't—that is— I think a single flower would be much more appropriate. I'm not sure we could afford a corsage. The prices are always raised for Easter to a ridiculous height."

"Oh, Mummy, please", Nancy begged, "Please, get me a corsage. I'll help pay for it. I don't want a single flower. Why, that wouldn't be anything. I want a corsage, the whole thing," she finished earnestly.

"Now, Nancy, don't coax", Mrs. Black remonstrated sternly, "I said, I'd see. Let's not discuss this any further."

The matter was closed, and Nancy knew it. She slid down from the arm of the chair and walked slowly out into the hall and into the large sunny bedroom which she shared with Louise, her older sister. Crossing to the dresser near the bay-window, she opened the drawer and took out a small tin money box whose contents she emptied into her hand. Seating herself on the edge of the bed, Nancy counted the coins. There were two dimes, four nickles, and five pennies—a total of forty-five cents.

"That isn't so much", she sighed. "I should have saved more. I'll just have to get more money some way." Suddenly, she stood up, the box falling unheeded to the floor.

"I have it", she cried, "I'll dust father's offices this week without waiting to be told. I'll even run the sweeper over the rugs. Mother ought to give me fifty cents for that instead of twenty-five. Instead of waiting until tomorrow, I'll clean to-day."

It was a very tired little girl with a dirty smudge on one cheek who, dust cloth in one hand and sweeper in the other, came out into the kitchen where Mrs. Black was helping Bessie, the colored maid, prepare dinner. Having put the sweeper in its accustomed place on the back porch, Nancy sank wearily into the chair before the kitchen table where her mother was stirring flour into cake batter in a large yellow mixing bowl.

"Whew", she exclaimed, "I'm tired."

"Why, dear?" mother asked, then looking up, "Why, Nancy, what on earth have you been doing and how did you get that dirty face?"

"I've been cleaning the office", Nancy answered, a note of martyred pity in her voice, "I dusted and swept too—and, mother", eagerly, "you didn't even have to tell me. It's only Friday too", she concluded scanning mother's face for the effect.

"Well!" mother couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice, "That's fine dear, and so thoughtful. I didn't know you knew we were having guests tonight. Old friends of your father's. Of course they will want to see the offices, and I just didn't see how I could have found time to straighten them up. Bessie is too busy too."

Nancy felt as if some one had dashed cold water in her face. Mother didn't understand, and how could she tell her now? She would think her pretty selfish. She had been so sure and so confident. The fact that she would have money to help pay for the corsage had made her positive that she would be able to get it. Blinking hard, she left the kitchen and went upstairs to dress for dinner.

Satuday morning, each person in the family had his or her allowance placed in his or her napkin. The amount varied according to the age and need. Nancy, being next to the youngest, exceeded only her younger brother. Wishing she could trade with the brother one step ahead of her, she sat down to drink her orange juice. The table was deserted except for herself. She felt kind of empty inside, but not the kind of emptiness that could be satisfied with food; it was a different sort. When she unfolded her napkin, a shiny piece of silver rolled out. With a little gasp, she picked it up—it couldn't be, but it was, it was—a shiny new fifty cent piece lay in the palm of her hand. Without waiting to eat breakfast, she raced upstairs to her room, opened the box, and took from it the forty-five cents. Then, with her fortune clasped firmly in one small fist, she went to find mother. After a vain search of the house, she found her in the garden, dressed in an old green wool dress and wearing a scuffed leather jacket. She was planting bulbs. Nancy had run so fast that she couldn't speak at first. Her breath came in short

quick gasps and she could only hold out her hand with the money in it.

"What's this?" mother asked, a puzzled wrinkle in her forehead.

"It's, it's money to help—pay—for a corsage", Nancy said between gasps. "You said it would be too expensive, so I thought—I thought maybe if I'd help you would add to it and buy me one."

"Oh, I see", mother replied, thoughtfully, sitting back on her heels and looking up into her daughter's flushed face, "then that was why you—oh, but, I wouldn't think of taking your money. You keep it for some other time." Noticing the tears of disappointment in Nancy's blue eyes, she added quickly, "I'll see though, I'll see. Now you run along and play. Perhaps I might."

Poor Nancy, her hopes completely shattered, retraced her steps to the house. Why wouldn't mother take the money? Why didn't she? She was positive she would have—and now—it seemed so hopeless, her getting the corsage. Remembering her mother's "maybe" and "I'll see", she brightened a little, but not much. "I guess I'll only get a single flower", she thought, "and, oh, I want a corsage more than anything."

Nancy awakened with a start. What had awakened her? She remembered telling herself to awaken early—but—oh, yes. It was Easter, and she wanted to be dressed to answer the door in case the bell happened to ring. Slipping noiselessly out of bed, so as not to disturb Louise, she tiptoed into the bathroom to wash. Drying her face, she visualized a little girl in a brand new Chesterfield coat, a navy one like mother's, and a new London tan hat. Pinned to the lapel of the coat was a beautiful corsage of red rose buds. Oh, it was a lovely picture—if only . . . Nancy sighed and hurried back to dress. While brushing her short curls before the dresser mirror, the door bell rang. Dropping the brush, she flew down stairs and opened the heavy front door.

"Blacks?" a delivery boy asked. At Nancy's speechless nod, he thrust a box into her hands. It was a florist's box, just the size in which corsages are packed. Sitting down on the chair beside the door, Nancy's trembling fingers untied the knot. Something, she did not know what, caused her to look at the address. Perhaps it was an unconscious desire to see her own name on the tag, because it was her name. It had to be. With a little cry, she let the box fall into her lap. It was not her name. It was Louise's. Surely there had been some mistake. She would ask her and find out. Re-entering the bedroom, she shook her sister by the shoulder.

"Louise! Louise!" she called, "Here's a box with your name on it."

Louise raised her tousled head from the depths of the pillow and opened one sleepy eye. Seeing the box in Nancy's hand, she sat up with a start, took the package, and opened the lid.

"Oh, oh", she exclaimed. "Look Nancy, aren't they lovely? Yellow rose buds. Oh, isn't he sweet. See, here's his card. Put them away, will you, in the frigidaire?" Yawning she fell back into her dreams.

Two tears coursed their way down Nancy's cheeks as she went down stairs to the kitchen. It was not fair. Louise had not even asked for a corsage and she got one. Just as she closed the frigidaire door, a long peal broke the silence. Her heart gave one big thud. The bell! Brushing the tears away with the back of her hand, she ran to the door again. Through the upper glass portion of the door, she could see a delivery boy, his face an anxious pucker of haste. Thrusting a long oblong box into Nancy's hands, he hurried down the steps to the waiting truck. Nancy could not even breathe this time, the disappointment hurt so. Why, this was a cut flower box. It could not possibly be a corsage. It was

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PRIDE GOETH—

Martha Netting

Charles Todwell held out his hands, palms up, his long, narrow fingers spread wide apart, and stared at them. For his wedding night those were steady hands! But if he had to tie this darned white tie another time, they would be shaky. Frowning, Charles glared into the square mirror at his tie. With a quick pull he yanked it loose, and began again the tedious arrangement.

Tall, well-built, with blond hair and Saxon blue eyes, Charles had been popular at college. Graduating three months before, he and Sally had announced their engagement, planning to wait a year before they married. However, Charles had secured a good job, so here he was dressing for his wedding! Yes, he decided, his work was just what he liked. He never would have been so lucky but Sally's father had spoken to the president. Charles whistled as he carefully studied the result of his fourth trial on the white tie. Not bad for him; but Shorty, his roommate at the fraternity house, could have done it better than that the first time he tried. In one corner of his mirror, Charles had stuck a list of absolute necessities for the wedding. He checked them off now; suit, dress shirt, white tie, studs, suspenders, and wedding ring. He walked over to his suitcase and took out his tails. He was very well pleased with himself! He hadn't forgotten anything! A sharp knock at the door reminded him that he had ordered a gardenia.

Smiling broadly, the bell boy tipped his hat and proffered the florist's box.

"Just a moment, son," Charles salvaged a dime from the change on his dresser, "here you are, and thanks!"

With short, quick strokes Charles brushed his trousers, the shoulders of his coat. Then he put the gardenia in his buttonhole. Sally loved gardenias. He remembered the corsage he had sent her at graduation.

Sally was the best sport he had ever known! Sally, with her low, rippling laugh, her black curly hair. He pictured her trim little figure in a wedding gown. She would look beautiful tonight. Thinking of her he remembered the first date they had had. He had been swamped at the dance by all the fraternity brothers! Everyone liked Sally! He saw her now as she had looked graduation day, with cap and gown, walking up on the platform. He remembered her little red hat the night they had gone to a gypsy fortune teller. It was a sudden idea of Sally's:

"Ah, Chuck, let's learn our fate! Come on! Just for fun!"

Together they had listened while the withered old woman in a red bandana had read their palms. Charles was to be a success in business, she had predicted. Then he smiled to himself as he recalled her words:

"Be careful, before you marry, something important, will be lost!"

Well, Charles wasn't superstitious, for here he was all ready for the wedding with everything as it should be. He surveyed himself in the full-length mirror on the door to reassure himself. From his shiny patent leather oxfords, to his sleek blond head, nothing was amiss. A tall, broad-shouldered figure in faultless evening dress looked back at him. His face was not red from undue excitement, nor a pasty white from nervousness. Sally had teased him about forgetting the ring. Without hurrying, Charles put the little square, velvet box in his pocket and left the room, proud because he was early. He chuckled, thinking of the warnings from the fraternity brothers about nervous, scared, white-faced grooms! HE was the exception! In the elevator he glanced at his watch. It was only 7:10 and he was to be at the church at 7:30. He sauntered across the lobby to the

desk and handed his key to the clerk.

"Good evening Mr. Todwell," the clerk said pleasantly, "I believe you're being married tonight! Congratulations!"

Charles was smiling as he turned to leave, when he saw a gentleman, also in full dress, waiting near the door. The smile vanished from his face, his mouth dropped open. He saw only one thing—the man was wearing **white gloves!** Aghast, Charles stared at his hands, clean from a recent scrubbing. Where were his gloves??

His face was hot, and he felt himself blushing deep red; as he retrieved his key from the astonished clerk and ran to the elevator. They must be in his suitcase, or on the bed! He bounded down the long hall to his room in four strides. Unlocking the door, he felt the first cold sweat breaking out on his neck and back. His bag lay on the bed, neatly packed for the trip. He looked in the right side pocket, the left, then lifted up the clothes and searched the bottom—but no gloves! Mopping his face and the back of his neck with a clean handkerchief, Charles glanced at the dresser; only his brushes and shaving set adorned the top. Gritting his teeth, he slammed the suitcase shut, slapped his trouser pockets, hoping that he had left them there the last time he had worn them. He stuffed the now crumpled handkerchief into his back pocket, frowning. The phone on the table caught his eye. With one dive he reached for the directory and with shaking hands found Jim's number. Good old Jim would lend him a pair! Why hadn't he thought of Jim before? Savagely he dialed the phone, listened to the ringing, then spoke:

"Hello—Jim?—Not home? Already at the church? No. Thanks."

Damn! He'd forgotten Jim was an usher tonight! So was Dick! No use to call him—and Bill, the best man, had hands like a girl's, they were so small.

(Continued on Page 40)

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should fall and find me still on the way. "Well," I thought to myself, "it doesn't help me any to worry and something might happen to save me. I'll go on as long as I can possibly make my knees pump up and down, and then—well, I don't know."

It was frightfully lonely pumping through England. The road was almost deserted, with only an occasional car, and very few houses along the side. After about a mile my legs started giving out. The pain in them was a dull, steady one which I could stand, but when they begin to refuse to move there's not much you can do. Just then, I passed an old man leaning against a bicycle and talking to a woman on the side of the road. More to hear the sound of a human voice again than to get information, I called out,

"Is this the road to Cambridge?"

"Yes," answered the man, "keep straight ahead."

Slower and still slower I went down the Cambridge road. It was only a matter of minutes now till I should be forced to—

"Are you going to Cambridge, Miss?" asked a cheerful voice at my side.

In my surprise I turned my head too far around and almost lost my balance. My fellow traveler quickly reached out an arm to steady me, and I saw that he was the same man I had passed a little way back. He had a red, leathery face and shiny, new false teeth which he showed in a friendly smile. His blue eyes looked kindly at me behind steel rimmed glasses and he wore an old gray cap. I took all this in at a glance because my eyes had to stay fixed on the road if I planned to get home. I told him that my dearest hope was to reach Cambridge sometime before night but that I felt very doubtful about it; and if he wanted to get there any time soon, he had better leave me and go on, because I was fast reaching the end of my strength. But he assured me he was in no hurry.

A block more and my legs gave out completely and absolutely. They refused to pump up and down any longer, and I gasped out,

"Mister, I'm sorry, I can't go a foot farther," and fell half dead from my bicycle.

I sat down on the side of the road and remained absolutely motionless for many minutes. I was too completely exhausted to even open my eyes and simply didn't care what happened to me or to my vehicle. After a time I opened one eye, and saw the kind old man standing patiently beside me holding both bicycles. Now I really couldn't let him do this. He probably had to get on to Cambridge. He had some important business there most likely and I was nothing to him. So I remonstrated with him—very feebly, to be sure—but still I tried. But he told me not to worry, he was in no hurry at all, and he enjoyed having company while riding. I felt I couldn't be much company in my present state, but I was too thankful for his company to argue. He talked along soothingly and finally persuaded me that I could try it again.

So once again I climbed wearily up and forced my aching legs to pump up and down, up and down. But this burst of optimism was short lived. We couldn't have gone more than two blocks until I again fell off onto the side of the road, whispering with my last breath, "Mr. I am sorry, but I just can't."

This time I stretched out on the grass on the side and lay half unconscious for a long time. Everything seemed remote and still, and I, in the depths of a well, was one big aching knee. Slowly, slowly, I climbed up from the well, and finally with a great effort, opened my eyes and looked around. My heart gave a feeble jump for joy, because my dear old friend, still faithful, sat beside me, and the two bicycles lay

on the ground next to him. Again he talked softly and comfortingly. He suggested that I might have undertaken too long a ride for the first time.

"The way to do it, Miss," he confided, "is to do it gradually, a little each day, and before you know it, you can ride for hours and never feel it. Now look at me, I've been riding all my life and often cover sixty miles in a day. Now, as I was saying—"

I just nodded my head slightly and stayed as still as I could. After some time my companion thought that we might try walking along pushing our bikes. I wanted him to go on alone and leave me there to die quietly, but he said that was silly. Why tomorrow I'd feel top hole. I doubted if I'd live to see tomorrow, but my friend had persuasive powers and, pulling me to my feet, clasped my hands around the handlebars and started me down the road.

But I couldn't even walk. My legs got all twisted around each other. I stepped on my own foot and tripped myself, and as for guiding the bicycle! After I had run into his bike for the 10th time in as many steps the old man decided maybe this wasn't the best plan after all. We sat down again to think, but I just left everything to him, because I felt he knew the country, being English himself, and that having ridden all his life he should be able to figure it out. And he did. He put me up on my bicycle again, and holding it and me, at the same time, climbed on his own. Then he put his arm around my shoulders and wrapped my right arm around him and guiding and pedalling us both we rode into Cambridge.

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PRIDE GOETH (Cont'd)

Trying to calm his nerves, Charles lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke in fierce puffs across the room. Suddenly he thought of Sally. He grabbed the telephone again and dialed her familiar number. He could ask her brother, Ted, for a pair! Would they ever answer the darn phone?

"Hi, Ted! Good! This's Chuck—say could you lend me a pair of white gloves? I've lost mine! Wearing them yourself? Oh! O. K. So long!"

He crushed his freshly lit cigarette in the ash tray on the table. In desperation, he dumped the contents of his suitcase out on the bed and flung each piece back in a heap—but **still** no white gloves! It was 7:20! Ten minutes! Frantically, he ran his fingers through his hair, one blond lock kept falling back on his forehead. He could picture Sally waiting at the altar. Why in heaven's name had he consented to a formal church wedding?? He might have known something would happen! He couldn't appear **without** gloves! He had to get there! By this time everyone else would have left for the church. He dashed out of his room, banging the door and raced for the elevators.

He pushed the bell and held his thumb there until the car came. He waited for what seemed an eternity. The elevator boy grinned at him, probably his tie was crooked! Well, let them laugh at him! He knew what they were thinking! Once again in the lobby, he accosted the clerk.

"Are there any men's clothing stores in this town that stay open after six o'clock?"

"No sir," answered the clerk slowly, "but can I help you sir? Have you forgotten something?"

"Yes," snapped Charles, getting red from the amusement he saw in the clerk's face, "but it's too late now, to do anything!"

What a town! Not a place where he could buy gloves!

In desperation, he looked at his watch—five minutes and he'd be walking down the aisle. He could hear the whispers if he went without white gloves! Panting, he dashed to the door, was ushered out by a tall, coloured liveried doorman. Seeing the man's hand on the door, Charles stopped, sighed and burst out:

"I'll give you five dollars for those white gloves!!'

The large man pulled them from his hands, his white teeth shone in the light.

"Yassuh!" he drawled, "fo' five dolla's, yas suh!"

Charles snatched the gloves, paid the five and dove into a waiting taxi.

"To the Episcopal church and hurry," he gasped. He was hot and sticky all over, the edges of his collar hurt his neck, his tie was askew, his hair tousled as it was after a tennis game; but in his hand he held a pair of white, soiled, cotton gloves!

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street as they had done one time last winter when she had attended a tea given at the church. Such thoughts, however, were fleeting. Cathy held her phasize this fact when John McCalhead high as she entered the beauty shop and made an appointment for a shampoo and a wave and a manicure.

At the department store, freshly groomed, she spent long minutes choosing and purchasing a dram of expensive perfume. In a state of exuberance she bought a gardenia from a man on the corner for twenty-five cents. Its wafted fragrance so heightened her spirits that she felt surely this was a new day in a new world. It was at this moment she saw a tall, dark figure that was familiar to her. John McCalmont was coming toward her. Was she mistaken, or did his eyes brighten the tiniest bit when he recognized her?

She lunched expensively, remembering with each delicious taste that John had told her how nice she had looked. The browning edge of the now fading, delicate flower sent up a rich fragrance which filled her with pleasure. She realized that she had done all this before, but never had she found such satisfaction. Funny, she thought, what a little perfume and flowers will do. It is not what you do, she decided, it is how you feel. The day was different . . . for no reason . . . the day was wonderful; not because of what she had done, but because of what was inside of her. Today she was different inside.

In the bus going home she felt strangely detached from the crowd about her. One girl, a notebook under her arm, had fallen asleep, her head sliding dangerously near the shoulder of the elderly gentleman trying to read the evening paper beside her. Another woman was juggling an exhausted baby on her knee. Into Cathy's mind flashed a hasty perception of the people about her. Suddenly she was very happy. It had been a wonderful day!

THE BOX (Cont'd)

"Oh, folks is apt to think anything", Henry answered, refusing to grow excited. "Why, I saw that young Blake myself yesterday when I was drivin' past his barn. Right nice fella, I'd say." Henry thought of the box.

As they talked, a man driving a wagon appeared at a distance down the road, and as he approached, Bill cried, "Here comes Ezra Sloan from the Blake place now. Wonder if he got hold of the sheriff?" When the man drove up near them, Bill called, "Hey, there, Ezra, did you get the sheriff?"

"Yeh," Ezra shouted back, "he's up there now. Broke into the place and looked around." Pulling to a stop before the two men, the large muscular-looking farmer continued, "We're goin' to get a warrant out for Blake right away. We found the old blue dress the girl had on when she left home up there in the livin' room of the house." Ezra pointed toward the Blake farm.

"My gosh!" Bill exclaimed, his beady black eyes wide with amazement. "What's the sheriff think happened to her?"

"He says he thinks this Blake fella murdered her and did away with the body somehow or other", Ezra answered, wiping his glistening red face with the sleeve of his shirt. "We went all over the whole place, but there wasn't another sign anywhere. All Blake's clothes and things were gone."

"Gosh, that's terrible", Bill cried, "a murder right here in White Mills." And then after a short pause, he murmured, "I wonder what Black could have done with her?"

Henry remained silent.

"Well, I'm goin' up to Shaw's now. Got to get old man Shaw", Ezra shouted back as he drove off down the road.

As soon as Bill Jones left with his new horse tied to the back of the wagon, Henry hurried into the barn, and stood looking down at the box. He picked up the axe, and made as though he were going to open it, but hesitated, and at last stood the axe back in the corner. Getting down on his knees beside the box, he peered on all sides of it. He felt along the board, and finding a small crack in one of the sides, he tried to peek through it, and then got closer and smelled around it. Finally he left the barn, closing and barring the door behind him, and tramped meditatively into the house.

All the rest of the morning, Henry stayed in the kitchen, sitting down in a chair for a few moments, and then jumping up suddenly and moving to some other part of the room. At lunch, Emma asked him if he were sick, but he hastily assured her that there was nothing the matter with him. As soon as the meal was over, however, he got his hoe and went to the garden that lay behind the barn. He worked steadily for awhile, but after a short time, he began jerking up and glancing toward the big red building in front of him. Before an hour had passed, he threw down his hoe and went to the barn.

The box was still standing in the same place Henry had left it the night before, although he had half expected to find it gone. With his foot, he pushed it further into the corner and pulling down some hay, he covered the box over.

The afternoon finally wore on into evening, and although Henry watched the road, no one went past all the rest of the day. He was even quieter than usual at dinner, but when Emma remarked that it was too bad about Jennie Shaw, he flared up so that she remained silent during the remainder of the meal.

After she had washed the dishes, Emma got out some socks and began to darn. Henry made some attempt to read the newspaper. At last it was time to go to bed, and they retired to their room.

But Henry could not sleep. He tossed and turned until at last he got out

of bed and began to dress. Emma sat up and demanded to know where he was going.

"I've got a sick cow down in the barn, and I'd better go down and see how it is."

"I'll go down along", Emma offered, tossing back the covers and starting to get up.

"Oh, no", Henry hastily exclaimed. "You stay here. It's not so bad. I just thought it would be better to keep her in the barn tonight. Besides, you-'re tired", he added with unusual thoughtfulness.

In the barn, Henry uncovered the box, and after much heaving and pushing, he managed to get it up on the wagon. Leaving the barn, he ran to the pasture, and after searching all over, he found the horses and brought them to the barn. He hitched the team to the wagon and was driving out of the yard, when a window was raised and Emma called out to him.

"For heaven's sake, Henry, where are you goin'?"

"I've got to go for the vet", he shouted, but under his breath he muttered, "Good lord, I hope she doesn't go to the barn!"

Henry drove swiftly along the road. It was past midnight by this time, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the rumble of the wagon wheels and the steady thump of the horses' hoofs. The moonlight shining through the trees made grotesque shadows on the white road. From time to time, Henry cast quick glances behind him at the big box in the bottom of the wagon that shone white in the moonlight.

As he approached the river, he slowed down and looked back at the road behind him. Not a leaf stirred and only the thin piping of the crickets pierced the stillness. On the bridge he stopped and waited. Turning, he looked at the box. Slowly, he stood up and was about to lift it, when it seemed to him that in the distance he heard the sound of approaching wheels. Sitting down quickly, he picked up the reins and drove on at a fierce pace. He had gone some distance before he finally slowed down and looked behind him. Not seeing anything, he turned and started slowly back the way he had come. At the bridge, he stopped again, but this time after several hesitations, he managed to lift the box over the edge of the bridge and drop it into space. A loud splash resounded as the box struck the dark water. Henry climbed back into his seat and with shaking hands he grasped the reins, and drove like mad in the direction of home.

It was not until he came to a cross-road and saw the figure of a man standing along the roadside that Henry pulled the horses to a walk, then gradually slowed down. The man ran toward the wagon, and as he climbed up to the seat, Henry saw that it was Bob Shaw, brother of the murdered girl.

"Hi, Mr. Green", Bob called cheerfully. "What are you doin' out this late?"

"Had a sick cow," Henry answered gruffly.

"Must have been a pretty sick cow if you went for old Doc Waters," Bob remarked with a laugh.

They drove on in silence until after a long pause, Henry asked in a husky voice, "Have they found out anything more about your sister?"

"Haven't you heard?" Bob replied laughing. "Ma had a letter from them this afternoon. She and that Blake guy run off to the city and got married. Don't that beat everything? Nobody knew anything about it. Sis sure pulled a slick one; and everybody thinkin' she was dead."

There was a pause, and then from Henry came a sound that began like

a gasp and ended in a choke. His body stiffened in the seat, and the hands that held the reins were tightly clenched. After a long pause, in a stifled voice he muttered to himself, "God, if I'd only waited!"

"What're you talkin' about?" Bob asked. "Oh, you mean about the cow. Well, it's always best to be on the safe side."

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up." and the beggar swayed unsteadily towards John who, looking at him, was shocked.

"Good Lord, how can that poor fellow live in those clothes," he thought. "My good man," he said, taking hold of the beggar's arm to support him, "you're certainly in a bad way. Here, let me help you." He took an old dirty bundle of rags from the beggar and carried it under his other arm. "Now, you just come along with me, and we'll see what can be done for you," and under his breath, "I've never seen a creature look so down and out before. Gosh, he certainly looks s t a r v e d enough!"

He assisted the beggar to a nearby diner, and helped the starving man into a counter seat. Pulling out a dollar bill from his wallet, John handed it to the cook, waiter, and proprietor all in one, "Here, give this poor devil the best you have!" he exclaimed, and as he went away, he could not help noticing the grateful expression in the beggar's eyes. Immediately, a glad sense of satisfaction and importance buoyed John Clark up to high spirits. He felt happy all over. Wait 'til he told Mary, she was always so kind to the unfortunate. He suddenly came to his senses.

"God, what a fool I've been! That poor beggar compared to me! Why I'm a millionaire alongside of him. He wasn't ashamed to ask for help when he needed it. Good Lord, to think how that beggar really felt—the suffering—" Suddenly John Clark was laughing at himself. Yes, he had acted like a silly old fool, it was disgraceful—not even that beggar had acted so confounded idiotic! He wanted to kick himself! "I must hurry home. Mary, my darling, please forgive me for causing you so much worry. Lord, she must be worried to death. I'm coming, Mary dear, as fast as these old legs can bring me home!"

Lena raised her frightened, streaming eyes to him. "Please sir, please find out if Jud's all right."

It seemed as if Lena had been sitting on that one hard little chair for hours. Her back was paralyzed with cold and convulsive little shivers darted up and down her spine. Her hands moved jerkily in her lap. She had been up to the same man three different times. Each time he had told her the same thing.

"I'm very sorry, but the lists haven't come in yet. We'll tell you just as soon as we know if your husband's dead or alive."

With an effort Lena raised herself from the chair. Stiffly she walked out of the room heavy with smoke and stench. What was the use of waiting any longer? White folks wouldn't help her. They didn't care whether Jud died or not. Lena passed out into the chilly morning air. The rain had stopped; the day was cold and damp. She trembled. Where could she go now?

The streets were isolated. The cloudy sky looked ominous. But Lena ran on. The water now two inches deep, now three, now three and a half still rose slowly, imperceptibly. Church bells tolled in the distance gloomily—one, two, three, four, five.

. . . . . .

Lena walked up the clean stone steps to a large open door, entered and pattered quickly down a dark hall to a desk where a few young women sat, dressed primly in white uniforms, starched caps and spotless shoes. They were surrounded by a motely crew of men and women, tired, pale and despondent from lack of food and sleep, but still with enough life to fire questions:

"Have you a man here by the name of Jeffrey Johnson, tall and thin with black hair?"

"Are you sure no one called Anna Wyndam has been brought to the hospital in the last hour?"

An hysterical woman screamed, "Where's my son? I know you have him in one of your wards."

Lena pushed her way through the crowd, and reached an unsmiling nurse with a prim, straight mouth. "Please, mam, could you tell me—?"

"Well what?" in an irritated voice.

"Has you anybody here by the name of Jud Jackson?"

"Man or woman?" she snapped.

"He's my husband," Lena answered humbly.

"Wait a minute, and I'll see. The white automaton left the desk and walked swiftly down the hall, her spike heels resounding on the wooden floor. Lena leaned against the desk. She was so tired she could hardly stand up. Her body sagged; her head drooped. All around her she heard indistinctly the screams and noise. It seemed somehow far away. Just as she was falling asleep, a harsh voice awoke her from her reverie.

"Can you describe this man you were speaking of?"

"I sho' can," Lena answered joyfully, "has you got him here?"

"No, no sign of a Jud Jackson, but we have a few negroes here and maybe he's one of them. They're unidentified," the nurse added as an after thought.

Lena began, "He's tall and big and husky like this." Her hands spread out. He has black curly hair like all us colored folks, and big brown eyes, and he's got a long red scar right here on his face." Lena pointed to her left cheek with a grimy brown hand.

"I'm sorry," the nurse answered in a stereotyped dull tone, "I don't believe your husband's here. None of those colored men have scars on the left cheek. Why don't you leave your name and address with us, and if, a man answering to your husband's description turns up we'll be sure and let you know."

"Are you sure you don't have him anywhere in this big hospital?" Lena began.

"Of course, I'm sure. That's my business to be sure. Good day, Mrs. Jackson. If we learn anything about your husband we'll let you know."

Lena walked slowly out of the building, down the steps. Her mind refused to work. Her body was too tired and her heart too heavy. She stumbled along the street. Maybe if she got to the river she would find Jud. She knew the river was near and after walking several squares she saw the thick yellow water. It rippled and splashed against the once dry buildings and houses.

The sky was growing darker and with no electric lights to defer it, the night was fast approaching. Lena leaned against a telephone pole and watched the water again. Little boats ladened with terror stricken men and women passed her by. One craft filled beyond capacity turned over in the water letting loose its cargo of yelling human beings. They bobbed up and down; some catching the sides of the boat; others floating; still others going below the surface out of sight. Finally, the little vessel was righted and the dripping mass of humanity pulled themselves into the lurching boat. Lena caught, in the distance, the sound of the siren of a fire engine and the whistles of a policeman. A few children hurried by her to get off the streets, and into their homes before the inky darkness overtook them. From the direction of the river Lena heard, as if from far away, a low melodious voice singing some strange familiar tune. It came nearer. The words grew more distinct. "Good Lawd, Praise to the Lawd. He done save me. He done answer mah prayers." Lena stood as if transfixed. Suddenly, with all the strength left in her body, she let out a piercing shriek, "Jud! Jud!"

A little boat appeared in the gloom manned by a lone man who rowed leisurely as he sang. The boat continued on. Lena, half crazed, eyes wildly dilating, ran to the edge of the water and waded in shrieking all the time, "Jud! Jud!" Slowly, the boat turned around and came towards Lena, who began to swim in its direction. Strong arms lifted her out of the mucky water. She snuggled up to the familiar body, sobbing.

"What's yo' trouble, woman?" Jud said laughing. "You done acting crazy. Here I is. Nothing's happened to me. You's trembling as if you'd got the palsy."

Lena pushed Jud away from her violently. "Jud Jackson, I'se been looking for you ever since this morning at fowah, and I'se been crazy with grief, and here yo' is as happy and as gay as a lark. Where have yo' been all dat time? How'd yo' get out of that place where yo' work?"

Jud grinned as he chucked her under the chin. "A policeman come by in a little boat like this, and I jumped out the window, and he took me to the dry land where he gives me some hot coffee and doughnuts, and then I goes to sleep for 'bout fowah or five hours, and then he tells me to go out, and help save the por' people left in their houses while the river rose."

"Jud, I hates you!" Lena yelled as she stood up in the row boat, "you've done had some good things to eat while I'se gone cold and hungry. You've slept while I'se dead tired. I'se going to leave you for that, an' yo' can git another woman." The boat rocked gently, and Lena fell sprawling into its bottom, sobbing with angry relief, as Jud sang on, "Good Lawd, Praise the Lawd. He done save me. He done answer mah prayers."

PIE (Cont'd)

when he had finished eating one and stamped away to hunt another. Daddy always said they were all such good pies even if he did say so himself.

boarding, could not atone for its lack of paint. They were thrifty, clean, and full of plans to improve the "Regan Homestead" as they called the humble dwelling and its quarter acre, but their plans always had to be shelved until "times get better."

"As long as we pay our taxes we can be sure of a roof over our heads and taxes are cheaper than rent," was Mrs. Regan's consoling statement whenever funds were too low for good food or needed clothing.

As each Regan scurried off to do his or her own part, Ma continued to review both visually and mentally the assets and liabilities of house and children. "The twins have plenty of clothing, thanks to Luke." she checked off. Luke's rapid growth the last three years had outfitted Mike and Terry but left the tall fourteen year old always short of suitable clothes. "Might mebbe turn up Tom's second best trousers just for the time", she thought. "Ellen can press his best ones for him along with my old black crepe. Land sakes, that's what I got for Pa's funeral and it's good style yet. Guess we'll get along as to clothes. Ellen and Maggie always have something in good shape. Beats all how they do manage on next to nothing to look as respectable as them as is better off. Now I got to hustle." and she joined the girls in their house cleaning campaign. Luke rescued his beloved puppy from the onslaught of mop and broom and scurried him out to the yard with Tom. They cleaned, they mopped, they dusted and Ma "adjusted" the furniture. She covered holes in the rug and worn spots on the floor with the heavier pieces of furniture. She propped tables and chairs against grease marks and dirty hand prints on the wall. She pasted back the loosening wallpaper. She pulled the curtains this way and that to hide bad window shades and a cracked pane. She put cushions on shabby chair seats and an old antimacasser on the spot where many heads had dimmed the green of the Morris chair.

"Heaven help us if anyone moves this furniture. Downstairs don't look so bad now tho'—Ellen move that picture of your Pa a bit to the left—there!—it keeps that cracked plaster from showing. Guess one of you tried to hammer a nail in there once. Gimme the scissors, Ellen, till I cut off the fringe 'round this hole in the rug; it won't be so noticeable. Wish I had another little table to set over it. Where's the clean tablecloth?"

"Oh, Ma, they're both dirty," wailed Ellen, wringing her hands. "Mike spilled tomatoes on one soon's it was put on clean and the other we been using. Oh, what will we do?" lamented Ellen.

"Mercy me, don't take on so child, use the one we had on today and turn it—There! That isn't so bad;" Ma said, "a bit spotted but we can cover them with dishes—if we have anything to put in the dishes." she added.

"Now lets go upstairs and help Maggie; Tom's room is hardest to put in shape." Mrs. Regan was sure someday Tom would be a genius, else why did he have his room full of those queer smelling chemicals, "experiments" he called them, and how could he fix all the electric wires and most mysterious of all how could he possibly keep the flivver running when just by looking at it one could tell it would never run again?

"Tom," she yelled out the window, "nail up that bad step. Can't you find that piece out of the porch railing and find something to keep the swing straight? A body can't sit on it, one side 'way down, one 'way up."

"O. K., Ma," sang back Tom, "but we lost the piece of railing playing ball and Luke used the swing chain to tie up his dog. Guess I'll use a piece of rope, it won't look so good but it will keep it straight."

"Oooh, Ma, come quick," a yell from the guest room brought Ma flying to find Maggie in tears. A great dirty splash on the pinkish wall paper and another on the rug showed where Maggie's too hurried little fingers had let spill the basin of dirty soap water.

"Land sakes," said Mrs. Regan, rubbing ineffectually at the stains. "It never rains but it pours. Well, maybe Matilda's eyesight is failing or maybe it'll be dark. Least wise there'll be one clean mark on that paper.

After several hours more hard work, the three cleaners viewed with pleasure the upstairs. Now everything was ready, up and down, aside from the spotted wall, and the fact that Ellen had scorched the best bed-spread in ironing it. Of course they had turned that side nearest the wall where it wouldn't show, and although the pattern on the bed-spread looked a bit odd upside down, it did quite well.

They went downstairs in a body, and there, to their amazement and horror, they beheld large muddy tracks on the just-scrubbed kitchen floor.

"That Luke and his dirty old dog," cried Ellen, "I could kill them. Look at my clean floor. Tom didn't need to wash that old buggy."

"Well," said Ma, "I guess we just have to pitch in and do it again." She glanced at the clock. "Soon's you're done, we'll all dress. It's 'most four thirty now. I wish it was time for Pa's check. Land sakes, what'll we eat?"

Then began a general washing up. It was a bit difficult because the house was so clean that nothing was in its accustomed place. Finally they trouped downstairs, buttoned, flounced and shining.

"There, you all look pretty nice, if I do say so myself. Now all sit down and don't get messed up again."

"Tom and I will have to go to the station," said Ma, surveying her flock. "Guess I'd better take the twins along in the back to keep 'em clean. You girls and Luke can stay home. We're sort of early but better early than late, I always say. Come along now, and remember your best manners, everybody."

"We're sunk," Tom shouted in a frenzy, "there goes a flat tire! How long have we and I'll try to fix it?" and he eyed forlornly a flattening tire. Then he set to work on it while the family fumed and fidgeted and while Ma held one twin and then the other to keep them from throwing mud on each other's Sunday clothes.

Tom, with a satisfied grunt gave a final punch to the mended tire, jammed the airpump under the seat and hoorayed, "'Come on!"

"Tom Regan, look at your face and hands!" Ma screeched.

Sure enough, they were covered with dust and grease. They had barely time to make the train; they stood and stared at one another in dismay; they'd never get there in time. Aunt Matilda would never forgive them if they failed to meet her—yet she would be just as upset if Tom appeared with a dirty face and grimy hands.

"What shall we do?" cried Ma tragically; for once her unfailing resourcefulness seemed to have vanished.

"Aunt Matilda," said Maggie, "will have a fit if we don't get there soon!"

"Say, there's the mailman with the late mail." said Ellen, coming out of her gloom, "I hope he has some news for us." The children crowded round while Ma hurriedly tore it open.

It was the check. The family gave a whoop. "Hooray, we can eat at least." Mrs. Regan beamed, her spirits returning.

"Yah,—we can eat, we can eat." chanted the twins, rolling eyes and tongues.

"Get in you two scalpeens, pile in, Ma, we'll make 'er yet," sang out Tom, deftly swiping his hands on a rag.

With chugs and splutters, the car jerked out of the alley, then stopped joltingly at the street as a boy zoomed

around the corner on a bicycle in front of them.

"Ta-ala-gr-a-a-m for Mrs. Re-e-ga-an," he yelled waving a yellow envelope.

Luke sped across the walk to snatch the message as the delivery boy wheeled away.

The startled girls swiftly joined Luke at the car.

"Seems like I can't stand much more today." said Mrs. Regan feebly, letting the telegram rest on her knee as she attempted to straighten her hat. She even smoothed her collar all the way round and pulled her sleeves down a little further as if going forth to meet some ordeal.

With bated breath and anxious faces the little group waited in unaccustomed silence watching every move of their mother.

What could this fresh disaster be that seemed about to overtake them!

With trembling fingers the seal was broken and Mrs. Regan, breathing heavily ,slowly withdraw the thin slip of paper. Family expectancy showed itself in little gasps and shuffles. Finally in a voice that shook under the emotional stress Ma read:

"Have been delayed. Will visit later. Letter follows with check. Sorry for any trouble I've caused you.

Matilda Regan."

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VICTIMS ALL (Cont'd)

About a week later Reed was prepared to confront the third victim—Mr. Ronald E. Kerry. There were bits of information that he had gathered about the third man . . . prominent in the town political affairs, a good citizen and credit to the community, two perfectly lovely children, and such a lovely mother and wife, too, rather a handsome man . . . but wasn't it a shame about that scar?

Reed frantically hoped that some developments would soon be forthcoming. Wasn't his job in danger if he didn't locate the man soon? . . . and there was a reward . . . a reward . . . he could use that money!

Orchard street was as still as death. There were no moon nor stars in the sky and the two street lamps gave out faint squares of light in the yellow fog. At the far end of the street was the proverbial little white house and surrounding it the small white fence which Reed could see dimly through the damp, heavy fog.

Mrs. Kerry answered Reed's rattat knock.

"Is Mr. Kerry in?"

"Why yes . . . won't you come in?"

"Thanks." Reed entered a small modestly furnished living room—a bedtime storybook lay on the floor beside the open grate. In the fireplace there was still the warm glow of dying embers and on the mantle above, the round-faced clock bonged out the hours—nine o'clock. Reed seated himself and waited for Mr. Kerry—Dodson he hoped. Kerry was his only chance—Kerry MUST BE THE MAN. A small scar over the left eye; eyes, dark blue; height, five feet ten inches; age, now about thirty-one . . . he reviewed all of this in his mind. The minutes were long and tense . . . and then the door opened and Charles Dodson entered the room—the scar, his eyes, the height, and young—yes, Charles Dodson.

probably for mother; and she would be given one of the flowers to wear. Glancing at the name, "Mrs. T. R. Black", she placed it beside Louise's. Closing the ice-box door, she retraced her steps, listlessly, up the stairs, entered the library, and sat down in a huge wing chair before the open fire place, now a mass of dull red coals. Nancy tried hard to convince herself that she did not care, not really. It was silly to care so much about flowers. They would probably die in a couple of hours anyhow. She guessed a single flower would look all right. Mother must not know she was disappointed. She would think her ungrateful and selfish. Had she not bought her a new hat and coat? A corsage would wilt in a stuffy old church anyhow—only—only—

The rattling sound of dishes and the smell of coffee and frying bacon told her breakfast was being prepared. The whole family would be getting up now. Swallowing hard to make the lump in her throat go away, she went down for breakfast. The lump would not go away though, and besides, she was not hungry. The lump would not let her eat, and her stomach did not feel so good. Pushing her plate away, she got up from the table and left the dining room.

Even her new hat and coat did not quite make up for the empty place on her lapel. While tilting her hat at her reflection, the way the clerk had instructed, Mrs. Black came in, and sitting down on the edge of the bed, watched Nancy finish.

"Come here, dear", she called, pretending not to notice the quick hard blinkings visible to her in the mirror. "I want to see how you look. You know, Nancy", she continued casually, smoothing the dark curls under Nancy's hat, "I noticed a long flower box in the frigidaire."

"Yes," Nancy replied, her voice quivering, "I—I—I mean, a delivery boy brought it. Louise got a box too."

"Yes, I saw it", mother answered. "But this other one, it has two?"

"Yes", Nancy interrupted, her heart beginning to pound. "What?"

"Why, it has two corsages in it. I can't wear both, especially when one is gardenias and the other red roses . . .

"Oh, mother!" Nancy cried, throwing her arms around her mother and kissing her, "Oh, mother, you didn't forget—you and father—it's for me—the red one."

With a quick hug, she skipped out of the room and jumped down the stairs, two at a time, to get her red rose buds . . . her own corsage.

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a black leather case. From this he pulled a thick pile of papers and setting them down before him, began to leaf through them hurriedly. He looked uncertainly around the room, and his eyes lighting on the porcelain wash bowl and pitcher in the corner, he crossed to them, carrying the papers, removed the pitcher from the bowl, and drew a box of matches from his pocket. One by one he lighted the papers and as they burned, dropped them into the bowl. At last only a heap of black ashes remained, and these he dropped, crumbling, into the waste-basket. Then turning off the gas lamp, he drew a chair to the window and sat looking out into the night.

* * *

The evening crowds swarmed along Fifth Avenue in the glare of traffic lights and flashing signs, the din of horns, bells, whistles and tramping feet. A thin pale-faced young man in a gray coat turned out of a restaurant and was swept along in the crowd. As he waited on the corner for the traffic light to change, the door of a nearby taxi swung open and two round pink-faced men in black coats and derby hats got out. Hurriedly handing a bill to the driver they began to walk swiftly toward the street corner. The young man in gray suddenly caught sight of them, and waiting no longer for the traffic light, immediately turned the corner. The two men also turned the corner. The thin young man in gray walked rapidly, dodging in between groups of pedestrians, turning corners, crossing streets. The two men in black derbys increased their speed, also dodging, turning, crossing streets. A lumbering green bus stopped a few feet in front of the young man in grey, and just as it was starting he swung up the step, glancing back at the two round little men who stopped short, hailed a taxi, jumped in and started after the bus. After several traffic delays the taxi pulled up beside the bus and the two men hurriedly climbed the steps and looked about them. The pale young man in the grey overcoat was nowhere to be seen.

* * *

The theatre was filling rapidly. The most fashionable of the first nighters had not as yet appeared to claim the first few rows of orchestra seats, but the rest of the theatre buzzed with conversation. Two elderly women in evening dresses which revealed long bare areas of neck, back and arms were craning their necks eagerly, nodding and whispering as they watched people go down the aisle. "There's Ogden Spense, the critic", said one of them, indicating with the wave of a braceleted arm a tall lean man with smooth black hair and tanned cheeks, who was escorting a blonde girl in a gold brocade evening wrap down the aisle. The other one raised her lorgnette and peered in the direction indicated and then exclaimed, "Yes, and do you see that new poetess Elsa Vane over there? She's with that man there was all the gossip about last fall. Don't you remember?"

In the back of the theatre a tall pale young man with deep-set dark eyes, stood for a moment surveying the audience. Then he turned and went down a side aisle. A moment later two short round bald men in tuxedos who had been standing by the wall, hurried down the same aisle and reached the front box just as the young man was entering it. A sudden stir and murmur ran through the audience as the three men appeared in the box. The two old ladies in the rear of the theatre sat on the edge of their seats, talking excitedly.

"Who can it be?" questioned one of them.

"Why Alicia, surely you recognize him. It's Derson—Welling Derson himself!"

"Not really! Why I thought they

said he was in Europe or something, writing this play, and wouldn't be back for the opening."

"Oh they never know about him. He comes and goes . . . temperamental, you know. Those two men with him could probably tell plenty about that. One of them is Mr. Dean, his publisher,—the other Mr. Roscoe, who is producing this play. They've had all sorts of trouble with him. He promised to have a play written for them several months ago. Then he suddenly disappeared and nobody could locate him for weeks. They say Mr. Dean and Mr. Roscoe saw him once on the street and tried to follow him, but he got away and nobody heard anything more about him until he suddenly appeared with an entirely new kind of play. Said he'd been living in the slums getting atmosphere or something, and realized the play he had been writing wasn't very real. So he destroyed it and wrote this new one while he was living there in the midst of it all. Oh—there go the lights!"

The lights dimmed and darkened. The long asbestos curtain slid noiselessly upward. The velvet curtains parted revealing a scene half-obscured by twilight shadows and fog drifting in from the river. Rows of high brownstone houses on both sides of the street stretch in an unbroken wall to the river bank. Here and there a light glimmers hazily on the dark mass of buildings, and a tall street lamp at the corner casts a pale circle of misty light on the pavement below. At the far end of the street dimly outlined in the fog, a young man is leaning on a low parapet overlooking the river.

YOUTH

Youth, the Cynic—
Standing on the crested wave
Sees but the scum
Made by the foam
And so seeing, declares
The water unclean. **—Gay Hays.**

HARRIET'S GOLD (Cont'd)

perhaps, that she suspected even then that something else was wrong with Aunt Harriett which the doctor would not admit.

"One morning, early, Mother told me to take Aunt Harriett's breakfast up to her. As I walked across the guest room to raise the shades, I called out in a loud voice, 'Good morning, Aunt Harriett. I hope you are feeling better this morning.'

"Then, as I laid the breakfast on the table beside the bed, I noticed that the room was slightly chilly. 'Aunt Harriett,' I said, 'I think you should have a wrap. Do you have one in your drawer?'

"'Yes, child, in the top bureau drawer,' she answered.

"Immediately I lifted out the white fluffy garment, but as I did so, a peculiar odor of very strong bath powder or toilet soap pierced my nostrils. It had a pungency which was almost disagreeable. So I quickly shut the drawer, handed Aunt Harriett her wrap, and proceeded with the breakfast. . . . But remember that incident, Mary. It turned out to be a very valuable clue to the mystery of Aunt Harriett's illness.

"Summer passed quickly, and one morning Father noticed frost in the air as he drove off to work. But Mother had no thoughts for the weather outside. Something else was troubling her.

"One afternoon the two of us happened to be passing the room where Aunt Harriett lay, still confined to her bed by doctor's orders. Tiptoeing noiselessly down the carpeted hallway, so as not to disturb her afternoon nap, we suddenly paused at the threshold of the guest room and gazed inside.

"Aunt Harriett was lying there on the bed, staring fixedly at the ceiling and repeating over and over again in a low murmur, 'Money—gold—new dress. Money—jingle—money jingles—chest full of jingling money. Ha-ha!!'

Then she was silent for a moment, as if pondering over what she had been saying. Suddenly the monotonous murmur began again, but Mother interrupted.

" 'Harriett!' she managed to blurt out. 'What is the matter?' Then, realizing the depth of her sister's delirium, Mother continued in a more subdued tone. 'Harriett—can you hear me? Harriett—'

"As if awakening from a sound sleep, Aunt Harriett's body suddenly quivered, and her words came in short, jerky syllables. 'Who's—there? Who—' She gazed vacantly into our pale faces. 'Who—are—you?'

"Mother replied as patiently and as calmly as she was able. 'Harriett,' she said slowly, 'I am Nellie—Nell, your sister. Don't you know me?' She watched anxiously for a flicker of recognition in Harriett's impassive countenance.

" 'Nel-lie,' the white lips repeated, 'Nellie—Oh, yes, Nellie. My sis-ter,—no—I never—nev-er had—a sister—Nellie. Nel-lie—Nell—' The voice trailed off, and in a moment Harriett Reed lay in a stupor.

"Within several hours Mother would always find Aunt Harriett perfectly normal again, and completely oblivious of her former state. These moments of delirium seemed to occur periodically, and Mother gradually grew accustomed to them. But she still wondered. Aunt Harriett's illness remained an intangible mystery. Try as she would, Mother could never quite explain it, nor even attempt to explain it, and she often wondered whether or not it had anything to do with Harriett's sudden visit. To be sure, that mention of money might have served as a clue, but as yet no significance could be attached to it. When she finally told Father about it, one evening after dinner, he only shook off the responsibility, and continued to smoke his cigar . . . But suddenly many things happened and Mother knew.

"The night before, the servants said, something had happened. The scullery maid was positive that she had heard footsteps overhead—in the attic, which no one had been known to enter for years! Even Mother, herself, as mistress of the house, had kept away from its dim, dusty corners. While she listened now to the girl's fearful tale, Mother gave little heed to its possibility. Somehow she managed to throw off the girl's suspicions by insisting that no one could possibly have been up in the attic the night before. And anyhow, why should anyone want to go up there at all, since there wasn't a thing there but old trunks and boxes—nothing valuable at least.

"The next night it happened again. This time footsteps were heard very distinctly, but by the time anyone could muster up enough courage to climb the stairs to the dark attic, the intruder had disappeared.

"Mother did not tell Father about all this additional excitement. Nor did she mention it to Harriett. She thought it would only disturb their peace of mind.

"During the next week or so, the excitement died down, and nothing further happened. However, Mother observed that Aunt Harriett seemed to be growing weaker, and her mind duller. She no longer reacted cheerfully to visitors' inquiries. Rather, she responded listlessly and irrelevantly. Even the doctor could not explain her sudden decline.

"Meanwhile the queer thumpings and footsteps in the attic above the servants' quarters continued at intervals. And one afternoon, to Mother's complete surprise and horror, she found Aunt Harriett in Father's bedroom, going through his bureau drawers! But to Mother's scoldings, she reacted quite indifferently until Mother chanced to mention the word "money" in connection with her husband's wallet. Then Aunt Harriett became greatly excited and murmured repeatedly something

about money, until finally her sentences became an incoherent babble. But then, we did know one thing: Harriett Reed was developing a serious mania for MONEY!

"Early the next morning Jennings met Mother in the front hall, and with calm dignity handed her a small, lace-fringed handkerchief.

" 'Madam,' he said, ' I found this in the servants' quarters this morning at the bottom of the attic staircase. None of the maids own it, M'am, so I thought you might be interested in seeing it. It has a queer smell about it, also, Ma'am'." Then Jennings bowed and retreated abruptly toward the back of the house.

"Instinctively Mother put the handkerchief to her nostrils, but detected nothing unusual. Later she handed it to me, and right away I said it was probably Aunt Harriett's handkerchief, because I had s m e l l e d something strong like that in the guest room bureau drawer . . . It was not many moments later that Mother felt quite certain as to the identity of the midnight prowler in the attic. But why, we all wanted to know? What had Aunt Harriett been looking for? If she was still after money, why did she look in that remote place?

"That afternoon, about an hour after lunch, Mother entered the sickroom, where Aunt Harriett lay, half propped-up in bed, leafing a book.

" 'Harriett,' she began, sitting down beside the bed, 'I'd like to talk to you.' Then with no further preliminary, she plunged on. 'Harriett, why did you go up into the attic last night?'

"Instantly Aunt Harriett's face became a blank. 'Attic," she repeated. 'What—is—attic?' Mother could gather no further information from her. Her inner consciousness became another world of which we knew nothing.

"Finally a specialist in mental diseases was consulted, and the whole truth became apparent. By skillful questioning and medical care, the new doctor was able to penetrate into Aunt Harriett's subconscious mind and discover the real significance of the word 'money' to this diseased mentality.

"Each night, the doctor explained to us, Aunt Harriett had attempted to reach the attic after everyone was in bed in a desperate attempt to find the hidden chest of gold, but the ever-present fear of being caught was too much for her frail body, and she took a stroke. A short while later she tried again, and actually reached the attic s e v e r a l times, but unfortunately alarmed the servants in so doing. Since she found no chest of gold there, Aunt Harriett then proceeded to search for money in a better source—Father's wallet.

"The doctor also mentioned a plan which he intended to try out. And so, on the following day he presented Harriett with a small chest of false gold coins, which jingled merrily as he lifted the box. 'Here, Miss Reed. I've brought you something. Isn't this what you've been looking for?'

"The effect was miraculous. Aunt Harriett's face lit up like a child's face at the sight of a new toy. She passed her long, thin fingers through the heaps of glittering pieces, then smiled broadly. 'Money—money,' she murmured. 'Now I have money, too! Nellie—Nellie—Now I have money, too!! You—and I—have—money—money—mon—' But her words rapidly became a meaningless jumble.

"Later that fall Harriett Reed was entered as a mental patient in a private hospital at S———. Mother frequently took us to visit her, and at home the servants no longer heard strange noises overhead. The chest of coins, moreover, was put away up here in the attic, apparently, and forgotten, until you uncovered it today.

"I can remember Aunt Harriett quite clearly, Mary," Elvira continued, "even though I was just a small girl when she came to visit us. Of course I didn't know till later about Grandfather's will

and the trouble it caused. I had always wondered before why Mother never mentioned her sister's name.

"But after they took Aunt Harriett away, Mother was a changed woman. She had grown years older during that dreadful summer, and she always blamed herself afterwards, I think, for all that had happened. Two years later, when Aunt Harriett died in the hospital, I foresaw in my mother's grief-stricken face her own death which was to come just six months later.

"That is the story, Mary. Now you know what has gone on in this house during years past—and to think that it all happened because of a simple, but unwisely penned will of a dying man . . . "

Without another word Mary and Elvira replaced the chest in the corner, and made their way downstairs to prepare supper.

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FATHER'S CROQUET (Cont'd)

by a rough spot in the stones and I would have a grim time. Brother had miserable luck with the stones too, but not Father! It was maddening, but Father's ball always hit the stones at a smooth place, rolled up the hill and through the arch. Of course, if the foursome was available, no one else even thought of playing, so it didn't matter much about Fritz and me.

The foursome had made a man's game out of croquet. They heaved the mallets something after the fashion in which a professional golfer swings his golf clubs. It was common for one of them to send his opponent's ball into the orchard, from where it might be rescued and placed just inside the grass of the yard. This state of affairs might have continued on indefinitely through the years, but we children grew up and started swinging golf clubs. With some of my wild practice swings, I would tear into the grass on the croquet course and leave holes. That excited Father at first, until he began explaining to me about dropping my shoulder. Then he demonstrated! Now we all talk golf rules and golf news instead of croquet, but I am positive that if the question of golf courses had not been beyond Father's realm, we would have duplicated the croquet conditions exactly.

dorothy waring

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